Stands for

Bharatiya Shiksha must ensure that no promising young Indian of character having faith in Bharat and her culture Bharatiya Vidya should be left without modern educational equipment by reason merely of want of funds.

2. Bharatiya Shiksha must be formative more than informative, and cannot have for its end mere acquisition of knowledge. Its legitimate sphere is not only to develop natural talents but so to shape them as to enable them to absorb and express the permanent values of Bharatiya Vidya.

3. Bharatiya Shiksha must take into account not only the full growth of a student's personality but the totality of his relations and lead him to the highest self-fulfilment of which he is capable.

4. Bharatiya Shiksha must involve at some stage or other an intensive study of Sanskrit or Sanskritic languages and their literature, without excluding, if so desired, the study of other languages and literature, ancient and modern.

5. The re-integration of Bharatiya Vidya, which is the primary object of Bharatiya Shiksha, can only be attained through a study of forces, movements, motives, ideas, forms and art of creative life-energy through which it has expressed itself in different ages as a single continuous process.

6. Bharatiya Shiksha must stimulate the student's power of expression, both written and oral, at every stage in accordance with the highest ideals attained by the great literary masters in the intellectual and moral spheres.

7. The technique of Bharatiya Shiksha must involve—

(a) the adoption by the teacher of the *Guru* attitude which consists in taking a personal interest in the student; inspiring and encouraging him to achieve distinction in his studies; entering into his life with a view to form ideals and remove psychological obstacles; and creating in him a spirit of consecration; and

(b) the adoption by the student of the *Shishya* attitude by the development of—

(i) respect for the teacher,

(ii) a spirit of inquiry,

(iii) a spirit of service towards the teacher, the institution, Bharat and Bharatiya Vidya.

8. The ultimate aim of Bharatiya Shiksha is to teach the younger generation to appreciate and live up to the permanent values of Bharatiya Vidya which flowing from the supreme art of creative life-energy as represented by Shri Ramachandra, Shri Krishna, Vyasa, Buddha and Mahavira have expressed themselves in modern times in the life of Shri Ramakrishna Paramahamsa, Swami Dayananda Saraswati, and Swami Vivekananda, Shri Aurobindo and Mahatma Gandhi.

9. Bharatiya Shiksha while equipping the student with every kind of scientific and technical training must teach the student, not to sacrifice an ancient form or attitude to an unreasoning passion for change; not to retain a form or attitude which in the light of modern times can be replaced by another form or attitude which is a truer and more effective expression of the spirit of Bharatiya Vidya; and to capture the spirit afresh for each generation to present it to the world.

आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः।

Let noble thoughts come to us from every side.

—Rigveda, I-89-i

BHAVAN'S BOOK UNIVERSITY

General Editors

K. M. MUNSHI

R. R. DIWAKAR

74

AN ANTHOLOGY OF MODERN INDIAN ELOQUENCE

COMPILED BY

R. K. PRABHU

BHAVAN'S BOOK UNIVERSITY

Organising Committee:

BHAVAN'S BOOK UNIVERSITY

AN ANTHOLOGY OF MODERN INDIAN ELOQUENCE

COMPILED BY
R. K. PRABHU

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GENERAL EDITOR'S PREFACE

THE Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan—that Institute of Indian Culture in Bombay—needed a Book University, a series of books which, if read, would serve the purpose of providing higher education. Particular emphasis, however, was to be put on such literature as revealed the deeper impulsions of India. As a first step, it was decided to bring out in English 100 books, 50 of which were to be taken in hand almost at once. Each book was to contain from 200 to 250 pages and was to be priced at Rs. 2/-.

It is our intention to publish the books we select, not only in English, but also in the following Indian languages: Hindi, Bengali, Gujarati, Marathi, Tamil, Telugu, Kannada and Malayalam.

This scheme, involving the publication of 900 volumes, requires ample funds and an all-India organisation. The Bhavan is exerting its utmost to supply them.

The objectives for which the Bhavan stands are the reintegration of the Indian culture in the light of modern knowledge and to suit our present-day needs and the resuscitation of its fundamental values in their pristine vigour.

Let me make our goal more explicit:

We seek the dignity of man, which necessarily implies the creation of social conditions which would allow him freedom to evolve along the lines of his own temperament and capacities; we seek the harmony of individual efforts and social relations, not in any makeshift way, but within the frame-work of the

Moral Order; we seek the creative art of life, by the alchemy of which human limitations are progressively transmuted, so that man may become the instrument of God, and is able to see Him in all and all in Him.

The world, we feel, is too much with us. Nothing would uplift or inspire us so much as the beauty and aspiration which such books can teach.

In this series, therefore, the literature of India, ancient and modern, will be published in a form easily accessible to all. Books in other literatures of the world, if they illustrate the principles we stand for, will also be included.

This common pool of literature, it is hoped, will enable the reader, eastern or western, to understand and appreciate currents of world thought, as also the movements of the mind in India, which, though they flow through different linguistic channels, have a common urge and aspiration.

Fittingly, the Book University's first venture is the *Mahabharata,* summarised by one of the greatest living Indians, C. Rajagopalachari; the second work is on a section of it: the *Gita* by H. V. Divatia, an eminent jurist and a student of philosophy. Centuries ago, it was proclaimed of the *Mahabharata:* "What is not in it, is nowhere". After twenty-five centuries, we can use the same words about it. He who knows it not, knows not the heights and depths of the soul; he misses the trials and tragedy and the beauty and grandeur of life.

The *Mahabharata* is not a mere epic; it is a romance, telling the tale of heroic men and women and of some who were divine; it is a whole literature in itself, containing a code of life, a philosophy of social and ethical relations, and speculative thought on human problems that is hard to rival; but, above all, it has for

its core the *Gita,* which is, as the world is beginning to find out, the noblest of scriptures and the grandest of sagas in which the climax is reached in the wondrous Apocalypse in the Eleventh Canto.

Through such books alone the harmonies underlying true culture, I am convinced, will one day reconcile the disorders of modern life.

I thank all those who have helped to make this new branch of the Bhavan's activity successful.

1, QUEEN VICTORIA ROAD,
NEW DELHI:
3rd October, 1951.

K. M. MUNSHI

INTRODUCTION

In this work an attempt has been made to present to the reading public in India as well as abroad samples of outstanding eloquence which eminent Indians of the past two centuries had shown themselves to be capable of in their writings and speeches through the medium of the English language, which was not their mother-tongue. It is common knowledge that among the non-English-speaking peoples who have cultivated acquaintance with the English tongue, Indians have displayed a unique and unrivalled ability to master the intricacies of that language. The writings and speeches reproduced in the following pages will give the reader an idea of the felicity of expression in which depths of thought have been couched by their authors, in spite of the handicap of a foreign medium.

The compiler of the present Anthology is fully aware of the fact that it is only partially representative of the mass of original Anglo-Indian literature which has been produced since the introduction of English education in this country, and that the literary productions of a number of top-ranking Indians, living and dead, are missing in it. It is hoped that one or more further anthologies covering the same period that may see the light of day before long would remedy the defect.

R. K. PRABHU

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1

THE AWAKENING IN INDIA

by

DADABHAI NAOROJI

[*Hailing the mammoth anti-Partition demonstration in Calcutta as the birthday of the freedom of the Indian people, Dadabhai Naoroji, the "Grand Old Man Of India", uttered a solemn warning that unless the British Government reversed the reactionary policies of Lord Curzon's regime in India, disaster would overtake the British Empire before long. He spoke as follows at a crowded meeting of Indian residents in the United Kingdom held at Caxton Hall, London, in May 1905.*]

We are met together today for a very important purpose. A unique event has happened, showing significantly a sign of the times. We have had in India a great uprise, and in the chief towns there have been held monster meetings of Indians, denouncing and protesting against the sayings and doings of the highest authority there, making a protest in clear unmistakable terms against the policy under which India is ruled. It is, indeed, a unique event. I, at any rate, do not remember anything similar having taken place in the history of British India. The Indians have very unanimously, very earnestly, and very emphatically declared that the system of rule they are now under should not continue to be. (*Loud cheers*). Let us consider what that means. More than 50 years ago—I will not go back to an earlier period of our history—Mountstuart Elphinstone said:

> It is in vain to endeavour to rule them (the Indians) on principles only suited to a slavish and ignorant population.

And 40 years after—in the last 10 or 12 years—we find, not only a continuance of the same old system, but we find it brought to bear on the people with even more energy and more vigour. ("*Shame*"). Some eleven years ago Sir Henry Fowler distinctly and decidedly showed us that India was to be governed on the principles condemned by Elphinstone, for, by his conduct in refusing

to give effect to the Resolution regarding simultaneous examinations, passed in 1893, he proved that it was intended to continue the same evil system under which the country had been governed so long. Then followed Lord George Hamilton as Secretary of State, and what did he tell the whole world? He said:—

> Our rule shall never be popular. Our rule can never be popular.

These were his own words, in one of his early speeches, and he has taken very good care that his prophesy shall be fulfilled. But his doings were not so serious as Lord Curzon's, although he managed to go quietly on issuing regulation after regulation with the object of depriving Indians as far as possible of an opportunity of making any further progress. But then comes Lord Curzon, and he out-Herods them all. In the first Resolution you have enumerated a number of his measures—and not a complete list, for there are some more of them—which he passed with the declared and clear intention of continuing to govern India only on principles suitable to slavish and ignorant populations. Here, then, we have a clear and distinct issue. Our rulers—the officials—tell us we shall have no chance of ever becoming a self-governing country—that they will not give us an opportunity of preparing ourselves for it. Undoubtedly, the character of the whole of the measures passed within the last ten years points towards such an intention, and to the retraction of the generous mode which was adopted on some occasions in the time of Lord Ripon. Now, the Indian people have, for the first time, risen up and declared that this thing shall not be.(*Loud cheers*). Here is a clear issue between the rulers and the people: They are come face to face. The rulers say: We shall rule, not only as foreign invaders, with the result of draining the country of its wealth, and killing millions by famine, plague, and starving scores of millions by poverty and destitution. While the ruled are saying for the first time: "That shall not be." I regard the day on which the first Calcutta meeting was held as a red-letter day in the annals of India. (*Cheers*). I am thankful that I have lived to see the birthday of the freedom of the Indian people. (*Renewed cheers*). The question now naturally arises, what will be the consequences of this open declaration of war—as you may call it—between the rulers and the people? I will not give you my own opinions or my own views. Anglo-Indian officials have told us that persistence in the present system of government will lead

to certain consequences. Sir John Malcolm, a well-known Governor of Bombay, who had a very distinguished career as a political agent and as an official, after describing the system that obtained in the government of India, prophesied what would be the necessary consequences, and said:—

> The moral evil to us does not stand alone. It carries with it its Nemesis: the seeds of the destruction of the Empire itself.

Again, Sir Thomas Munro said:—

> It would be more desirable that we should be expelled from the country altogether, than that the result of our system of government should be such an abasement of a whole people.

Mr. Bright spoke on many occasions, always denouncing the existing system of government. He always regarded it as an evil and a disgraceful system, and after describing the system, he wound up with these words:—

> You may rely upon it that if there be a judgment of nations — as I believe there is — as for individuals, our children, in no distant generations, must pay the penalty which we have purchased by neglecting our duty to the populations of India......I say a Government like that has some fatal defect which at some distant time must bring disaster and humiliation to the Government and to the people on whose behalf it rules.

Sir William Hunter, you know, was a very distinguished official, and while he spoke as favourably as he possibly could of the existing system, he did not fail to point out the evil part of it, and he summed up one of his lectures in these words:—

> We should have had an Indian Ireland multiplied fifty-fold on our hands.

Again, Lord Cromer......(*cheers*)......said:-

> Changes should be taking place in the thoughts, the desires, and the aims of the intelligent and educated men of the country, which no wise and cautious Government can afford to disregard, and to which they must gradually adapt their system of administration, if they do not wish to see it shattered by forces which they have themselves called into being, but which they have failed to guide and control.

Then, Lord Harington, then Secretary for India, pointed out that the exclusion of Indians from the government of their own country could not be a wise procedure on the part of the British people, as the only consequence would be to —

> make the Indians desirous of getting rid, in the first instance, of their European rulers.

I have read to you only these four or five opinions of men of position—of high position in the Government, and of official Anglo-Indians—opinions to the effect that if the present evil system is to continue the result will be to bring disaster to the British Empire—that, in fact, the British Empire in India will vanish. That is the position in which we are at the present time, under an evil system of rule. Either that evil system must cease or it must produce disastrous results to the British Empire itself. (*Cheers*). The issue before us is clear. Is India to be governed on principles of slavery or is she to be governed so as to fit herself as early as possible to govern herself?

Anyone who reads the items enumerated in the first Resolution will see that Lord Curzon has set himself most vigorously and most earnestly to the task of securing that Indians shall be treated as slaves, and that their country shall remain the property of England, to be exploited and plundered at her will. ("*Shame*"). That is the task that Lord Curzon has set himself with a vigour worthy of a better cause. Now, that being the case, there is a duty on the Indians themselves. (*Cheers*). They have now broken the ice; they have declared that they will not be governed as slaves; and now let them show a spirit of determination, for, I have very little doubt that, if the British public were once satisfied that India is determined to have self-government, it will be conceded. I may not live to see that blessed day, but I do not despair of that result being achieved. (*Cheers*). The issue which has now been raised between the governors and the governed cannot be put aside. The Indian people have as one body and in a most extraordinary way, risen for the first time to declare their determination to put an end to the present evil system of rule. (*Cheers*).Now, I come to the first part of the first Resolution—the aspersions and the attacks Lord Curzon has thought proper to make—in, I am afraid, a little spirit of peevishness—against the character and religion of the East. I do not need, however, to enter into any refutation of what he has said, for the simple reason that, as far as I am concerned, I performed that task 39 years ago, when Mr. Crawford, the President of the Ethnological Society, wrote a paper full of the very same ignorant and superficial charges. I replied to that, and I find that the *Oriental Review* of Bombay has reprinted my reply for the present occasion. (*Cheers*). There are one or two other aspects of the matter I should like to dwell upon. It is very strange that Anglo-Indian

officials should throw stones in this matter. Let us have some enquiry about the manner in which the British Government have behaved towards India. Again, I will not give you my own views or ideas.— I wil give you those of Englishmen themselves—of men of the very highest authority. A Committee was formed in the year 1860, of five members of no less a body than the Council of the Secretary of State, in order to enquire what the Government of the day should do with regard to the Act of 1833, by which all disqualification of race and creed was abolished. This Committee of five men—all high Anglo-Indian officials, who had done much work in India, and whose names are all well known, gave a very decided opinion that the British Government had exposed itself to the charge of "having made promises to the ear and broken them to the hope." This was in 1860. In 1869, the Duke of Argyll clearly acknowledged what had been the conduct of the British Government towards the Indian people in these words:—

> I must say that we have not fulfilled our duty or the promises and engagements which we have made.

That does not look very like sincerity and righteousness on the part of the British Government. (*Cheers*). Then comes Lord Lytton. Something like 18 years after the Committee had given their opinion—an opinion of we knew nothing because the report was pigeon-holed—Lord Lytton, in a private despatch to the Secretary of State, used these words:—

> No sooner was the Act (1833) passed, than the Government began to devise means for practically evading the fulfilment of it . . . all so many deliberate and transparent subterfuges for stultifying the Act, and reducing it to a dead letter . . . I do not hesitate to say that both the Government of England and of India appear to me, up to the present moment, unable to answer satisfactorily the charge of having taken every means in their power of breaking to the heart the words of promise they had uttered to the ear.

Lastly, no less a personage than Lord Salisbury summed up the whole thing in two words. He declared that the conduct of the British Government to the Indian people was "political hypocrisy." It does not, then, lie very well in the mouth of Anglo-Indian officials to talk of lapses of Indian character and morality. (*Cheers*). They forgot that they themselves had a very large beam in their own eyes when they were pointing to a little mote which they fancied was in the eyes of others. (*Renewed cheering*). They

ought to remember that they are living in glass houses, and should not throw stones. The next aspect of Lord Curzon's charges on which I wish to speak is this: He does not seem to realize the responsibility of the position in which he has been placed. He is there representing the Sovereign of the Empire—as Viceroy or Second King--the head of a great people, 300 millions in number, who had possessed civilization for thousands of years, and at a time when his forefathers were wandering in the forests here. (*Cheers and laughter*). He had a special mission. His duty as Viceroy is to attract as much as possible and to attach the good feeling of the Indian people to the rule of the British Sovereign. What does he do? By his acts he deals a deadly blow to British Rule, and then, by a peculiarly ignorant and petulant and ignorant speech, he creates almost a revolution in the whole of the Empire. It is really very strange that he should do so. But I am not surprised at what he has done, and I will give you the reason why. But, first, I will certainly mention one circumstance in his favour and to his credit. As we all know, he made a very firm stand against any brutal treatment of the Indian people by Europeans, and, in so doing, caused dissatisfaction to his own countrymen. In that he really did a service, not only to Indians, but to the whole British Empire. (*Cheers*). That one act of his shall not be forgotten by Indians, for it showed his sense of the justice he as a Viceroy should exercise. (*Renewed cheering*). But by all the acts and measures mentioned in the first Resolution he has tried to Russianize the Indian Administration, and with that narrow statesmanship with which he has all along associated himself, he has forgotten that while Russianizing the Indian Administration, he is Russianizing also the people of India, who live at a distance of 6,000 miles from the centre of the Empire, and who, consequently, are in a very different position from the Russians themselves, who are struggling against their own Government in their own country. (*Hear, hear*). It is remarkable that Lord Curzon, when he was first appointed as Viceroy, said that India was the pivot of the British Empire, that if the Colonies left the British Empire it would not matter much, whereas the loss of India would be the setting of the sun of the Empire. What does he do? How does he strengthen that pivot? One would think he would put more strength, more satisfaction, and more prosperity under the pivot, but, instead of that, he has managed to deposit

under it as much dynamite as he possibly can—dynamite in the form of public dissatisfaction, which, even in his own time, has produced the inevitable explosion. Surely, it is a remarkable way of strengthening the connection between the British and Indian peoples. But, as he had said, he was not surprised at the Viceregal career of Lord Curzon: he was only disappointed and grieved that the fears he entertained when Lord Curzon was appointed had been fulfilled. It had been a great disappointment to him, because he had hoped against hope for something better. The announcement of his appointment was made in August, 1898, and in the following September he wrote to a friend in these terms:—

> I am hoping against hope about Mr. Curzon, for this reason. Lord Salisbury was at one time not a little wild. When he came to the India Office he seemed to have realised his responsibility, and proved a good Secretary of State, as things go -- at least, an honestly outspoken one. Will Curzon show that capacity? That is to be seen.

My disappointment is that he did not show this capacity, and did not realize the responsibility of his position—he did know how to govern the Indian Empire. I will not take up more of your time. The crisis has come: the people and the rulers are face to face. The people have for 150 years suffered patiently, and, strange to say, their patience has been made a taunt as well as viewed as a credit to them. Often I have been taunted with the fact that 300 millions of Indians allow themselves to be governed as slaves by a handful of people. And then it stated to their credit that they are a law-abiding, civilized, and long suffering people. But the spell is broken. (*Cheers*). The old days have passed, and the Indian of today looks at the whole position in quite a different light. New India is becoming restless, and it is desirable that the Government should at once realize it. I hope that the next Government we have will reconsider the whole position, and will see and understand the changes that have taken place in the condition, knowledge, and intelligence of the Indian people. (*Cheers*). I hope steps will be taken more in conformity with the changes that have taken place, and that things will not be allowed to go on in their present evil way, to the detriment of the Empire itself as well as the suffering of the people. (*Loud cheers*).

2

THE LIVING GOD IN ENGLAND AND INDIA

by

KESHAB CHUNDER SEN

[*From a Sermon delivered by Keshab Chunder Sen, the great Brahmo leader, at Mill-hill Chapel, Leeds, on 28th April, 1870.*]

Tell me where is salvation? In dogmas shall we endeavour to find the life everlasting? It is not there. Life is not in the midst of death. Books and doctrines, creeds and priests, cannot give you salvation. They may lead you, but their voice is feeble. They are erring men. If you want infallible truth—if you wish to see God as He is—enter the temple of the heart, be speechless, let your lips be dumb. There you will find truth and peace. There is no chaos in God's world. Let every man enter the sacred temple of the heart, and see there the light shining in resplendent majesty—in the midst of the heart, full of holiness, peace, and love. For the rich and the poor, for the Brahmin and the Shudra, for the European and the Asiatic, His grace is for all. Why then, proudly and arrogantly, should you try to monopolise God's blessing? Are there not thousands in different parts of the world who are trying to go to God's kingdom, and are as much under the influence of His Spirit as you are? "From the east and from the west, from the north and from the south," shall nations come and sit down in the kingdom of God. The East has heard His voice; let the West bestir itself; let the North and the South stir themselves up. Let there be honourable and holy activity in the heart of all God's children. Let there be a stern determination, not to drink death from the dry waters of theology, but to drink life at the feet of God. Is God dead? Has He gone away into the highest heavens, leaving behind thousands of children to take care of themselves? Has He left us in the wilderness? Are we orphans? Is this world a vast orphanage, where we are lost to God—lost to Father and Mother—where we see nothing but helplessness and despair? No! Brighten up your hearts. Let the sad looks of our brothers and sisters be converted into joyousness and gladness, for the Father still liveth. Yes, every moment

He is with us, and shall we not love such a Father with all our hearts, and our minds, and our souls, and our strength? Shall we not give up our entire life to Him? Do so, my beloved brethren. We see Him daily; yet, do we think it a great glory to see the Lord. We pray unto Him, not for this thing, not for that thing, but for His light, the light of His countenance. One thing do we seek for, that we may behold the face of the Lord, and rejoice in His great temple. To the Hindoo that is dear at the present moment,—God, and nothing but God. Is it revelation, atonement, forgiveness, salvation—what is it we want? We want none of these—we want God. For God is our salvation, and He has told unto each one of us in the whole Hindoo nation, "I shall be unto you the God of salvation." And as we have heard that voice, for distinctly and clearly has He spoken unto us, there has been no difference, no doubt, no wavering, but firm and absolute trust in Him—thorough dependence upon His guidance, where He would lead us. And what do you see? We see that are around us—spirits, brothers, sisters—all looking fondly upon us. The world has said there are pains and privations on all sides, and sometimes the heart is about to faint away under the accumulated load of trials and difficulties. And then we say unto our Lord, "Lord, hast Thou forsaken me?" And the Lord answers and says, "No". And then our soul gathers up courage, and firmness, and strength. One word of simple heartfelt prayer clears up the horizon. Everything becomes good and lovely, and where there was nothing but darkness and discouragement we find light and encouragement. One converted sinner in India speaks volumes of sermons in order to encourage us; and thus in that land of superstition and idolatry we are slowly and humbly fulfilling what we feel to be our great mission. The light is with us. The band is small. It will be large tomorrow. There is weakness, and there are shortcomings. There will be abundance tomorrow. Despair? We despair not so long as the Lord is with us.

This great message, then, I preach unto you, beloved brethren and sisters, in order to tell you that the living God is doing wonders in my beloved country. Perhaps my feeble voice—I regret that it is feeble—perhaps my living voice will be blessed by God's Spirit upto the encouragement and enlightenment of many a heart and soul in this country. Perhaps a single instrument I may be in the hands of my God in bringing about better feelings between

England and India—in establishing something like spiritual intercourse and fellowship between brothers and sisters in the East and brothers and sisters in the West. That is my favourite idea. To that end I, under God's guidance, dedicate my body and my whole life. I wish to do something in that direction. Sectarianism is appalling. It distresses me—it greatly distresses. There ought to be no barriers between brothers and sisters. What if you are Christians? Will you say Christianity draws a line of demarcation between the East and the West? Then I say, perish such Christianity! For I see that Jesus Christ was born on the boundary line that separates Europe from Asia, and when I reflect simple on this fact I feel that I see the finger of God working there. Why was Christ born on that boundary line? Was it not for this, that through His Spirit the East and the West shall unite? And as He was an Asiatic, and spoke and thought, and felt and acted in the words and in the associations which an Asiatic can thoroughly understand; as He and the Apostles, and the great early teachers, for a great length of time spoke through Asiatic language and traditions and associations, and as after all that the stream came to the West, may we not hope that through that stream those two grand nations—the representatives of the East and the West, England and India—may be brought together to the feet of the Lord? May we not feel that as the spirit of Asiatic Christianity has been exhibited in the West, that spirit will one day find lodgment and eternal habitation in the hearts of the sons and daughters of India; that as that spirit was not confined to Asia, though it first manifested itself on that continent, as that spirit is universal and all-embracing, and as it has already adapted itself to Western countries,—it may also one day be received and thankfully accepted by the nations of the East? So, through that spirit of love to God and love to man, one day shall all nations mingle together, in order to offer with one heart and, if possible, in one language, their thanksgivings and prayers unto their common Father. Create not sects in the name of Christ, but destroy them in His name. In His name promote peace on earth and goodwill to men. In His name establish brotherhood throughout the length and breadth of the land, and fulfil the great prophecy, that "from the east and from the west, and from the north and from the south shall the nations come and sit in the kingdom of heaven."

If you wish to preserve Christianity for yourselves, and pulverize or break up into ten thousand atoms, forming each a grand sect, then you add to the limitations and barriers—deface for ever and for ever all those lines which stretch between man and man and woman and woman; and let us all extend unto each other the right hand of spiritual fellowship. Let the East kiss the West. Let brothers and sisters, from one end of the world, speak in all brotherly love, all affection, and all sweetness, to their brothers and sisters in the other extremity of the world. Then we shall succeed in rearing up one vast cathedral in this world, where men of all nations and races shall glorify the Supreme Ruler of the universe. This is not imagination. If it is I shall be obliged to give up my religion. My heart will no longer believe in the voice and assurances of the Lord. If this is to be disproved, what do we live for? Do we live that war shall consume Europe and Asia, and the whole world, in time to come, and that there shall be nothing but carnage and bloodshed and ruin from one end of the world to the other? Are we to be told that in the name of religion it is impossible to bring together all mankind, that they may become one brotherhood—that religion can only create sects, and do nothing else? Have we come to that. Alas, then, for civilization!—alas, if that be so, for the interests of mankind! Is that the teaching of the Bible? Are these the doctrines that Christians have been believing all this time? Do we not hopefully look forward to something better and holier? Is there nothing to encourage us? Is there no living religion to stimulate our activity—to galvanize our spiritual energies into life? Will all the pulpits speak, and will their utterances fall flat upon the world? Is it dead religion in India, and dead religion in England, that we come to hear? It is life we want. Nations have been dead for centuries. In spite of Hindooism—and, allow me to add, in spite of Christianity—there are still many evils which frighten us, which discourage us. Therefore, I say, take courage. Surely God can speak to you; and He will speak to you "as never man spake," and as never man will speak. One word—one sweet word—from our Father will go down in our hearts as a blessed stream of sanctification and salvation; and what we could not do in a hund-

red years, will be done in a moment through faith. One grain of *mustard seed—if we have but that faith, but that small measure of faith—we may say unto the mountains, remove, and they will remove. Let us have living faith in the living God, and we may face* all obstacles and opposition. Let us seek not the cold life of dreamy metaphysicians and theologians, but accept the fervour of manliness, earnestness, devotional enthusiasm. God will make us heroes,—God will give us comfort, strength, and peace,—purity and gladness shall we receive from the Lord. Honour books,—honour prophets,—honour all your great men. Reformers who, like Luther and Knox, revolutionalize countries and nations,—honour them. But above all, honour Him, do not stop half way, but go deeper and deeper into the heart, and I assure you there is a universe in the midst of the heart. Genial affection, warm sympathies, heavenly light, God's utterances, God's temple, God's altar,—where are they? Not lo! here, lo! there; but within. "The kingdom of heaven is within you." Close your eyes if you wish to see God. Close your eyes if you want salvation. Then let us fall at the feet of our heavenly Father, and believe in the promises He has made unto us,—promises emphatic and strong, which shall be fulfilled to the letter. He has told you, "ask and it shall be given." Do not then offer a single prayer with wavering or diffident hearts, but whatsoever prayer ye bring before God, bring it with confidence, full of trust and faith in God. When He has said He will bless us, He will do so. Though mighty potentates throw obstacles in our way,—though nations war with each other, and destroy commerce and extending trade,—though men unite to carry out their wicked intentions, and paralyze our spiritual energies,—though the whole world should continue to put spiritual darkness over the face of the universe,—yet, if the Lord is with us, England shall be regenerated, and India too, and all countries and nations. Then rejoice, for the Lord has spoken. We have received the Bible in the heart. The gospel of salvation has been preached. Men and women, old men and children, the rich and the poor, the learned and the uneducated, in all countries of the world, cry, "Arise, vindicate God's mercy,—His sweet loving-kindness, that will shower forth genial stream of salvation upon all the nations of the earth."

3

RAMAKRISHNA PARAMAHAMSA

by

PRATAP CHUNDER MAJUMDAR

[*This tribute to the personality of Ramakrishna Paramahamsa, the unlettered Bengali saint of Dakshineshwar, from the pen of the late Shri Pratap Chunder Majumdar, one of the leaders of the Brahmo Samaj, appeared in the "Theistic Quarterly Review" of October, 1897.*]

My mind is still floating in the luminous atmosphere which that wonderful man diffuses around him whenever and wherever he goes. My mind is not yet disenchanted of the mysterious and indefinable pathos which he pours into it whenever he meets me. What is there in common between him and me? I, a Europeanised, civilised, self-centred, semi-sceptical, so-called educated reasoner, and he, a poor, illiterate, unpolished, half-idolatrous, friendless Hindu devotee? Why should I sit long hours to attend to him, I who have listened to Disraeli and Fawcett Stanley and Max Muller, and a whole host of European scholars and divines? I who am an ardent disciple and follower of Christ, a friend and admirer of liberal-minded Christian missionaries and preachers, a devoted adherent and worker of the rationalistic Brahma-Samaj—why should I be spell-bound to hear him? And it is not I only, but dozens like me who do the same. He has been interviewed and examined by many, crowds pour in to visit and talk with him. Some of our clever intellectual fools have found nothing in him, some of the contemptuous Christian missionaries would call him an impostor, or a self-deluded enthusiast. I have weighed their objections well, and what I write now I write deliberately.

The Hindu saint is a man under forty. He is a Brahman by caste, he is well-formed in body naturally, but the dreadful austerities through which his character has developed appear to have disordered his system. Yet, in the midst of this emaciation, his face retains a fullness, a childlike tenderness, a profound visible humbleness, an unspeakable sweetness of expression and a smile

that I have seen on no other face that I can remember. A Hindu saint is always particular about his externals. He wears the *gerua* cloth, eats according to strict forms, refuses to have intercourse with men, and is a rigid observer of caste. He is always proud and professes secret wisdom. He is always *guruji*, a universal counsellor and a dispenser of charms. This man is singularly devoid of such claims. His dress and diet do not differ from those of other men except in the general negligence he shows towards both, and as to caste, he openly breaks it every day. He most vehemently repudiates the title of *guru*, or teacher, he shows impatient displeasure at any exceptional honour which people try to pay to him, and emphatically disclaims the knowledge of secrets and mysteries. He protests against being lionised, and openly shows his strong dislike to be visited and praised by the curious. The society of the worldly-minded and carnally-inclined he carefully shuns. He has nothing extraordinary about him. His religion is his only recommendation. And what is his religion? It is orthodox Hinduism, but, Hinduism of a strange type. Ramakrishna Paramahamsa (for that is the name of this saint) is the worshipper of no particular Hindu god. He is not a Shaiva, he is not a Shakta, he is not a Vaishnava, he is not a Vedantist. Yet he is *all these*. He worships Shiva, he worships Kali, he worships Râma, he worships Krishna, and is a confirmed advocate of Vedanta doctrines. He accepts all the doctrines, all the embodiments, usages, and devotional practices of every religious cult. Each in turn is infallible to him. He is an idolater, yet is a faithful and most devoted meditator of the perfections of the one formless, infinite Deity whom he terms "*Akhanda Sachchidànanda*" (Indivisible Existence-Knowledge-Bliss). His religion, unlike the religion of ordinary Hindu *Sadhus*, does not mean too much dogma, or controversial proficiency, or the outward worship with flowers and sandal-wood, incense and offering. His religion means ecstasy, his worship means transcendental insight, his whole nature burns day and night with the permanent fire and fever of a strange faith and feeling. His conversation is a ceaseless breaking forth of this inward fire and lasts long hours. While his interlocutors are weary, he, though outwardly feeble, is as fresh as ever. He merges into rapturous ecstasy and outward unconsciousness often during the day, oftenest in conversation when he speaks of his favourite spiritual experiences, or hears any striking response to them. But

how is it possible that he has such a fervent regard for all the Hindu deities together? What is the secret of his singular eclecticism? To him each of these deities is a force, an incarnated principle tending to reveal the supreme relation of the soul to that eternal and formless Being Who is unchangeable in His blessedness and the Light of Wisdom.

Take for instance Shiva. The saint views and realises Shiva as the incarnation of contemplativeness and Yoga. Forgetful of all worldly care and concern, merged and absorbed in *Samadhi*, in the meditation of the ineffable perfections of the supreme *Brahman*, insensible to pain and privation, toil and loneliness, ever joyful in the blessedness of Divine communion, calm, silent, serene, immovable like the Himalayas where his abode is, Mahadeva is the ideal of all contemplative and self-absorbed men. The venomous serpents of evil and worldliness coil around his beautified form but cannot hurt him. The presence of death surrounds him in various forms of dread and danger, but cannot daunt him. Shiva takes upon himself the burdens and cares of all the world, and swallows the deadliest poison to confer immortality upon others. Shiva renounces all wealth and enjoyment for the benefit of others, makes his faithful wife the companion of his austerities and solitude, and takes the ashes and the tiger-skin as his only ornaments. Shiva is the god of the Yogis. And this good man, while expatiating on the attributes of Shiva would be immersed in the sublimity of his ideal, and become entranced, and remain unconscious for a long time.

Then, perhaps, he would talk of Krishna whom he realises as the incarnation of love. "Behold," he says, "the countenance of Krishna as represented popularly. Does it resemble a man's face, or a woman's? Is there a shadow of sensuality in it; is there a hair of masculine coarseness? It is a tender female face that Krishna has; in it is the fullness of boyish delicacy and girlish grace. By his affectionateness, many-sided and multiform, he won the hearts of men and women to the religion of *Bhakti* (Devotion)." That Divine love can take the form of every sanctified human relation is the great mission of Krishna to prove. As a loving child monopolising all the fondness of the hearts of aged parents; as a loving companion and friend attracting the profoundest loyalty and affection of men and brethren; as an admired and adored master, the sweetness and tenderness of whose teaching

and whose affectionate persuasions converted girls and women to the self-consecration of a heart-felt piety, Krishna, the beauty and depth of whose character remain still beyond the reach of men's appreciation, introduced the religion of love into Hindustan. Then the good man would say how for long years he dressed himself as a cowherd, or a milkmaid, to be able to realise the experiences of that form of piety in which the human soul was like a faithful wife, and a loyal friend to the loving Spirit who is our Lord and only friend. Krishna is the incarnation of Bhakti. Then in the intensity of that burning love of God which is in his simple heart, the devotee's form and features suddenly grow stiff and motionless, unconsciousness overtakes him, his eyes lose their sight, and tears trickle down his fixed, pale, but smiling face. There is a transcendent sense and meaning in that unconsciousness. What he perceives and enjoys in his soul when he has lost all outward perception who can say? Who will fathom the depth of that insensibility which the love of God produces? But that he sees something, hears, and enjoys when he is dead to all the outward world there is no doubt. If not, why should he, in the midst of that unconsciousness, burst into floods of tears and break out into prayers, songs and utterances the force and pathos of which pierce through the hardest heart, and bring tears to eyes that never before wept under the influence of religion?

Anon he would begin to talk of Kali, whom he addresses as his mother. She is the incarnation of the *Shakti*, or power of God as displayed in the character and influence of woman. Kali is the female principle in the nature of the Deity. She tyrannises over all tyrants. She brings down her husband low upon the ground, and places her foot upon his bosom. She charms and conquers all beings. Yet she is the mother of creation. Her tremendous power is a guarantee that she can save and protect her children, those that come to her as their mother, and ask the shelter of her feet. Her motherly solicitude excites the tenderest filial affection in the hearts of her devotees, and the inspiration of Ramaprasad Sen which expressed itself in the most wonderful songs of filial piety ever sung, bears strange testimony to the reality and effectiveness of the worship of Kali. The adoration of *Shakti* (which literally means Force) is, according to our saint, a child-like whole-souled, rapturous self-consecration to the motherhood of God as represented by the power and influence of woman. Woman, there-

fore, has long been renounced by our friend in every material and carnal relation. He has a wife but has never associated with her. Woman, he says, is unconquerable by man except by him who looks up to her as a son. Woman fascinates and keeps the whole world from the love of God. The highest and holiest saints have been brought back to carnality and sin by the nameless power of woman. The absolute conquest of lust has been his life-long ambition. For long years, therefore, he says, he made the utmost efforts to be delivered from the influence of woman. His heart-rending supplications and prayers for such deliverance, sometimes uttered aloud in his retreat on the river-side, brought crowds of people who bitterly cried when he cried, and could not help blessing him and wishing him success with their whole hearts.

He has successfully escaped the evil of carnality which he dreaded. His Mother to whom he prayed, that is the goddess Kali, made him recognise every woman as her incarnation, so that he now honours each member of the other sex as his mother. He bows his head to the ground before women, and before little girls; he has insisted upon worshipping not a few of them as a son might worship his mother. The purity of his thoughts and relations towards women is most unique and instructive. It is the opposite of the European idea. It is an attitude essentially, traditionally, gloriously national. Yes, a Hindu *can* honour woman.

"My father," says the Paramahamsa, "was a worshipper of Rama. I too, have accepted the Ramayat covenant. When I think of the piety of my father, the flowers with which he used to worship his favourite god bloom again in my heart and fill it with Divine fragrance." Rama, the truthful and dutiful son, the good and faithful husband, the just and fatherly king, the staunch and affectionate friend, is regarded by him with the love and profound loyalty of a devoted servant. As a master the privilege of whose service is sufficient reward to the favoured, faithful servant, as a master in whose dear and matchless service the laying down of life is a delightful duty, as a master who has wholly enslaved the body and soul of his adoring slave, the contemplation of whose holy and glorious worth transcends every thought of remuneration and return, is Rama viewed by Ramakrishna. Hanuman, the renowned follower of Rama, is to him a model of a faithful servitor, a being who was devoted to his master's cause, inspired by such unworldly love and honour, such superhuman

faithfulness as scorned alike death and danger, or hope of reward. So the other sin which he spent his life to be free from, is the love of money. The sight of money fills him with strange dread. His avoidance of women and wealth is the whole secret of his matchless moral character. For a long time he practised a singular discipline. He took in one hand a piece of gold and in the other a lump of earth. He would then look at both, repeatedly calling the gold *earth*, and the earth *gold*, and then shuffling the contents of one hand into the other, he would keep up the process until he lost all sense of the difference between the gold and the earth. His ideal of service is absolute unworldliness and freedom from the desire of gain. He loves and serves Rama because Rama is the best and most loving master. The service of the true saint is the service of the purest affection and most unselfish loyalty. Some of the songs he sings expressive of this touching devotedness are exceedingly pathetic, and show how very negligent we often are.

Nor is this reverence confined within Hinduism. For long days he subjected himself to various discriplines to realise the Mahomedan idea of an all-powerful Allah. He let his beard grow, he fed himself on Moslem diet, he continually repeated sentences from the Koran. His reverence for Christ is deep and genuine. He bows his head at the name of Jesus, honours the doctrine of his sonship, and we believe he once or twice attended Christian places of worship. These ideas at all events show the catholic religious culture of this great Hindu saint.

Each form of worship that we have tried to indicate above is to the Paramahamsa a living and most enthusiastic principle of personal religion, and the accounts of discipline and exercise through which he has arrived at his present state of devotional eclecticism are most wonderful, although they cannot be published. He never writes anything, seldom argues, he never attempts to instruct, he is continually pouring out his soul in a rhapsody of spiritual utterances, he sings wonderfully, and makes observations of singular wisdom. He unconsciously throws a flood of marvellous light upon the obscurest passages of the Pauranic Shastras, and brings out the fundamental principles of the popular Hindu faith with a philosophical clearness which strangely contrasts itself with his simple and illiterate life. These incarnations, he says, are but the forces (*Shakti*) and dispensations (*Lilá*) of the eternally

wise and blessed *Akhanda Sachchidánanda* who never can be changed or formulated, who is one endless and everlasting ocean of light, truth and joy.

If all his utterances could be recorded they would form a volume of strange and wonderful wisdom. If all his observations on men and things could be reproduced, people might think that the days of prophecy, of primeval, unlearned wisdom had returned. But it is most difficult to render his sayings in English.

A living evidence of the depth and sweetness of Hindu religion is this good and holy man. He has wholly controlled his flesh. It is full of soul, full of the reality of religion, full of joy, full of blessed purity. As a *Siddha* Hindu ascetic he is a witness of the falsehood and emptiness of the world. His testimony appears to the profoundest heart of every Hindu. He has no other thought, no other occupation, no other relation, no other friend in his humble life than his God. That God is more than sufficient for him. His spotless holiness, his deep unspeakable blessedness, his unstudied, endless wisdom, his child-like peacefulness and affection towards all men, his consuming, all-absorbing love for God are his only reward. And may he long continue to enjoy that reward! Our own ideal of religious life is different, but so long as he is spared to us, gladly shall we sit at his feet to learn from him the sublime precepts of purity, unworldliness, spirituality and inebriation in the love of God.

4

THE EVOLUTION OF A NEW INDIA

by

JUSTICE M. G. RANADE

[*From the speech of the late Shri Justice M. G. Ranade delivered at the thirteenth session of the Social Conference held at Lucknow in 1899.*]

The question for consideration for us at the present moment is, whether in consequence of the predominance of the Mahomedans for five centuries which intervened from the invasions of

Mahmud to the ascendancy of Akbar, the people of India were benefited by the contact thus forcibly brought together between the two races. There are those among us who think that this predominance has led to the decay and corruption of the Indian character, and that the whole story of the Mahomedan ascendancy should, for all practical purposes, be regarded as a period of humiliation and sorrow. Such a view, however, appears to be unsupported by any correct appreciation of the forces which work for the elevation or depression of nations.

It cannot be easily assumed that in God's Province, such vast multitudes as those who inhabit India were placed centuries together under influences and restraints of alien domination, unless such influences and restraints were calculated to do lasting service in the building up of the strength and character of the people in directions in which the Indian races were most deficient. Of one thing we are certain, that after lasting over five hundred years, the Mahomedan Empire gave way, and made room for re-establishment of the old native races in Punjab, and throughout Central Hindusthan and Southern India and foundations of a much more solid character than those which yielded so easily before the assaults of the early Mahomedan conquerors. The domination, therefore, had not the effect of so depressing the people that they were unable to raise their heads again in greater solidarity. If the Indian races had not benefited by the contact and example of men with stronger muscles and greater powers, they would have never been able to re-assert themselves in the way in which history bears testimony they did.

Quite independently of this evidence of the broad change that took place in the early part of the eighteenth century when the Moghul Empire went to pieces, and its place was taken up not by foreign settlers, but by revived native powers, we have more convincing grounds to show that in a hundred ways the India of the 18th century, so far as the native races were concerned, was a stronger and better constituted India than met the eyes of the foreign travellers from Asia and Europe who visited it between the period of the first five centuries from 1,000 to 1,500 . In Akbar's time this process of regenerated India first assumed a decided character which could not be well mistaken. No student of Akbar's reign will fail to notice that for the first time the conception was then realized of a united India in which Hindus and

Mahomedans, such of them as had become permanently established in the country, were to take part in the building of an edifice rooted in the hearts of both by common interests and common ambitions. In place of the scorn and contempt with which the Mahomedan invaders had regarded the religion of the Hindus, their forms of worship, their manners and customs, and the Hindus looked down upon them as barbarous Mlechas, whose touch was pollution, a better appreciation of the good points, in the character of both came to be recognized as the basis of the union.

Akbar was the first to see and realize the true nobility of soul and devotion and fidelity of the Hindu character, and satisfied himself that no union was possible as long as the old bigotry and fanaticism was allowed to guide the councils of the Empire. He soon gathered about him the best men of his time, men like Faizi, Abul Fazl and their father, Mubarak, the historians Mirza Abdur Rahim, Nizamuddin Ahmed, Budauni and others. These were set to work upon the translation of the Hindu epics and Shastras and books of science and philosophy. The pride of the Rajput races was conciliated by taking in marriage the princesses of Jaipur and Jodhpur, and by conferring equal or superior commands on those princes. These latter had been hitherto treated as enemies. They were now welcomed as the props of the Empire, and Maharaja Bhagwandas, his great nephew Mansingh, for some time Governor of Bengal and Kabul, Raja Todarmal and the Brahmin companion of the Emperor Raja Birbal, these were welcomed to court, and trusted in the full consciousness that their interests were the same as those of the Mahomedan noblemen. The Emperor himself guided by such counsel of his Hindu and Mahomedan nobles, because the real founder of the union between the two races and this policy for a hundred years guided and swayed the councils of the Empire.

A fusion of the two races was sought to be made firmer still by the establishment of a religion of the *Din-i-Ilahi* in which the best points both of the Mahomedan, Hindu and other faiths were sought to be incorporated. Invidious taxation privileges were done away with, and toleration for all faiths became the universal law of the Empire. To conciliate his subjects, Akbar abjured the use of faith except on four special occasions in the year, and he joined in the religious rites observed by his Hindu Queens. In regard to the particular customs of the people relating to points

where natural humanity was shocked in a way to make union impossible, Akbar strove by wise encouragement and stern control where necessary, to help the growth of better ideas. Sati was virtually abolished by being placed under restraints which nobody could find fault with. Re-marriage was encouraged, and marriage before puberty was prohibited. In these and a hundred other ways, the fusion of the races and of their many faiths was sought to be accomplished with a success which was justified by the results for a hundred years. This process of removing all causes of friction and establishing accord went on without interruption during the reigns of Akbar, Jahangir and Shahjahan. Shahjahan's eldest son, Dara Shikuh was himself an author of no mean repute. He translated the Upanishads, and wrote a work in which he sought to reconcile the Brahmin religion with the Mahomedan faith. He died in 1659.

This period of a hundred years may be regarded as the halcyon period of Indian history when the Hindu and Mahomedan races acted in full accord. If in place of Aurangzeb, Dara Shikuh had succeeded to power as the eldest son of Shahjahan, the influence set on foot by the genius of Akbar would have gathered strength, and possibly averted the collapse of the Moghul power for another century. This was, however, not to be so, and with Aurangzeb's ascent to the throne, a change of system commenced which gathered force during the long time that this emperor reigned. Even Aurangzeb had, however, to follow the traditions of his three predecessors. He could not dispose with Jaisingh or Jaswantsingh who were his principal military commanders. In the reign of his son, whole provinces under him were governed by Rajput, Kayastha and other Governors. The revival of fanatic bigotry was kept in check by the presence of these great Rajput chiefs, one of whom on the reimposition of the 'Zezia' addressed to the Emperor a protest couched in unmistakable terms that the God of Islam was also the God of Hindus, and the subjects of both races merited equal treatment. Aurangzeb unfortunately did not listen to this advice, and the result was that the empire built by Akbar went to pieces even when Aurangzeb was alive. No one was more aware of his failure than Aurangzeb himself, who in his last moments admitted that his whole life was a mistake. The Marathas in the South, the Sikhs in the North, and the Rajput States helped in the

dismemberment of the empire in the reigns of his immediate successors with the result that nearly the whole of India was restored to its native Hindu sovereign except Bengal, Oudh, and the Deccan Hyderabad. It will be seen from this that so far from suffering from decay and corruption, the native races gathered strength by reason of the Mahomedan rule when it was directed by the wise counsel of those Mahomedan and Hindu statesmen who sought the weal of the country by a policy of toleration and equality. Since the time of Asoka, the element of strength born of union was wanting in the old Hindu dynasties who succumbed so easily to the Mahomedan invaders.

Besides this source of strength, there can be no doubt that in a hundred ways the Mahomedan domination helped to refine the tastes and manners of the Hindus. The Art of Government was better understood by the Mahomedans than by the old Hindu sovereigns. The art of war also was singularly defective till the Mahomedans came. They brought in the use of gun-powder and artillery. In the words of Babar, they "taught ingenuity and mechanical invention in a number of handicraft arts", the very nomenclature of which being made up of non-Hindu words, shows their foreign origin. They introduced candles, paper, glass and household furniture and saddlery. They improved the knowledge of the people in music, instrumental and vocal, medicine and astronomy, and their example was followed by the Hindus in the perversions of both these sciences, astrology and alchemy. Geography and history were first made possible departments of knowledge and literature by their example. They made roads, aqueducts, canals, caravansaries, and the post office, and introduced the best specimens of architecture, and improved our gardening, and made us acquainted with a taste of new fruits and flowers. The revenue system as inaugurated by Todarmal in Akbar's time is the basis of the revenue system up to the present day. They carried on the entire commerce by sea with distant regions, and made India feel that it was a portion of the inhabited world with relations with all, and not cut off from all social intercourse. In all these respects, the civilisation of the united Hindu and Muslim powers represented by the Moghuls at Delhi, was a distant advance beyond what was possible before the tenth century of the Christian era.

More lasting benefits have, however, accrued by the contact in the higher tone it has given to the religion and thoughts of the people. In this respect, both the Mahomedans and Hindus benefited by contact with one another. As regards the Mahomedans, their own historians admit that the Sufi heresy gathered strength from contact with the Hindu teachers, and made many Mahomedans believe in transmigration and in the final union of the soul with the supreme spirit. The Moharram festival and saint worship are the best evidence of the way in which the Mahomedans were influenced by Hindu ideas. We are more directly concerned with the way in which this contact has affected the Hindus. The prevailing tone of pantheism had established toleration for polytheism among our most revered ancient teachers who rested content with separating the few from the many, and established no bridge between them. This separation of the old religion has prevented its higher precepts from becoming the common possession of whole races. Under the purely Hindu system, the intellect may admit, but the heart declines to allow a common platform to all people in the sight of God. The Vaishnava movement has however succeeded in establishing the bridge noted above, and there can be no doubt, that in the hands of the followers of Ramananda, especially the Kabirpanthis, Malikdasis, Dadupanthis, the followers of Mirabai, of Lord Gauranga on the Bengal side, and Baba Nanak in Punjab in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the followers of Tukaram, Ekanath and Namdev in the Deccan, Babalalis, Prananathis, Sadhs, the Satnamis, the Shivnarayans and the followers of Mahant Rama Charan of the last two centuries—this elevation and the purification of the Hindu mind was accomplished to an extent which very few at the present moment realize in its significance. The Brahmo and the Arya Samaj movements of this century are the continuations of this ethical and spiritual growth. Caste, idolatry, polytheism and gross conceptions of purity and pollution were the precise points in which the Mahomedans and Hindus were most opposed to one another, and all the sects named above had this general characteristic that they were opposed to these defects in the character of our people. Nanak's watchword was that he was neither Hindu nor Mahomedan, but that he was a worshipper of the *Nirakar* or the formless. His first companion was a Mahomedan, and his teacher is said to have been

also a Mahomedan. Lord Gauranga had also Mahomedan disciples. Mahomedan saints like Shaik Mahomed, Shaik Farid and Mahomed Kazi were represented both by Hindus and Mahomedans. The abuses of polytheism were checked by the devotion of one object of worship which in the case of many of these Vaishnava Sects was supreme God, the *Paramatma* and the abuses of caste were controlled by conceding to all, Hindus and Mahomedans alike, the right to worship and love the one God who was the God of all.

In the case of the Sikhs, the *puratanic* spirit even developed under persecution, into a coarse imitation of the Mahomedan fanaticism directed against the Mahomedans themselves; but in the case of the other sectaries, both old and new, the tolerant and the suffering spirit of Vaishnavism has prevailed, breathing peace and goodwill towards all.

Such are the chief features of the influences resulting from the contact of Mahomedans and Hindus in Northern India. They brought about a fusion of thoughts and ideas which benefited both communities, making the Mahomedans less bigoted, and the Hindus more *puratanic* and more single-minded in their devotion. There was nothing like this to be found in Southern India as described by Dubois where the Hindu sectarian spirit intensified caste pride and idolatrous observances. The fusion would have been more complete but for the revival of fanaticism for which Aurangzeb must be held chiefly responsible. Owing to this circumstances, the work of fusion was left incomplete; and in the course of years, both the communities have developed weaknesses of a character which still need the disciplining process to be continued for a longer time under other masters. Both Hindus and Mahomedans lack many of those virtues represented, the love of order and regulated authority. Both are wanting in the love of Municipal freedom, in the exercise of virtues necessary for civic life, and in aptitudes for mechanical skill, in the love of science and research, in the love and daring of adventurous discovery, the resolution of master difficulties, and in chivalrous respect for womankind. Neither the old Hindu nor the old Mahomedan civilization was in a condition to train these virtues in a way to bring up the races of India on a level with those of Western Europe, and so the work of education had to be renewed,

and it has been now going on for the past century and more under the "pax-Britannica" with results—which all of us are witnesses to in ourselves.

If the lessons of the past have any value, one thing is quite clear, viz. that in this vast country no progress is possible unless both Hindus and Mahomedans join hands together, and are determined to follow the lead of the men who flourished in Akbar's time and were his chief advisers and councillors, and sedulously avoid the mistake which were committed by the great grandson Aurangzeb. Joint action from a sense of common interest, and a common desire to bring about the fusion of the thoughts and feelings of men so as to tolerate small differences and bring about concord—these were the chief aims kept in view by Akbar and formed the principle of the new divine faith formulated in the *Din-i-Ilahi*. Every effort on the part of either Hindu or Mahomedans to regard their interests as separated and distinct, and every attempt made by the two communities to create separate schools and interests among themselves, and not heal up the wounds inflicted by mutual hatred of caste and creed, must be deprecated on all hands. It is to be feared that this lesson has not been sufficiently kept in mind by the leaders of both communities in their struggle for existence and in the acquisition of power and predominance during recent years. There is at times a great danger of the work of Akbar being undone by losing sight of this great lesson which the history of his reign and that of his two successors is so well calculated to teach.

The Conference which brings us together is especially intended for the propagation of this 'din' or 'Dharma', and it is in connection with that message chiefly that I have ventured to speak to you to-day on this important subject. The ills that we are suffering from are most of them self-inflicted evils, the cure of which is to a large extent, in our own hands. Looking at the series of measures which Akbar adopted in his time to cure these evils, one feels how correct was his vision when he and his advisers put their hand on those very defects in our national character which need to be remedied first before we venture on higher enterprises. Pursuit of high ideas, mutual sympathy and co-operation, perfect tolerance, a correct understanding of the diseases from which the body politic is suffering, and an earnest

desire to apply suitable remedies—this is the work cut out for the present generation. The awakening has commenced, as is witnessed by the fact that we are met in this place from such distances for joint consultation and action. All that is needed is that we must put our hands to the plough, and face the strife and the struggle. The success already achieved warrants the expectation that if we persevere on right lines, the goal we have in view may be attained. That goal is not any particular advantage to be gained in power and wealth. It is represented by the efforts to attain it, the expansion and the evolution of the heart and the mind, which will make us stronger and braver, purer and truer men.

This is at least the lesson I draw from our recent history of the past thousand years, and if these centuries have rolled away to no purpose over our heads, our cause is no doubt hopeless beyond cure. That is however not the faith in me; and I feel sure it is not the faith that moves you in this great struggle against our weak selves, than which nothing is more fatal to our individual and collective growth. Both Hindus and Mahomedans have their work cut out in this struggle. In the backwardness of female education, in the disposition to over-leap the bounds of their own religions, in matters of tolerance, in their internal dissensions between castes and creeds, in the indulgence of impure speech, thought, and action on occasions when they are disposed to enjoy themselves, in the abuses of many customs in regard to unequal and polygamous marriages, in the desire to be extravagant in their expenditure on such occasions, in the neglect of regulated charity, in the decay of public spirit in insisting on the proper management of endowments—in these and other matters both communities are equal sinners, and there is thus much ground for improvement on common lines. Of course, the Hindus being by far the majority of the population, have other difficulties of their own to combat with; and they are trying in their gatherings of separate castes and communities to remedy them each in their own way. But without co-operation and conjoint of all communities success is not possible, and it is on that account that the General Conference is held in different places each year to rouse local interest, and help people in their separate efforts by a knowledge of what their friends similarly situated are doing in other parts.

This is the reason of our meeting here, and I trust that this message I have attempted to deliver to you on this occasion will satisfy you that we cannot conceive a noble work than the one for which we have met here to-day.

"A VERITABLE RISHI"

by

SIR SURENDRANATH BANERJEA

[*Report of the speech made by the late Sir Surendranath Banerjea, the "Thunderer of Bengal" and Editor of "The Bengalee", in unveiling the portrait of Dadabhai Naoroji, the "Grand Old Man of India", in the Sir Cowasji Jehangir Hall of the Bombay University on 26th June, 1919.*]

I do not use the language of convention or of exaggeration, when I say that I deem it a high honour and a great privilege to preside at this function. For it affords me the opportunity of associating myself with you in honouring the adored memory of one of the greatest Indians of his generation, where private worth and public virtues will enshrine his name in the grateful recollections of his countrymen and who will stand forth for all time to come in the pages of Indian history as our model and as our example. Carlyle has observed in his 'Hero Worship', a book which I recommend to the younger section of my audience, that the history of a nation is but the history of its great men. A great man is the product of his age, but he gives back with compound interest what he has received from his age. He strengthens improves, exhalts the time-spirit and the time-forces in the midst of which he has been born and brought up. He does something more—he regulates and controls them, leads them on into useful and fructifying channels pregnant with lasting good. I am reminded in this connection of a passage in the "Bhagwat Gita", that immortal contribution of our ancestors to the secred literature of humanity. Sri Krishna, the divinely inspired Sri Krishna, addressing the great Pandava warrior Arjun on the eve

of battle, says, "I appear from age to age incarnated in flesh and blood for the preservation of religion which is the cement of the universe". Thus, thousands of years ago, Carlyle's conception of the semi-divine man found expression in our literature with a spiritual colouring that uplifts it to a higher plane. Divested of its spiritual significance, reduced to the ordinary interpretation which the average man will put upon it, this noble passage meant that every age produces its great men for its highest spheres of work. Their activities may be narrow, they may be circumscribed by geographical and other limitations, but the great men are there with their fine qualities dedicated to the service of humanity. Dadabhai Naoroji was a great man of this type — an Indian patriot in the truest sense, serving his country, his conscience and his God with unsurpassed devotion.

The early associations of such a man, the surroundings which contributed to his up-building have a practical bearing and significance all their own. They often reveal truths of enduring interest and of widespread application. The outstanding fact of Dadabhai Naoroji's early life was the paramountcy of his mother's influence. This was due to a great domestic calamity. His father died while he was yet a boy. His widowed mother became his whole protector and guardian. She applied herself to this difficult and delicate task with womanly enthusiasm and courage and with more than womanly insight. How she performed this exhalted duty all India knows and today the memory of mother and son is linked together in the grateful affections of our people. Ladies and gentlemen, there is no impress more durable on the brow of manhood than the impress of the mothers' hands. Years may roll away, time may make its ravages, memory may grow dim with age, but the sweet recollections of childhood sanctified by the impress of maternal authority endure through life and are only blotted out when all that is mortal in us is consigned to the grave or the funeral pyre or the grim solitude of the Towers of silence. Ladies and gentlemen, I am a Hero Worshipper to the marrows of my bones. I have read the lives of many great men with interest and have read with profit: and if there is one fact more than another which has impressed me, it is this—that the omnipotent influence which maternal authority has in many cases exercised in determining the character and careers of great men. That was the case with Napoleon Bonaparte and the Duke of

Wellington. We find the same truly illustrated in the lives of some of our Indian celebrities. Today all India mourns the death of one of her most illustrious sons. The late Sir Gurudas Banerjee was not only a great judge and a great educationist, but he was a prince among men, combining all that is finest in the culture of both the East and the West. He was what he was through his mother's influence. Shaped and guided by the maternal hand Dadabhai Naoroji emerged from his college as one of its most brilliant students and he hastened to repay the maternal debt by identifying himself thus early in life and in the history of our national evolution with the cause of female education. Dadabhai Naoroji thus began his public life as a social reformer and finished his great career as the most stalwart champion of our political rights. Ladies and gentlemen, let me not be misunderstood, I do not for one moment mean to suggest, as some of our critics have done, that Social Reforms must precede Political Reforms or that Political Reform must be the precursor of Social Reform. The truth is that all kinds of reforms are interlinked and interdependent--for the human mind is not divided into so many water-tight compartments, but is an organic whole and an impulse communicated from one point affects the whole organism and vibrates through every sphere of our activities.

After he had left college, Dadabhai Naoroji was appointed Professor of Mathematics in the Elphinstone College. Educational work has often been found helpful to the evolution of successful public life. Mr. Gokhale was Professor in the Fergusson College before he became one of the most eminent public men of his generation. Dr. Woodrow Wilson was a college professor before he started upon that public career which made him the President of the United States and now the Dictator of world politics in the most critical period of the world's history. Association with young minds in many cases creates and strengthens that optimism so necessary in the great struggle of life, it vests our journey through life with a radiance all its own. All our little worries and disappointments are banished under the superb colouring of hope and the glowing prospects of the achievements of the golden deeds in the future. Optimism uplifts life to a higher plane of existence. Always working for the best and hoping for the best, Dadabhai's optimism was deepend and accentuated by its close and early contact with the young men of his generation. The

word 'despair' vanished from his vocabulary. Despite defeat and disappointment the faith that was in him latent brightened, one might say, with the steady, unwavering glow of the sacrificial fires of the vestal virgins of old. In his public period, in fighting the battles of his country, he found the pages of Anglo-Indian history strewn broadcast with the fragments of the broken pledges. The situation was such as might have driven a lesser man to despair and precipitated him into the arms of extremism; but hope and the conviction that right and justice must triumph never deserted him even in the darkest moments and he fought on steadily, continuously with almost apostolic fervour and with more than prophetic insight until, like Moses from the heights of Pisgah, he had before him glimpses of the promised land which he was never destined to enter, but which will soon become the heritage of our race. What hope, what faith, what sublime duty and what undying belief in the destinies of his country inspired the grand old man to live, to work, and to die for his country! The prophet is gone to that great rest, where we all must be with him. But his great example will live, stimulate and inspire the generations yet unborn. From amidst the silence of his tomb he speaks in triumphant tongue and with a voice of authority greater than that which he wielded when he was in our midst. But let us sit at his feet, commune with him and derive from the example of his life and the inspiration of his achievements, those sovereign lessons which constitute the noblest legacies of great men.

Behind his political fervour there was the soul of religion. He was a Zoroastrian true to the faith of his ancestors, upholding its great precept, good thoughts, good words, and good deeds. The golden maxim marked his conduct in all departments of life. Professor, merchant, Minister of State, member of the Legislative Council, social and political reformer, his activities were determined by good thoughts and good words, having their roots in good impulses. A high moral purpose pervaded all his work in life. In him there was no diplomacy, no petty-fogging, no attempt to belittle his opponents, social or political. For those who did not worship with him in the same temple, there was broadest charity and tolerance. There was no political question in which he put greater interest than that his countrymen should participate in the responsibilities of the highest offices of the State. There was no question which elicited more bitter opposition and

controversy, none round which fears or passions raged, yet how did Dadabhai Naoroji treat his critics and opponents? He met them with an array of facts and figures, with arguments invincible and incontestable; but in the midst of these conflicts and controversies not a word of angry passion or a bitter resentment of personal or party spite was allowed to escape. The sage was a veritable Rishi of old, arguing, reasoning, remonstrating, but with a gravity of temper, a gentleness of manner, a measure of freedom from prejudice and passion, which detracted nothing from the weight of his arguments, but added to their intensity and convincing force. We are on the eve of great events. Responsible Government will soon be installed in our midst, and whether we wish it or not, the party system will come into operation. Our countrymen will have to range themselves with regard to political issues in opposing camps—coming events cast their shadows—we are already witnessing in our midst the beginnings of that great transformation. Let us prepare ourselves for it in the spirit of the great man whose memory we have met here to adore. Let us incorporate into our individual and collective life something of the charity which he displayed in relation to his opponents.

Abuse is no argument. It is worse than no argument. It demoralises those who use it. It does not hurt those against whom it is employed. As a commercial asset it is a bad coin. Even on the ground of expediency, to put the matter no higher, it should be eschewed. On one occasion, Gladstone was described by a political opponent as a rhetorian inebriate with the exuberance of his own verbosity. Benjamin Disraeli was painted in the same colour by an Irishman who rendered the greatest service to his countrymen. He was described by Daniel O'Connell with reference to his Jewish ancestry, as the lineal descendant of the impudent thief who died on the Cross. These outbursts of vituperative language did not, in the smallest degree, hurt the great men against whom they were levelled. They excited a little temporary sensation; they would have been forgotten but for the great names against whom they were levelled. To us they appear as revelations of bitter passion which are among the frailties of our common human nature. We deplore them, we should like to see no repetition of the same; let us emulate all that is best and noblest in the public life of England, but let us avoid its frailties and puerilities. Standing before the protrait

which is about to be unveiled and adoring the spirit of the great man whom we desire to honour, I appeal to all, specially to the representatives of the younger generation, to cultivate the spirit of tolerance and charity so conspicuous in the public career of Dadabhai Naoroji.

Dadabhai Naoroji was a great master of facts and figures. His mind was so logical that vague idealism had no place in it. But yet, there was no greater idealist. Self-government was the dream of his life and now we are within a measurable distance of the first instalment towards the realisation of that dream. His whole words relating to 'Swarajya', almost the last of his public utterances in life are still ringing in our ears. 'Self-government such as it prevails in the colonies or in the United Kingdom'—was the last aspiration of his life, uttered from the Congress platform in Calcutta. Ladies and gentlemen, idealism is a good thing. I am an idealist to the marrows of my bones. We can never be content with the present. Discontent when regulated is divine. We are all yearning for a brighter, nobler, more glorious future. The first streaks of the dawn are almost visible, heralding the birth of a new day for India. We are all preparing ourselves to salute the new sun of liberty that will soon spread warmth and radiance over the ancient land, the land of Vedic Rishis of old, who chanted on the banks of our sacred rivers the first yearnings of infant humanity towards the Divine ideal. Dadabhai and others working under the inspiration of the noblest ideal toiled for the advent of his great day. Let us not, therefore, minimise the value of ideals. They appeal to imagination, stir the heart, stimulate the noblest springs of action, but the ideal and the practical must be blended into one harmonious whole. There must be no divorce between the real and the ideal. The ideal must be subordinated to the practical governed by the environments of the situation which must be slowly but steadily developed and improved towards the attainment of the ideal. In Nature as well as in the moral world there is no such thing as cataclysm. Evolution is the supreme law of life and of affairs. Our environments, such as they are, must be improved and developed stage by stage, point by point, till the ideal of the present generation becomes the actual reality of the next, or, it may be, of the succeeding generations. That again is a lesson which we may derive from the life of Dadabhai Naoroji. Referring to the

question of Self-government from the Congress platform in Calcutta, he spoke of a beginning which would develop itself into the full legislature of Self-government. There must be a beginning, there must be a progressive stage, there must be a final culmination in the matter of Self-government—so said the greatest political leader of our generation.

One of the traits of Dadabhai's public career is his unflinching faith in British justice. No Indian politician lived or worked longer and in close contact with English people and in England than Dadabhai Naoroji and his intimacy with Englishmen and with English institutions inspired him with this confidence in British justice. I fear there has been a different feeling in vogue in regard to this matter for some time and I cannot say that this attitude of mine is not without justification. Promises have been made which were either inadequately fulfilled or their redemption indefinitely postponed. It is a dismal chapter in British history. The public in consequence grew suspicious, distrustful, and even restive. But the beginnings of a change are now perceptible on all sides. The angle of vision on the part of our rulers has undergone a transformation of which the main striking evidence is afforded by the message of the 10th August, 1917. They have, it seems to me, stretched out to us the hand of fellowship and friendship and it is our duty and interest alike to grasp it with alacrity and enthusiasm and in co-operation with the British statesmen to march forward towards the accomplishment of high destinies that, under the Providence of God, are in store for our people. There could be no more striking illustration of this change in the angle of vision of the British statesmen than the appointment of Satyendra Prasanna Sinha as the Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for India. It is a memorable departure from the aims and traditions of the British Government in India and a great forward step towards the effacement of the distinctions and barriers of race, colour and creed. Sir Satyendra Prasanna must be raised to the British peerage in order that he may act as Parliamentary Under-Secretary for India. For the first time an Indian will sit in the House of Lords. It is a singular honour and a notable assertion of our equality between British subjects in other parts of the Empire. It means something more. It is an earnest of the determination of the British Government to carry

through Parliament the Reforms Scheme formulated by the Viceroy and the statement of Sir Satyendra Prasanna Sinha is an indication of what the Government means. They will stand no wittling down of the scheme, for Sir S. P. Sinha is pledged to the whole scheme in its entirety.

One word more and I have done. Dadabhai Naoroji was an apostle of moderation in politics and he advocated with unflinging, strenuous consistency, the adoption of constitutional methods of education. Even in the most adverse circumstances and in moments of deepest darkness and depression, he followed his lifelong policy of moderation and constitutionalism and was never despondent, and his father has abundantly been justified by the events we are now witnessing and what it is proposed to accomplish. Let us share Dadabhai Naoroji's faith and optimism and we are entitled to do so. For the world after the war is not what it was before the war. The war was a war for the vindication of justice and freedom, and the rights of the minor nationalities, and we bore our part in the great struggle. We claim no reward: but we claim a right. We claim that England will be true to her pledges for the vindication of which she spent our men and treasure.

Standing before the portrait of Dadabhai Naoroji, let us remember the ideals that were his and which are associated with his honoured name. The truest memorial that we can have of the illustrious dead is to raise tabernacles in our hearts in their honour, to devote ourselves to the worship of these principles which were theirs and to the furtherance of those aims which were their life-work. Then will these great men, emancipated from the fetters of flesh and blood, live in our midst in a higher form of existence and be imperishable guides in our onward march which must lead to the accomplishment of our highest destinies. Dadabhai Naoroji will be one of such leaders. You may have your busts, your statues, your portraits. They serve a useful purpose, they remind us of their mortal existence and of their imperishable work. But let not our reverence, our affection and our esteem be confined to mere dead forms, but let them be a living source of inspiration to us. Let them raise us to the higher atmosphere fragrant with the breath of these immortals and inspire us with a resolve to incorporate into our daily life

the ideals which they have left for our instruction and guidance. Let us imprint upon our minds the lessons of sobriety, moderation, of lifelong devotion to the Mother Land which Dadabhai Naoroji has taught us. Then we shall have raised in his honour a memorial lasting than brass or marble, a memorial transmissible from age to age, that will become the lasting heritage of our people in the rich possession of those moral qualities which are the truest guarantees of continued and undying national progress.

"WE SHALL NOT BE PARTED"

by

LAL MOHAN GHOSE

[*Presidential address of the late Shri Lal Mohan Ghose, Bar-at-Law, of Calcutta, at the 19th session of the Indian National Congress held at Madras in 1903.*]

Brother-delegates, ladies and gentlemen, — After the inspiring strains of *Bande Mataram* it is meet and proper that this resolution should be placed before this house, the subject matter being one which has convulsed the whole of Bengal (A voice: "The whole of India"). I rejoice to learn that our griefs, our sorrows, our disappointments and our trials are sympathised with by brother-delegates throughout the rest of the country (*Cheers*). I think, Sir, I am not guilty of the slightest exaggeration when I say that no question has, within the life of this generation, so profoundly stirred the hearts of our countrymen or has given rise to such widespread and intense dissatisfaction, irritation and indignation as the Partition of our Province — our beautiful Motherland. In our Province this question is the talk of the market-place; it is the gossip of the family circle; it is the burden of popular song; it is the theme of the inspiring eloquence of popular oratory (*Cheers*). I never knew until now that my language, the language of my mother, the language she spoke to me and I spoke to her, was capable of such marvellous use for the purpose of explanation, of argument and inspiration (*Cheers*).

Sir, the year 1905 is one of the darkest and saddest in our annals, relieved by the reflection that it witnessed an upheaval of national life and an awakening of national consciousness without parallel in our history (*Loud cheers*). Lord Curzon has divided our Province (*"Shame!"*); he has sought to bring about the disintegration of our race (*"Shame!"*) and to destroy the solidarity of our popular opinion. Has he succeeded in this novel endeavour? (*"No, No"*). He has built better than he knew; he has laid broad and deep the foundations of our national life (*Cheers*); he has stimulated those forces which contribute to the up-building of nations (*Cheers*); he has made us a nation (*"Hear, Hear!"*); and the most reactionary of Indian Viceroys will go down to posterity as the architect of the Indian national life (*"Hear, Hear"*). That will be the authoritative, final judgment of history and posterity on the work of Lord Curzon's Government and administration. Sir, the year 1905 opens, as far as this Partition question is concerned, with a great public meeting held at the Town Hall of Calcutta. It was presided over by Sir Henry Cotton (*Prolonged Cheers*), a name honoured in Bengal as well as in India (*Cheers*). Great as are obligations to Sir Henry Cotton, they have been accentuated and enhanced by his strenuous efforts to avert the Partition of Bengal, and now that it has been accomplished, by still more arduous labours to undo it, he will be reckoned for all times to come, amongst the greatest benefactors of the Bengali people and races (*"Three cheers to Sir Henry Cotton!"*).

Sir, at that meeting held at the Town Hall we confessed to a sense of relief at no decision having been arrived at in connection with the Partition question, and we expressed the hope that if there was any modification of the scheme it would be submitted for public consideration. We were living in a fool's paradise, for, at the time when we held this public meeting and were felicitating ourselves upon our good luck, the judgment of Lord Curzon had been pronounced upon the Partition question, though we knew nothing at all about it; for on the 4th of July Mr. Brodrick, replying to a question in the House of Commons, said that he had already given his sanction to the Partition proposals of the Government of India which had been received by him on the 18th February last. It, therefore, stands to reason that these proposals must have been submitted and sent to England towards the end of January. On the 12th January, Sir Henry Cotton forwarded his

proposals to the Government of India. He received an acknowledgment in three weeks' time; that was about the beginning of February. The Government of India had our resolutions before them; they were dealing with those resolutions; they knew that we had confessed to a sense of relief at the Government not having arrived at any pronouncement with regard to the Partition question. They knew that we were under a false impression. It was their duty to have removed that impression. They did nothing of the kind (*"Shame!"*). They lent countenance to the false impression which prevailed in the public mind. They became a conscious party to that false impression. Now, Sir, if a private person had dealt by me in that fashion I should have called him a dishonest fellow. Are we to understand that the code of morality that governs the proceedings of the Government of India is meaner and baser than the code which governs the relations of private life (*Laughter*)? And if that be so, then what are we to think of those lofty principles of morality which were enforced with such consummate eloquence by the Chancellor of the Calcutta University on the Convocation Day (*Ironical cheers*)?

Sir, in the early days of the controversy some deference was shown to public opinion. The proposals of the Government were published in the newspapers; conferences were held in Belvedere; my friend was one of the shining lights of this conference. I do know that much came out of them, but they used to be held at Belvedere and Lord Curzon went down to the Eastern ditricts to ascertain public opinion by personal conference and examination. Sir, if the truth has to be told, Lord Curzon went to the Eastern districts not to learn but to teach, not to ascertain what the public felt but to compel the public to adopt his views and sentiment. He failed. The people of the Eastern districts are a manly and stubborn race, possessed of much grit. They are prosperous and they exhibited the independence which prosperity brings in its train. I see before me the representatives of those districts. Brothers from East Bengal, from North Bengal, we had been parted by that fiat of an autocratic power, but the stroke of autocracy has brought our hearts nearer to you (*Cheers*). We are, and we shall always remain, of one mind, of one soul, animated by kindred hopes and aspirations, marching side by side towards the accomplishment of our common destinies (*Cheers*). Who can sunder those that are tied by the bonds of Nature? The omni-

potence of Government quails before the Majesty of Heaven and ties of Nature (*Cheers*).

When, Sir, Lord Curzon failed, and when he failed to compel the people of the Eastern districts to adopt his views, the tactics of the Government underwent a great change. Then were held those secret conferences, those private deliberations of which the public knew nothing; they were not allowed to know anything. We knew nothing about the decision of the Government till the 4th of July last. I knew nothing about the particulars of the scheme till the Proclamation of the 20th of July. We begged, we prayed, we protested, but all in vain. No one would listen to us. Ours was a voice crying in the wilderness (*"Shame!"*). And then, in utter desperation, as a last resort, we were driven to the adoption of the boycott (*Cheers*) — the policy of passive resistance which represents a memorable departure in our political programme (*"Hear, Hear"*). It was a protest, nothing more than a protest, against the indifference of the British public in regard to Indian affairs, and the consequent contemptuous treatment of Indian public opinion by the Government of India. The protest went home! It was marvellously effective. What we could not achieve in 500 meetings extended over two years' time we secured by a boycott lasting for a period of three months (*Cheers*). Those who came to scoff remained to pray. The members of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, which felt a grandfatherly interest in our concerns (*Laughter*), sent a gratuitous piece of advice to us to give up the boycott, but at the same time they exerted all their influence upon the Secretary of State to cancel the Partition of Bengal (*"Hear, Hear!"*). I have the best reason for believing, I said so publicly, I said it to the Viceroy of India, I said so publicly, that a wire was sent by Mr. Brodrick to Lord Curzon on or about the 12th of October asking him if possible to postpone the Partition till the meeting of the Parliament (*Cheers*). Lord Curzon declined to accept the suggestion (*"Shame!"*). With that exuberant love for the Bengalis and for the Indians he would not conciliate them. He added that the agitation was childish, and that it was about to subside. That was said on the 12th of October, today it is the 29th of December: the agitation will not subside (*"No, No!" and cheers*), the agitation will not subside till the Partition is cancelled. Today an immense meeting is being held in Calcutta to attract the Prince's attention to the con-

sequences of the Partition. (*Cheers*). The agitation will not subside: it shows no signs of abatement until that perennial source of irritation — the Partition — has been modified or withdrawn (*Cheers*).

Well, gentlemen, the boycott is a political instrument in our hands. We resolved to use it when necessary, subject, of course, to the safeguard that it is only to be used in extreme cases when there is a sufficiently powerful body of public opinion to justify its use and to ensure its success. It is a perfectly legitimate and constitutional weapon (*"Hear, Hear!"*). If our rulers will not listen to us, if they will treat Indian public opinion with contumely and disrespect, and if they will trample under foot the constitutional usages which constitute the guarantee of the British power and have given us so much contentment and happiness, they must make up their minds to part with some portion of their trade with India, and they must not be surprised if we decline to fill their pockets with gold.

Well, Sir, the Partition was carried out on the 16th October last despite the pledge which Mr. Brodrick had given to the House of Commons to the effect that he would lay the papers on the table of the House, a pledge which involved the undertaking that the Partition would be postponed pending the final pronouncement of Parliament. The 16th October is a memorable day in our annals. I trust it will be a memorable day in the annals of India (*"Hear, Hear!"*). It was a day of universal mourning, of universal fasting and universal fraternising; Hindus and Muhammadans embracing each other in public streets (*Cheers*), or in private places, vowing the vow of eternal love and concord (*Cheers and loud applause*). The shops were closed, the domestic hearth was not lit, food was not cooked, Calcutta presented the aspect of the City of the Dead. A spirit of desolation seemed to hover over the scene. The genius of the Motherland was incarnate amidst this bewildering scene of grief and sorrow. Thousands, tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands of pious Hindùs, and Hindus who were not pious, rushed to the waters of the Bhagirathi in order to purify themselves for the sins of their rulers (*Cheers*). Thousands, tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands of people walked through the streets of Calcutta bare-footed, clad in the garb of woe. Amidst the wild scene of excitement, the National Fund was started; amidst this wild scene of excitement the

foundation-stone of the Federation Hall was laid (*Cheers*) by one who was our President and occupied that place which you now, Sir, adorn. Prostrate on the bed of illness, scarcely capable of moving, my illustrious friend, Mr. Anand Mohan Bose (*Cheers*), came in a litter attended by Dr. Nilratan Sircar, to lay the foundation-stone; perhaps the last function which he will be privileged on this side of the grave to perform, and thus conferred another obligation upon his countrymen.

Well, gentlemen, while public excitement was so great, what was the Government doing? Forging instruments of repression, laying the foundations for the inauguration of a reign of terror (*"Shame!"*). Yes, it is a matter of inexpressible shame. Within eight days of the 16th of October, Mr. Cárlyle issued his famous Circular (*"Shame!"*). Under the terms of that Circular, students are prohibited from taking part in public demonstrations (*"Shame!"*) and if they did, what then? They were not to be punished, but the institutions to which they belong were to be disaffiliated, grants-in-aid were to be withdrawn from them and their teachers were to be exalted to the dignity of Special Constables! (*"Shame!"*). A more outrageous scheme of vicarious punishment never entered the imagination of the greatest autocrat of the middle ages. But it was in the new Province that the reign of terror was inaugurated after the latest and most approved Russian pattern. In the new Province public meetings in public place have been prohibited; Sankirtan parties are not permitted to march through public streets; the singing of *Bande Mataram* (*Shouts of "Bande Mataram" — a voice "Once more!" and then jointly Bande Mataram was sung by a large section of the audience rising to their feet*) — the singing of the *Bande Mataram* which you have just sung with so much zest and devotion is punished as a crime and offence (*"Shame!"*). Respectable people have been degraded by being enrolled as special constables (*"Shame!"*). Not long ago a veritable reign of terror was established at Sirajgang and Barisal, and the police were let loose in the streets, indiscriminately assaulted the people, selecting the leaders of the Anti-Partition Movement as objects for special vengeance. When an aggrieved complained to the Sub-Divisional Officer of Sirajgang the courts were closed against him. Magistrates would not receive the complaint.

At Rajshahi the other day a public meeting was dispersed at the point of the bayonet. I use the words "at the point of the bayonet", advisedly. In a place, in a private place, fifty policemen armed with rifles and bayonets commanded by a posse of inspectors and sub-inspectors marched down to the place of the meeting, ordered the leaders of the meeting to disperse. My friend, Mr. Abul Kasim, I do not see him here (*A voice: "He is here"*); he was addressing the meeting and a gun was pointed at him (*"Shame!" Voices "Let us see him", "Let him come on the platform"*). My friend asked the inspector to produce his authority, and the inspector said that he had received confidential orders from the Magistrate which he declined to produce. Very properly then he ordered the meeting to dissolve. Since the news of the incident arrived in Calcutta, Mr. J. Chaudhuri and six others, every one of them resolved to go to jail if necessary *(Loud and prolonged cheers)* went down to Rajshahi in order to test the authority of the police and to vindicate the right of public meetings *("Hear, Hear")*. They held a meeting, the largest ever held at Rajshahi, but the police would not submit to the test, the brave fellows that they were! *(Ironical cheers)*. They were conspicuous by their absence, and since then we have been holding a meeting every day at Rajshahi (*Cheers*). Our boys are being prosecuted, and some of them even sent to jail (*"Shame!"*). I heard the other day a touching incident regarding the pluck and heroism of young men — the pillars of popular movements whom I always regard with a sense of affectionate and paternal interest *(Cheers)*. About half a dozen of them were locked up in jail in one of the towns of the Eastern districts. As soon as they found themselves inside the lock-up they made the walls resound with the echoes of their patriotic songs (*Shouts of "Bande Mataram"*). The jailors were touched. They brought them food which they declined to accept *(Cries of "Bande Mataram")*. If our rulers think that they will repress us in this way, kill the Anti-Partition Movement by having recourse to despotic Russian methods, they are greatly mistaken. Repression will not daunt us *("Hear, Hear")*; rather it will stiffen us in our opposition to the Partition and our support of the Swadeshi Movement *(Cheers)*. The blood of the martyrs is the cement of the church *(Cheers)*; and our cause will be consecrated by the sufferings of our martyrs. We regard that cause to be of divine origin. Rightly or wrongly we believe ourselves to be

humble instruments in the hands of the Almighty Providence *(Cheers)*, walking under the illumination of the Holy Spirit. Call it delusion; call it fanaticism; reckon us among the deluded maniacs of mankind. You have read lessons of history in vain if you do not realize the fact that men fortified by such belief and working under such conviction are irresistible and invincible; there is no danger which they are not ready to brave, no difficulty which they are not prepared to surmount.

The Partition is now an accomplished fact; it has been carried out, but we at any rate do not regard it as an accomplished fact. The resolution says that the Bengalis have exhibited considerable disinclination to regard it as an accomplished fact, and the resolution says truly. And, gentlemen, if you read the resolution you will find that the essence of our prayer is that we want the entire Bengali community to be placed under the same common administration. We do not want to be separated from our kith and kin. Is that not an aspiration which is reasonable and righteous, and is there any one who will not respond sympathetically to an aspiration of that kind? May we not, therefore, appeal to Lord Minto and Mr. John Morley, the new Secretary of State, to reverse the decree which has been passed upon us by Lord Curzon? May we not be permitted to indulge the hope that Lord Minto's mission in India is to conciliate, to throw oil upon the troubled waters, to undo the mischief wrought by his predecessor? His illustrious ancestor who ruled over us about one hundred years ago gave us peace amidst war. May we not appeal to him to emulate the example of his illustrious ancestor and spread the blessings of peace, contentment and happiness throughout the length and breadth of the country? As regards Mr. John Morley, we are all more or less his disciples. We have sat at his feet; our intellectual and moral natures have been fed, stimulated and ennobled by the great lessons which he enforced with such consummate eloquence. He has taught us in his life of Edmund Burke that Asiatics have rights and Europeans have their obligations in India. He has taught us the paramountcy of moral laws in the government of human affairs. May we not ask him to apply his own principles to the solution of the Partition problem and the solution of other Indian problems? Above all, we must learn to depend upon ourselves. To native strength and native devotion and native courage dominated by the spirit of constitutiona-

lism, we must look forward for our eventual emancipation. You know for the moment we have lost; for the moment we have been defeated; but let us not despond. The Irish have been fighting for Home Rule for over 100 years and they have not yet got it, but they are within a measurable distance of success. Let us emulate the courage, the enthusiasm and heroic self-sacrifice of the children of the Emerald Isle. Bear in mind that we are living through critical and great times. The sun has risen in the East. Japan has hailed the rising Sun, but that Sun of Asia will pass in its meridian course over this hapless land and shed upon us its brilliance and lustre. Even now we feel the first fluttering of an awakened national consciousness. Oh! let us strengthen them and invigorate them, ennoble them for the glorification of our Motherland, for the lasting credit of the great race to which we belong and for the permanence upon broad national lines of that great administration which in the past was fired with lofty ideals of duty towards India, but which, in the present moment, we are anxious to rescue from the reproach of reaction and retrogression (*Loud and prolonged cheers*).

7

THE LEGAL HABIT OF MIND

by

SIR N. G. CHANDAVARKAR

[*From an address delivered by the late Sir N. G. Chandavarkar, eminent Judge of the Bombay High Court, at the Law School, Bombay, on 2nd September, 1909.*]

Abraham Lincoln has said somewhere that, in the course of his practice at the Bar, constantly coming across the word "demonstrate" he thought at first he understood its meaning but soon became dissatisfied that he did not. He consulted Webster's Dictionary. That told him of "certain proof beyond the probability of doubt", but he could form no idea of what sort of proof that was. He consulted all the books of reference he could find, but with no better results. He thought he might as well have defined blue to a blind man. At last he said to himself: "Lincoln,

you can never make a lawyer if you do not know what 'demonstrate' means;" and so he worked until he could give any proposition of the six books of Euclid at sight. "I then found out," he says, "what 'demonstrate' meant." His biographer tells us that this study was performed by Lincoln "at odd intervals while he was engaged in trial work on the circuit;" and that it was discipline of this quality, carried on at night after a hard day's work in the Courts, which led to his growth as a lawyer as a natural result. Here you have a lawyer taking his cue from the science of abstraction. The legal habit is at the outset the habit of analysis and abstraction. Truth is or must be the lawyer's object and he must in his search for it get rid of all pre-conceptions and prejudices, because these are not proof. "The first thing," says Turgot, "is to invent a system; the second is to be disgusted with it." That is, in an inquiry, frame a theory first, then subject it to the most jealous scrutiny as if you had hated and distrusted it; examine it from every possible point of view; then only is there any chance of your succeeding in finding out whether it is true or false. That means a passion for truth at the outset; which again requires an open mind until demonstration is clear beyond doubt. Of this scientific temper you cannot have a better example than Darwin's "Origin of Species". You will not find in it a single general proposition but every statement closely and carefully correlated with every other and with the particular end to which the writer is leading the reader.

The lawyer has need at the very outset of this scientific temper. But the scientific temper has its strong points as well its weak. The man of science wants to know the truth and the whole truth; his demand is of exact knowledge; and his business is analysis for the purpose of classification. These are his strong points, the weakness of which is that it is apt to lead him to believe in none but specialists and experts and to doubt unless his ideal of exact knowledge is realised. The manifold relations of human life, are, however, not so arranged as to admit of the application of this high standard of judgment in practice. Then the scientist's ideal of evidence is higher than life demands for other purposes than those of science. For the purpose of practical life we have often to work on a lower plane — on the plane of moral certainty and probability, which is rightly termed the guide of life. Then the weak point of science is the narrowing influence

of specialism which it fosters. The poet Wordsworth has written that it makes scientific men "the minds of their own eyes" — and that because the scientific habit of thought is apt to push logic to dry and desolate conclusions. In the sphere of science, the law is that of the survival of the fittest; in literature which deals with the spiritual world "it is a primary law that the strong shall take upon themselves the burden of the weak, arrest the natural results of infirmity." And the law courts are intended for the purpose of protecting the weak against the strong.

While then the lawyer cannot do without the scientist's intense love of truth, his exactitude of knowledge, power of analysis abstraction, and classification, he must, for the practical purposes of Law and its administration, look to literature for a wider grasp of human life and its relations with which he has to deal. The laws of literature are indeed in many respects the same as those of scientific investigation; where they are not the same, they are at least analogous. But there is one essential difference between the scientific and the literary habit of mind. It is a false view of literature and literary power that the test of supremacy in letters is profusion of sonorous words, and tricks of rhetoric. The true test of it is careful choice of words, close-knit argument, and a steady, controlled movement of thought in every phrase and sentence towards the purpose in view. You will find a brilliant instance of this in the writings of Cardinal Newman, and of John Stuart Mill. In Law, you have an example of the literary power in the judgments, for instance, of Lord Mansfield, of whom Emerson tells us that they "have the mint of common sense," because each decision "contains a level sentence or two, which hit the mark" and show that "they come from and go to the sound of human understanding." That is true literary power. It consists not in knowing all (which is the business of science) but knowing to the purpose, a careful discrimination of what should be expressed and what should be unexpressed. You have, I dare say, heard the saying: "By what he has omitted show me the master of style." That is a work of true literary power in which we find the author controlling his thoughts and knowledge instead of letting them go; he is frugal of words and thoughts, because he is suggestive rather than expressive. Which are the literary works which we admire most? There are works which, when you once read, so sink deep into your hearts that when you have read them through

you feel the author had not finished but had gone on. They are like the woman depicted as a model of her kind by Jeremy Taylor: "Loved while living, desired when dead." So the literary artist is he whose work engrosses your interest while you are reading it — you fall in love with it — and when you have come to the end of it, you desire more for it and feel sad — the pleasure of sadness — that the author has not said more. The essential difference, then, between the scientific and the literary habit of mind lies in this: Science discovers; literature humanises. The former says: "Know all that you can and do know and say it." The latter, on the other hand, has restraint and reticence for its law and tells you: "Know all that you can know but say only what is strictly to the purpose." The watchword of the scientist is "the truth, the whole truth;" that of literature is mental economy or "intellectual temperance" both in the investigation and the expression of truth.

The legal habit of mind has need of both the scientific method and the literary art. That is a legal-minded man who has complemented the former by the latter. The lawyer's business is proof, that is the ascertainment of truth, but it is proof restrained by the principles of common sense for the wise governance of society and the well-being of a State. "The problem of judicial investigation," said Sir Henry Sumner Maine in one of his addresses, "is in great part the problem of relevancy." And he might have added that the problem of relevancy is to a great extent the problem of restraint and reticence. The lawyer, whether he be judge or advocate, has to carry on his investigation or advocacy, as the case may be, within the limits assigned to him for the purposes of proof by the law of evidence, of which it has been said that it "is largely one of exclusions," and I do not think that a student of Law who wishes to acquire the legal habit of mind I am speaking of can do better than to discipline himself by a close and careful study of the Indian Evidence Act, which is the work of an eminent English lawyer — the late Sir James Fitz James Stephen, who has supplemented it by a lucid introduction to its study where he has shown how in the Act are illustrated some of the rules of logic, and how and why logical relevancy is, in some cases, the same as, and in other, different from, legal relevancy. The laws of causation and effect, of which works on logic tell so much, are here given in a concentrated form. The rules of

relevancy serve, again, to illustrate the laws which John Stuart Mill has designated in his work on logic as the Method of Agreement and the Method of Difference. So, when you are studying the Evidence Act, you are studying the rules of logic as applied to human affairs, rules which have been found by the experience of ages to be necessary as standards of judgment.

I would ask you, therefore, to make the study of the law of evidence, especially of the Indian Evidence Act, your particular care. More than any other branch of Law, indeed alone among all the branches of Law, it has this merit that it trains the mind in scientific methods of investigation and the literary power of mental economy. No lawyer can acquire the legal habit of mind and claim to be a legally minded man unless he has mastered the law of evidence and formed the habit of thinking and inferring wisely and well. We live in an age of criticism, much of which, we complain and that justly, is crude, personal, and misdirected. Some twenty years ago in a most learned address, which the distinguished Orientalist, Dr. Bhandarkar, delivered at the Wilson College Literary Society under the presidency of Sir Raymond West, he pointed out how even scholars assumed and presumed facts without evidence or on evidence so called without proper claim to the name, led by preconceived theories or old prejudices. Whether we are lawyers or laymen, we have to perform the operation of thinking and inferring in the daily walk of life, that means we have to weigh evidence; and in our ignorance or out of conceit we weigh it badly, with the result that often we misjudge persons and assume that to be a fact which is evolved out of our imagination. Not for the lawyer only but for the layman too — for every person claiming to be educated or cultured, an acquaintance with the provisions of our Evidence Act would not be a bad mental and moral equipment. But for the lawyer it ought to be his "vade mecum."

And yet there is, I am afraid, no branch of Law more sadly neglected than the law of evidence. We study it for our examination and after that we rarely dip into it. It is not uncommon to find legal practitioners rising to object to questions put to witnesses and when asked to cite the section of the Evidence Act fumbling and wandering through all the sections in search of what is wanted. In the Mofussil Courts evidence is often allowed to go in which ought not to be admitted and that without

objection. It was this lamentable neglect of the Evidence Act which led the Chief Justice and Judges of our High Court to send a special message to the University that at the test for the LL.B. degree special attention should be paid to questioning candidates about the examination, cross-examination and re-examination of witnesses. The reason of the neglect is that we are apt to think that the law of evidence is a law of common sense and that every one imagines he has it and can use it without the help of a law and its artificial rules. But we forget that he who trusts most to common sense degenerates into a man of specialised ignorance; and that when we speak of the law of evidence as a law of common sense what is meant is that it is the applied common sense not of one man but the combined experience and wisdom of many ages and many men.

In ordinary life, by poets, prophets and preachers alike, we are instructed to regulate our intercourse in life with others on the principle which a great writer has crystallised in these words: "Never believe anything bad about anybody in the absence of positive evidence." In that most soul-stirring chapter in Corinthians St. Paul, discoursing on Charity, uses a pregnant expression, where he says Charity "believeth all things" — that is, it does not assume any human being to be bad unless it has convincing proof; and even where it has, the great Apostle says, "Charity hopeth all things." Every human soul has its potentialities of goodness, which have only to be brought out and developed. I almost feel tempted to say that these sayings might well serve as texts summing up the law of evidence, for what is its purpose but to start with a presumption in favour of the good intentions and honesty of man, to believe in his testimony unless it is proved clearly to be false and to avoid in your investigations all matters of prejudice.

It is good for us lawyers to remember this because the outside world has somehow come from ancient times to look upon the lawyer as a narrow-minded, hard-hearted being, who makes money at the expense of his fellow creatures, grows rich on the quarrels and miseries of men, and wastes his manhood in making the worse appear the better cause. You have heard of the barbarian of the North of Europe who, not satisfied with cutting out a lawyer's tongue, sewed up his mouth in order that the viper might no longer hiss. Of Peter the Great we are told that when he

was informed that there were some thousands of lawyers at Westminster, he remarked that there had been only two in his own dominions and he had hung one of them. The layman cannot do without the lawyer and yet in a way either fears him or hates him. The legal habit of mind has come to be identified not with honest thinking but over-technicality and over-subtlety; and the charge against the legal profession is that it has no consideration for the poor. I am not sure that all this is not prejudice and that what are called the inherent sins of our profession might not be proved to apply equally to all other avocations more or less. But there can be no doubt that the temptations to hard-heartedness, want of charity, over-technicality, and over-subtlety are greater in our profession than in any other. Ours is a life of contention and wrangling and that is apt to breed hard-heartedness and dry the springs of a liberal and loving heart. "Law without technicality is impossible," said a great English Judge (Mr. Justice Wills) and because we cannot do without it we are apt to take it as the soul of law and miss the substance in our search for form. We cannot do without argument and that is a temptation to over-subtlety. There is another and a worse temptation to which we are exposed. In almost every dispute we have to deal with, testimony is contradicted by testimony — witnesses on one side telling a story quite opposed to that told by witnesses on the other. Life in the midst of this ever-recurring scene of oath against oath is apt to lose its human flavour by breeding a spirit of scepticism or pessimism and making cynics of us, devoid of human sympathy and full of doubt and distrust. And a mind trained to doubt cannot be at peace with itself.

The only way to fortify ourselves against this danger of degeneration is to have largeness of faith and trust in humanity. Remember that if witnesses lie, the responsibility sometimes, if not often, rests with lawyers. Let the judge be good and godly or let the practitioner be sympathetic and honest — I can say for my countrymen at any rate to whom the vice of perjury is so often ascribed that they would not for anything mislead him by false testimony. This is no exaggeration. We had years ago in Ratnagiri a District Judge — Mr. Izon was his name — whose memory still survives there. A good and godly man he was — on the judgment seat, to the poor in particular, he was god in human form. And nearly every witness before him felt that he must tell

the truth. That was his reputation in his time — that is the tradition about him even now. We had a Subordinate-Judge 25 years ago whom people called the "Deva Munsiff" and he was regarded as another Izon. Trust creates trust. The author of *Festus* read human nature rightly when he wrote:-

> *"Men might be better if we better deemed*
> *Of them. The worst way to improve the world*
> *Is to condemn it."*

Over-subtlety and over-technicality caused by our prejudices and preconceived notions of colour, race or creed or caste are not the true legal habit of mind. They do not constitute the legally minded man. A lawyer, who is over-subtle and over-technical and regardless of truth may be a clever lawyer but, as Sir Henry Sumner Maine has said, a clever lawyer is but a poor third-rate lawyer. He may flourish but his prosperity means the poverty of the profession. He may prey upon his kind and suffer no loss but he may even, as he does often, prosper; but the profession and through it the community of which it is a part cannot. "It is only in fiction that the villain comes to an end: in real life he not seldom dies in the odour of sanctity; but for the sins of society the day of vengeance never fails to come." The lawyer is meant to help society in protecting its rights and redressing its wrongs. The lawyer's profession is a noble one — divine in its dignity and its duty. When you are engaged in the study of law, bear this in mind and learn to acquire the scientist's love of truth and the literary artist's "intellectual temperance" — his habit of restraint and reticence—and from the saint the spirit of charity and the study of law will be a power for good. A high ideal, some will say! Yes, it is high but fall below it, a lawyer becomes a lie — not a protector of rights and redresser of wrongs but a canker and curse of society.

8

TENETS OF THE NEW PARTY

by

BAL GANGADHAR TILAK

[*'If you mean to be free, you can be free; if you do not mean to be free, you will remain for ever fallen' — this was the one lesson*

which Lokamanya Bal Gangadhar Tilak, the redoubtable Maharashtrian patriot, who ever from the dock proclaimed "Swaraj is my birth-right, I will have it", sought to drive home to his countrymen as a leader of the newly formed Nationalist party in the first decade of this century. He expatiated on the tenets of this party in this address delivered by him at Calcutta on 2nd January, 1907.]

Two new words have recently come into existence with regard to our politics, and they are *Moderates* and *Extremists.* These words have a specific relation to time, and they, therefore, will change with time. The Extremists of today will be Moderates tomorrow, just as the Moderates of today were Extremists yesterday. When the National Congress was first started and Mr. Dadabhai's views, which now go for Moderates, were given to the public, he was styled an Extremist, so that you will see that the term Extremist is an expression of progress. We are Extremists today and our sons will call themselves Extremists and us Moderates. Every new party begins as Extremists and ends as Moderates. The sphere of practical politics is not unlimited. We cannot say what will or will not happen 1,000 years hence — perhaps during that long period, the whole of the White race will be swept away in another glacial period. We must, therefore, study the present and work out a programme to meet the present condition.

It is impossible to go into details within the time at my disposal. One thing is granted, viz., that this Government does not suit us. As has been said by an eminent statesman — the Government of one country by another can never be successful, and therefore, a permanent Government. There is no difference about this fundamental proposition between the Old and New schools. One fact is that this alien Government has ruined the country. In the beginning, all of us were taken by surprise. We were almost dazed. We thought that everything that the rulers did was for our good and that this English Government has descended from the clouds to save us from the invasions of Tamerlane and Chengis Khan, and, as they say, not only from invasions but from internecine warfare, or the internal or external invasions, as they call it. We felt happy for a time, but it soon came to light that the peace which was established in this country did this, as

Mr. Dadabhai has said in one place, that we were prevented from going at each other's throats, so that a foreigner might go at the throats of us all. Pax Britannica has been established in this country in order that a foreign Government may exploit this country. That this is the effect of this *Pax Britannica* is being gradually realized in these days. It was an unhappy circumstance that it was not realized sooner. We believed in the benevolent intentions of the Government, but in politics there is no benevolence. Benevolence is used to sugarcoat the declarations of self-interest, and we were in those days deceived by the apparent benevolent intentions under which rampant self-interest was concealed. That was our state then. But soon a change came over us. English education, growing poverty, and better familiarity with our rulers, opened our eyes and those of our leaders; especially, the venerable leader who presided over the recent Congress was the first to tell us that the drain from the country was ruining it, and if the drain was to continue, there was some great disaster awaiting us. So terribly convinced was he of this that he went over from here to England and spent 25 years of his life in trying to convince the English people of the injustice that is being done to us. He worked very hard. He had conversations and interviews with Secretaries of State, with Members of Parliament—and with what result?

He has come here at the age of 82 to tell us that he is bitterly disappointed. Mr. Gokhale, I know, is not disappointed. He is a friend of mine and I believe that this is his honest conviction. Mr. Gokhale is not disappointed but is ready to wait another 80 years till he is disappointed like Mr. Dadabhai. He is young, younger than myself, and I can very well see that disappointment cannot come in a single interview, from interviews which have lasted only for a year or so. If Dadabhai is disappointed, what reason is there that Gokhale shall not, after 20 years? It is said there is a revival of Liberalism, but how long will it last? Next year, it might be, they will be out of power, and are we to wait till there is another revival of Liberalism, and then if that goes down and a third revival of Liberalism takes place — and after all what can a Liberal Government do? I will quote the observation of the father of the Congress, Mr. A. O. Hume. This was made in 1893: Let the Government be Liberal or Conservative, rest sure that they will not yield to you willingly

anything. A Liberal Government means that the Government or the members of the Government are imbued with Liberal principles because they want to have the administration of their country conducted on those principles. They are Liberals in England, but I have seen Liberals in England come out to India to get into Conservative ways. Many of the Civilian officers from schools and colleges, when they come out, are very good Liberals. Coming in contact with Anglo-Indian men or when they marry Anglo-Indian women, they change their views, and by the time they leave India they are Conservatives. This has been the experience all over. So, Liberal or Conservative, the point is, is any one prepared to give you those rights and concessions which intellectually a philosopher may admit to be fit to be conceded or granted to a subject nation in the course of time? It is intellectual perception. A philosopher or statesman cannot be forced to do it. I laughed when I read the proceedings of the meeting in Calcutta, congratulating people on the appointment of Mr. Morley to the Secretaryship of State for India. Passages were read from Mr. Morley's books. Mr. Morley had said so and so in Mr. Gladstone's Life; Mr. Morley had said this and had said that; he was the editor of certain paper 30 years ago, and he said so and so. I asked myself if it would not have been better that some of the passages from the *Bhagavat Gita* were so quoted. The persons to whom I refer are gentlemen for whom I have the highest respect. But what I say is that they utterly misunderstood the position or absolutely ignored the distinction between a philosopher and a statesman. A statesman is bound to look to the present circumstances and see what particular concessions are absolutely necessary, and what is theoretically true or wrong. He has to take into consideration both the sides. There are the interested Anglo-Indians and the Secretary of State is the head of the Anglo-Indian bureaucracy, whose mouthpiece also he is. Do you mean to say that when the whole bureaucracy, the whole body of Anglo-Indians, is against you, the Secretary of State will set aside the whole bureaucracy and give you rights? Has he the power? If he does, will he not be asked to walk away?

So, then, it comes to this, that the whole British electorate must be converted. so, you are going to convert all persons who have a right to vote in England, so as to get the majority on your side, and when this done and when by that majority the

Liberal party is returned to Parliament bent upon doing good to India and it appoints a Secretary of State as good as Mr. Morley, then you hope to get something of the old methods. The New party has realized this position. The whole electorate of Great Britain must be converted by lectures. You cannot touch their pocket or interest, and that man must be a fool indeed who would sacrifice his own interest on hearing a philosophical lecture. He will say it is a very good lecture; but I am not going to sacrifice my interest. I will tell you a story. One of my friends who had been lecturing in England delivered a lecture on the grievances of India. A man from the audience came and asked him how many of them there were. The lecturer replied, 30 crores. The inquirer remarked, "Then you do not deserve anything." That is the attitude with which an English workman looks at the question. You now depend on the Labour Party. Labourers have their own grievances, but they won't treat you any better. On the contrary they will treat you worse, because British labourers obtain their livelihood by sending us their goods. This is the real position. This position is being gradually recognized. Younger people who have gone to England like Mr. Gokhale are not so disappointed though those who went with him were like Lala Lajpatrai. I am entering into personalities, but I cannot place these facts in an intelligent manner if I do not give the names, although all of them are my friends. This is then the state of things. The New party perceives that this is futile. To convert the whole electorate of England to your opinion and then to get indirect pressure to bear upon the Members of Parliament, they in their turn to return a Cabinet favourable to India and the whole Parliament, the Liberal Party and the Cabinet to bring pressure on the bureaucracy to yield — we say this is hopeless. You can now understand the difference between the Old and the New parties. Appeals to the bureaucracy are hopeless. On this point both the Old and New parties are agreed. The Old party believes in appealing to the British nation and we do not. That being our position, it logically follows that we must have some other method. There is another alternative. We are not going to sit down quiet. We shall have some other method by which to achieve what we want. We are not disappointed, we are not pessimists. It is the hope of achieving the goal by our own efforts that has brought into existence this New party.

There is no empire lost by a free grant of concessions by the rulers to the ruled. History does not record any such event. Empires are lost by luxury, by being too much bureaucratic or over-confident or from other reasons. But an empire has never come to an end by the rulers conceding power to the ruled. You got the Queen's Proclamation. But it was obtained without a Congress. They wanted to pacify you, as you had grown too turbulent, and you got that Proclamation without a demand, without Congress and without constitutional agitation. That is a very good and generous declaration indeed. The Queen was very anxious that it should be couched in such terms as would create hopes in you. Now all that anxiety did not proceed from constitutional agitation. It was after 1958 that constitutional agitation began. The result was, the Proclamation remained a dead letter, because you could not get it enforced, the conditions under which it was made having disappeared. A promise was made but you proved too weak to have it enforced. That is the reason why it was not enforced. The bureaucracy got the upper hand and they established a system of administration in which it made it impossible for the Proclamation to be acted up to. Lord Curzon poohpoohed it. Another lawyer said it was unconstitutional because it was not passed by Parliament. His name was Sir James Stephen. This was at the time of the Ilbert Bill. They want now to explaim away that Proclamation. Is Mr. Morley going to fulfil it? The explanation of the Proclamation is not the question. The question is what will compel him to fulfil it. This is the point at issue. I admit that we must ask; but we must ask with the consciousness that the demand cannot be refused. There is great difference between asking and petitioning. Take the Age of Consent Bill, the Land Tax, the Tenancy Question. Whenever there was a grievance we used to hold meetings, make petitions, representations, and complaints in the Press; and once the decision of Caesar was known, everything was silent and we accepted it loyally. Such is the experience of the Government and this is what, I believe, they wrote to Mr. Morley relating to the Partition question. They have probably told Mr. Morley that if he remained quiet for a short time, everything would be right. "The present howl is due to a few agitators, and when sufficient time has elapsed the agitation will subside and the Partition will be accepted. We know the people of India better than you do. We have ruled over them and we intend to

rule over them, and if our experience is worth anything we advise you not to yield to their clamorous agitation." Mr. Morley's counsellors are Anglo-Indians, they placed this before Mr. Morley. He thinks that consensus of opinion, administrative experience, it is impossible to over-ride. Philosopher or no-philosopher, he thinks that the administrative duties require it, and he does it as honestly as any other man in the world.

This, then, is how the matter stands. The New party wants to put a stop to this. We have come forward with a scheme which, if you accept, shall better enable you to remedy this state of things than the scheme of the Old school. Your industries are ruined utterly, ruined by foreign rule; your wealth is going out of the country and you are reduced to the lowest level which no human being can occupy. In this state of things, is there any other remedy by which you can help yourself? The remedy is not petitioning, but boycott. We say, prepare your forces, organize your power, and then go to work so that they cannot refuse you what you demand. A story in the Mahabharata tells that Shri Krishna was sent to effect a compromise, but the Pandavas and Kauravas were both organizing their forces to meet the contingency of failure of a compromise. This is politics. Are you prepared in this way to fight if your demand is refused? If you are, be sure you will not be refused; but if you are not, nothing can be more certain than that your demand will be refused, and perhaps, for ever. We are not armed, and there is no necessity for arms either. We have a stronger weapon, a political weapon, in boycott. We have perceived one fact, that the whole of this administration, which is carried on by a handful of Englishmen, is carried on with our assistance. We are all in subordinate service. The whole Government is carried on with our assistance and they try to keep us in ignorance of our power of co-operation between ourselves by which that which is in our hands at present can be claimed by us and administered by us. The point is to have the entire control in our hands. I want to have the key of my house, and not merely one stranger turned out of it. Self-Government is our goal; we want a control over our administrative machinery. We don't want to become clerks and remain so. At present we are clerks and willing instruments of our own oppression in the hands of an alien Government, and that Government is ruling over us not by its innate strength but by keeping us in ignorance

and blindness to the perception of this fact. Professor Seeley shares this view. Every Englishman knows that they are a mere handful in this country and it is the business of every one of them to befool you in believing that you are weak and they are strong. This is politics. We have been deceived by such policy for long.

What the New party wants you to do is to realize the fact that your future rests entirely in your own hands. If you mean to be free, you can be free; if you do not mean to be free, you will fall and be for ever fallen. So many of you need not like arms; but if you have not the power of active resistance, have you not the power of self-denial and self-abstinence in such a way as not to assist this foreign Government to rule over you? This is boycott and this what is meant when we say, boycott is a political weapon. We shall not give them assistance to collect revenue and keep peace. We shall not assist them in fighting beyond the frontiers or outside India with Indian blood and money. We shall not assist them in carrying on the administration of justice. We shall have our own courts, and when time comes we shall not pay taxes. Can you do that by your united efforts? If you can, you are free from tomorrow. Some gentlemen who spoke this evening referred to half-bread as against the whole bread. I say I want the whole bread and that immediately. But if I cannot get the whole, don't think that I have no patience. I will take the half they give me and then try for the remainder. This is the line of thought and action in which you must train yourself. We have not raised this cry from a mere impulse. It is a reasoned impulse. Try to understand that reason and try to strengthen that impulse by your logical convictions. I do not ask you to blindly follow us. Think over the whole problem for yourselves. If you accept our advice, we feel sure, we can achieve our salvation thereby. This is the advice of the New party. Perhaps we have not obtained a full recognition of our principles. Old prejudices die very hard. Neither of us wanted to wreck the Congress, so we compromised, and were satisfied that our principles were recognised, and only to a certain extent. That does not mean that we have accepted the whole situation. We may have a step in advance next year, so that within a few years our principles will be recognised, and recognised to such an extent that the generations who come after us may consider us Moderates. This is the way in which a nation progresses. This is the way national senti-

ment progresses, and this is the lesson you have to learn from the struggle now going on. This is a lesson of progress, a lesson of helping yourself as much as possible, and if you really perceive the force of it, if you are convinced by these arguments, then and then only is it possible for you to effect your salvation from the alien rule under which you labour at this moment.

There are many other points, but it is impossible to exhaust them all in an hour's speech. If you carry any wrong impression, come and get your doubts solved. We are prepared to answer every objection, solve every doubt, and prove every statement. We want your co-operation; without your help we cannot do anything single handed. We beg of you, we appeal to you, to think over the question, to see the situation, and realize it, and after realizing it to come to our assistance, and by your joint assistance to help in the salvation of the country.

9

THE SWARAJ IDEAL

by

BEPIN CHANDRA PAL

[*Early in 1907 Babu Bepin Chandra Pal, the fiery nationalist orator and writer of Bengal who was one of the first to proclaim boldly that the political goal of India should be complete Independence, delivered a series of public lectures in Madras. The following are extracts from his third lecture.*]

Last night I considered the ideal of *Swaraj,* but I am often times told, "Why do you talk of the ideal? *Swaraj* is an excellent thing, but it is not within the range of practical politics. It is an excellent academic subject, but not a subject which need trouble us so far as the actual work that we have to do is concerned." I do not, Mr. Chairman, I cannot subscribe to this view, and for this simple reason: unless you are sure as to what you want, you cannot now adopt the necessary means, the instruments for securing that which you want. You are walking, but walking is

not progression. Walking may be away from the goal as well as it may be towards the goal and you ought to know what your destination is with a view to determine what your work and duty, what your direction must now be. Practical politics means the adoption of practical measures for the amelioration of the political condition of the people. But unless you have a clear conception of the ultimate end, you run the risk of being carried away by the passions, the temptations, the prejudices, the difficulties, the obstacles of the hour, from your goal. Here is, for instance, a particular wrong that has to be remedied. Take, for instance, the misappropriation of a certain public fund by the Government — the misappropriation of the Famine Fund, the misappropriation in Bengal of the Road Cess Fund. When the Road Cess was first introduced in Bengal, it was regarded by the people of the Province as a practical violation of the Permanent Settlement obtaining in that country. It was a cess imposed on land, and according to the terms of the Permanent Settlement the Government had given the undertaking that no further assessment would be imposed upon land and yet this Road Cess was practically an impost on land, and the Government said, 'No, it is not a part of Land Revenue, it is a special cess levied for a specific purpose', and accordingly they defined these purposes. They said that sinking wells, digging tanks, keeping and repairing and constructing public roads, looking after village sanitation, establishing a system of proper drainage in the village areas — these are all the objects to which this fund shall be applied. Lastly, however, they refused to grant any money out of this Road Cess fund for the removal of water scarcity in the rural areas of Bengal. They said, 'No, we will not give any money for sinking wells or digging tanks. We shall spend it on other purposes.' Here was a distinct misappropriation of public funds, and you may do at once one thing: You may appeal to the Government, you may memorialise to Government, you may bring friendly pressure upon the Government with a view to induce them to take to sinking wells, digging tanks and looking after village sanitation. If you do this, a particular grievance will be removed. If the Government sink wells, dig tanks, water scarcity will be partially removed, and so far as it is removed the lot of the people will be easy. It will be some relief to the people, but the question is, will this temporary relief contribute to your progress towards the particular goal upon which you have set your

heart? A school boy is running to his school. He is feeling very thirsty. He has got only one minute's time during which he has to get into his school. He is feeling thirsty. A man offers him a cool drink, and says, 'Here is a cocoanut tree. I am going to the top of it and I shall give you a drink of a tender cocoanut, wait here. If the school-boy waits here, he will relieve his thirst, no doubt. He will find it very pleasant to have a drink of the tender cocoanut, but by going to enjoy a drink he will miss his lesson at his school; will he not? (*Cries of "Yes"*).

Similarly, by seeking to relieve the present distress, you may be missing an opportunity of creating those forces in the community by the application of which, ultimately you may be able to attain *Swaraj* or autonomy. If you do not care for *Swaraj*, yes, Sir, let the partition be removed, let the cess be repealed, let a few more seats be given to us in the Legislative Councils. These are palliatives. These are local applications, and he is a quack doctor who, when the disease is a constitutional disease, wastes time by local application. In politics also, therefore, it is essential that you should know what it is that you desire to have. In the politics of free countries, the ultimate principles are well established. There the goal is kept in view, whatever party comes into power. The increase of the political power, the commercial prosperity of the British nation, is the one end towards which Liberals or Conservatives both equally try to move and lead the country. Therefore, the goal being fixed at that point, there being no chances of misconception in the public mind, they are entitled to look after little things, to improve the details of the administration, to try palliatives, to make local applications for the removal of local maladies. But your malady is not a local malady. It is not the removal of one cess or another cess, it is not the securing of a few appointments here or a few honorary posts there. The evil under which you suffer is fundamental, a radical and a constitutional evil, and, therefore, it is the more necessary for you to keep in mind this constitutional, this fundamental, this radical character of the problem that faces you, so that you may not run off from the right course by the passing temptations of the hour, this way or that way. I told you yesterday that when there is a conflict between the Government and the people, the right policy to follow for those who care for popular progress and popular freedom is to insist upon the

Government to adopt and follow the policy of *laissez faire,* to restrict the operation of the Government, to restrict the activities of the Government within the narrowest possible limits. But when you seek this isolated individual redress, the individual and isolated grievance, you do actually this—you increase the hold of the Government upon the mind of the people. I should rather wish, Sir, that our people went without good drinking water for 25 years, if that is necessary. I should think it far more desirable that, like the Israelities of old, the Indian people shall pass through the desert, parched up desert, for 25 years together, drawing water at the end of the Prophet's rod out of hard stone, rather than have wells sunk and tanks dug by this foreign authority, who by distributing this water to you will captivate your heart.

What is the real objective of the conflict between the educated community in this country and the Government? What is it, Sir, what is the objective of this conflict, that has been going on for the last quarter of a century between the people, the representatives of the people, between the educated class the enlightened class in India on the one hand and the foreign bureaucracy on the other? What is that objective? What is the citadel which both the parties are trying to capture and occupy? What is that top of the hold to which both the parties are trying to get up the soonest they can possibly do so? Is it merely the amendment of certain laws? Is it merely the removal of certain grievances? No. It is the heart, the mind of the people, of the masses, that is the heart, the mind of the people, of the masses, that is the objective. Lord Curzon saw it, and all his measures were directed towards capturing the popular mind in India. He organized his pageants to appeal to the imagination of the man in the street. He inaugurated rural reforms, agricultural banks and other things with a view to capture the mind of the teeming masses; and the intense scrupulousness with which he tried to do justice in cases of individual wrongs, his punishment of the 9th Lancers, his desire to see British justice maintained in this country - - - all these things were directed towards one great end, and that end was to secure for themselves, for the foreign bureaucracy, for this alien administration in this country, if not the allegiance, at least the passive, the generous acquiescence of the general mass of the population (*"Hear", "Hear"*), and the battle must be waged around that citadel. The Government will try to capture

the mind of the masses, and he is a foolish politician in India who allows the Government to capture the mind of the masses to the exclusion of his own influence, of his own countrymen. *(Cheers).* And what do you do if you make the administration easy? What do you do if you cover the wheel of the British administration with cotton and wool? It moves on and it grinds us small, but the padded wool makes it less painful to you. That is all. Good government is not only no substitute for self-government, it is an exceedingly evil thing when the authority of the State rests in the hands of an irresponsible power. Of all kinds of despotism, a benevolent despotism is the worst, because the benevolence makes people acquiesce in the despotism, and it is, therefore, necessary that you and I should have a clear vision of what we want. Do you want good government, Sir? If you want good government, you can have it. You will have it. Things will be made easy for you, but if you want self-government, Sir? If you want good government, you can have it. You will have it. Things will be made easy for you, but if you want self-government under existing conditions in India, good government will be absolutely opposed to the promotion of self-government, because, as I said last night, our trouble is with ourselves. Our trouble is with our own mind. Our trouble is with our own sentiments. Our trouble is with our own wills, with our own inertia, and good government will help to continue it if it does not increase the *Maya*. Pleasures of the world help to increase the hold of *Maya* on human beings, and it is, therefore, that he who wants to ger rid of *Maya* is asked to cultivate *vairagya,* cultivate abstemiousness, cultivate dis-attachment.

You talk of *Swaraj*. The knowledge of *Swaraj* is absolutely impossible without a consciousness of the present *pararashtra.* The knowledge of Self is absolutely impossible unless the Self comes in contact and conflict with the not-Self. So, the knowledge of *Swaraj* is absolutely impossible unless there is not a *pararashtra. Para* is directly against the *Swara.* It is the conflict between *Swara* and *Para,* it is in the conflict between the Self and the not-Self in political affairs, that the conception of the real Self-Government grows, and keen has become the conflict between the Self and not-Self in political matters and in proportion to the keenness of this conflict will the desire for Swaraj grow. Therefore, the conflict must be kept up. You must have a

clear conception of what you want. *Swaraj*, your *raj*, is your *Shastra*, and the first thing is, as in Vedantic culture, *nitya vastu vichara*, that is, discrimination between the Self and not-Self,- - - - in political and civic matters, between the national Self and that which is not the national Self. The ideal of *Swaraj* has been revealed to us only recently, and, why, because for nearly a hundred years and more we never looked upon the British Government in India as a *pararashtra*, as a foreign Government. When the Congress was started we looked upon this Government as our Government, only it was not so good as we should have liked it to be. Before that we regarded this Government as our Government, because we had been brought up under English ideals, brought up in English traditions. Not only have our territories been conquered by England, but by this English education even our mind, our mental ideals, our ethical ideals, our spiritual aspirations, all these had been got hold of by this foreign Government, this foreign culture, this foreign civilization. And because we found or fancied that we found in this foreign Government our better, our higher, our superior self, that which we ought to become tomorrow which we are not today. Simply because we looked upon this Government and their institutions in this light, there was no possibility of the growth of the conception of *Swaraj* in our midst. In proportion as there grew a conflict first in the political field, then in the field of religion, in the field of Social reform, in the field of economics, all over the national life, in proportion as there grew in the consciousness of the Indian people the presence of a conflict between ourselves and those who govern the country, between ourselves and the British people, in proportion as this conflict grew in that proportion, by slow degrees grew this ideal of *Swaraj*, until the conflict grew almost unbearable.

The full realization of the ideal of *Swaraj* came to us after the departure of Lord Curzon from this country and was proclaimed by Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji from the chair of the Congress last year. (*Cheers*). If this be so, if this be a fact, Sir, then applying the principles of psychology to the consideration of our political problems, if we find that it is necessary that we should recognise this conflict between the people and the Government, it is also necessary that we should do nothing that will make this Government easy for us, because if the Government becomes

easy, if it becomes pleasant, if it becomes good government, then our sense of separation from it will be gradually lost, and when the sense of separation is lost, *smritibhramshat buddhinasho, buddhinashat pranashayati,* etc. You contemplate all the good things that this Government can do for you, you meditate on the honours that the Government can shower on you, you meditate on the high offices which the Government may give you. You may get a High Court Judgeship here, a Membership of the Legislative Council there, an Advocate Generalship in another part of the globe, a Legal Remembrancership in a third place, an Executive Membership of the Council possibly again. Now you think of all this, and thinking of all this you feel an attachment for this and feeling an attachment for this, you desire to have this, and the feeling of the desire to have this kills your consciousness of separation from this. And, therefore, good Government, pleasant Government, pleasurable associations with the Government, whatever else, however, moderate or temperate they may be, they can never make for *Swaraj*, because the first thing in *Swaraj* is the perception of this, that there is an eternal, a natural conflict between the self and the not-self in the political affairs in this country. It is for this reason that I always tried to impress the ideal of *Swaraj* upon my countrymen, because once you have the ideal before you it will be possible for you to judge of the particular methods or measures in the light of that ideal. Do you want an expansion of the Legislative Council? Let us see if it will help you for *Swaraj*. Do you want that a few Indians shall sit as your representatives in the House of Commons? Let us see if half a dozen, or a dozen, or two dozens or 40, 50 members in the House of Commons, representing the interests of India, elected by the Indian leaders, will make or not make for *Swaraj*. Do you want a large number of Indians to be in the Civil Service of the Government? Let us see whether 50, 60, 100, 200 or 300 Civilians will make the Government our own. At one time we thought, Sir, that this was the method. At one time we thought that by slow degrees by participating in a small measure in the work of the administration with the Government of the country, with the foreign rulers of the land, we shall not only be trained in discharging rightly and properly the duties of the administration, but we shall also gradually oust them, replace the English agency by Indian agency. What, Sir, if you replace the agency?

What about the principal? He is the primary factor and we, his agents. The whole Civil Service might be Indian, but the Civil Servants will have to carry out orders. They cannot direct. They cannot dictate policy. The policy is dictated by those who stand above them; and you replace, as I have said, the agency, but the agency implies presence of an original, a principal, and if, instead of 200, 300, 2000 Englishmen being the agents of the British nation and the British Parliament in India for the Government of India, you have 2000 natives, will that alter the state of things? ("*No*"). I know it will not. We have had a number of Indian Civilians. Have they altered, at any rate, the character, the nature, the traditions of British Government in India? We have just now in Bengal an Indian Civilian who is the Senior Member of the Board of Revenue. But one swallow does not make a summer, and one Civilian, 100 or 1,000 Civilians in the service of the British Government will not make that Government Indian. There are traditions, there are laws, there are principles, there are policies to which the Civilian, be he black, brown or white, must submit, and as long as these traditions have not been altered, as long as these principles have not been amended, as long as that policy has not been radically changed, the supplanting of European by Indian agency will not make for Self-Government in this country.

I doubt it very much if it would make for good government either. Why? You seem to think that a larger number of appointments in the Civil Service or in the Subordinate Service will improve the administraton. I deny that it will be so, and it is for this simple reason. An Englishman, whatever else his fault is, is trained in the free atmosphere of England. An Englishman, whatever may be his attitude towards you and me, still knows this, he can stand upon his own rights. He never bends his knee unjustly, cringingly, after the manner of the sycophant, even before the highest official superior. But can you say the same of your Indian Civil Servants? ("*No*"). And why? because the Indian Civil Servant knows that there is no one behind his back to support him. The English Civil Servant knows there is behind his back the public opinion of England, the freedom of England, to stand him in good stead. Our Police is corrupt and they sometimes say, "Oh! What a perfect officer the policeman in London is!" Transplant the London Policeman in India and see where his perfection

goes; and what is the reason? Why is it the London Police is so honest, so painstaking, so respectful to the rights and liberties of the people of London? Because he knows that he is the servant of the public of London. In India every red turban knows that and feels that he is not your servant, but he is your master. And why does he feel it? Because he receives his *sannad* not from your hands, but from the foreign ruler of the land. It is to him that the policeman is responsible and not to you. It is to him the Civil Servant is responsible and not to you. It is to him that the District Magistrate is responsible and not to you. It is to him that the Inspector is responsible and not to you. And, therefore, the Inspector, the Civilian, the District Magistrate and the Police constable and every officer of the Government in fact, looks to his own interest naturally, and looking to his own interest he sees that, if he can please the officials, his interest will be best served, and if he displeases you he will not in the least suffer in his own interest. Therefore, there is such weakness, inefficiency, such disregard of the rights, liberties and the privileges of the people in the service of the Government in this country. Therefore, I say, if you have a larger number of officials, native officials that may make things easy for a few families, get a few more coppers into their chest than otherwise, perhaps, they would get, it might make things easy for a few individuals, but for the nation at large it will not improve their lot. It is, therefore, necessary, I say, from whatever point of view you look upon this question, you will find that the consideration of the ideal, the creation of the right conception, the creation of strong convictions in regard to the goal, is essentially necessary for the right conduct and management of what you call practical politics.

It is said, Sir, are you fit for *Swaraj?* I put the question of fitness entirely out of court, because I am not going to apply to anybody else for granting me *Swaraj*. It is only when you have to make an application to somebody else to give you a certain thing that you have to prove your fitness for getting it. When you have to make an application to the Registrar of the High Court for a clerkship in the High Court or to the Police Magistrate there for some office at his disposal, you have to say, "Sir, being given to understand that a clerkship is vacant, I beg to apply myself as a candidate for the same." And then you have

to say, "As regards my qualification, I have passed F.A. or B.A. examination of the Madras University", but I say that when you want to open a shop with your own money, or the money left to you by your father or grandfather, do you in any application say you are qualified or not? Why not? Because you do it yourself. Therefore, you are not called upon to prove your fitness for the thing before you do it before anybody else, and those who ask us to prove our fitness for *Swaraj* forget that we have abjured the programme of petitions and prayers for good. They forget that we do not ask, nay, not even the benign Government of Great Britain in India, to grant us *Swaraj*. We do not pray to them for these things; and I would say more, Sir, if the Government were to come and tell me today, Take Swaraj, I would say, 'Thank you for the gift, but I will not have that which I cannot acquire by my own hand,' (*cries of "Bande Mataram"*) — because, my dear friends, in real growth, which is organic growth, there is absolutely no room for gift. Evolution, whether in the case of individuals or of nations, admits of no gifts from outside. We must grow from within, and I am surprised to find, Sir, that those eminently prudent and wise gentlemen, who the moment we talk of social reform, come up to us and say, 'Oh, social reform must be a growth from within,' when we talk of *Swaraj* call us to prove our fitness. They take it for granted that we must get it from outside. If social reform is to be a growth from within, I accept it unreservedly. There can be no reform, social or economic or political, that can be got from outside. You must gradually acquire your rights and in the acquisition of your right you develop your character, you equip yourself with these forces and resources which will enable you to protect and to use those rights properly when you have got them. Lord Ripon's generous scheme of Local Self-Government has been a failure, more or less, I should say, out of regard for the tender susceptibilities of our Municipal Commissioners and Local Board Members. And why has it not succeeded? Sir, simply because it was a gift from the Government. If we had grown into it, if we had acquired it by our own strength, if we had organized our village lives ourselves, if we had organized our municipal life ourselves, if we had organized our taluka life ourselves, why, Local Self-Government would take its stand upon self-determination, self-exertion, self-recognition of the civic duties by the peoples themselves. Such

a Local Self-Government would not be a mushroom growth, would not be like an orchid that has no root on the ground, but hangs on the tree of a foreign Government. It will not be like that. The partial or complete failure of the scheme of Local Self-Government inaugurated by Lord Ripon proves my contention that for the exercise of civic rights it is essentially necessary that the people should desire to exercise those rights, should acquire them, and in the acquisition of these rights they prove their fitness for the exercise of these rights. It is foolish politics, excuse me for that expression, to demand *a priori* reason and argument for proving the fitness of the people for Self-Government. No man knows, no one can say, that a nation is fit for Self-Government or is not. The proof of the pudding is in the eating thereof, and the proof of the fitness of the people is in their capacity to achieve the institution of Self-Government by their own exertion, by their own strength, by their own combination, by their own determination and by their own readiness to sacrifice themselves. (*Cries of "Bande Mataram"*).

10

THE VOICE OF LIFE

by

SIR JAGDISH CHANDRA BOSE

[*From the Inaugural Address delivered by the late Sir Jagdish Chandra Bose, India's foremost physicist, on 30th November, 1917, in dedicating the Bose Institute to the nation.*]

I dedicate today this Institute—not merely a Laboratory but a Temple. The power of physical methods applies for the establishment of that truth which can be realised directly through our senses, or through the vast expansion of the perceptive range by means of artificially created organs. We still gather the tremulous message when the note of the audible reaches the unheard. When human sight fails, we continue to explore the region of the invisible. The little that we can see is as nothing compared to the vastness of that which we cannot. Out of the very imperfection

of his senses man has built himself a raft of thought by which he makes daring adventures on the great seas of the Unknown. But there are other truths which will remain beyond even the supersensitive methods known to science. For these we require faith, tested not in a few years but by an entire life. And a temple is erected as a fit memorial for the establishment of that truth for which faith was needed. The personal, yet general, truth and faith whose establishment this Institute commemorates is this: that when one dedicates himself wholly for a great object, the closed doors shall open, and the seemingly impossible will become possible for him.

Thirty-two years ago I chose teaching of science as my vocation. It was held that by its very peculiar constitution, the Indian mind would always turn away from the study of Nature to metaphysical speculations. Even had the capacity for inquiry and accurate observation been assumed present, there were no opportunities for their employment: there were no well-equipped laboratories nor skilled mechanisms. This was all too true. It is for man not to quarrel with circumstances but bravely accept them: and we belong to that race and dynasty who had accomplished great things with simple means.

This day twenty-three years ago, I resolved that as far as the whole-hearted devotion and faith of one man counted, that would not be wanting and within six months it came about that some of the most difficult problems connected with Electric Waves found their solution in my laboratory, and received high appreciation from Lord Kelvin, Lord Rayleigh and other leading physicists. The Royal Society honoured me by publishing my discoveries and offering, of their own accord, an appropriation from the special Parliamentary Grant for the advancement of knowledge. That day the closed gates suddenly opened and I hoped that the torch that was then lighted would continue to burn brighter, and brighter. But man's faith and hope require repeated testing. For five years after this the progress was interrupted; yet when the most generous and wide appreciation of my work had reached almost the highest point there came a sudden and unexpected change.

In pursuit of my investigations I was unconsciously led into the border region of physics and physiology and was amazed to

find boundary lines vanishing and points of contact emerge between the realms of the Living and Non-living. Inorganic matter was found anything but inert; it also was a thrill under the action of multitudinous forces that played on it. A universal reaction seemed to bring together metal, plant and animal under a common law. They all exhibited essentially the same phenomena of fatigue and depression, together with possibilities of recovery and of exaltation, yet also that of permanent irresponsiveness which is associated with death. I was filled with awe at this stupendous generalisation; and it was with great hope that I announced my results before the Royal Society,—results demonstrated by experiments. But the physiologists present advised me, after my address, to confine myself to physical investigations in which my success had been assured, rather than encroach on their preserve. I had thus unwittingly strayed into the domain of a new and unfamiliar caste system and so offended its etiquette. An unconscious theological bias was also present which confounds ignorance with faith. It is forgotten that He, who surrounded us with this ever-evolving mystery of creation, the ineffable wonder that lies hidden in the microcosm of the dust particle, enclosing within the intricacies of its atomic form all the mystery of the cosmos, has also implanted in us the desire to question and understand. To the theological bias was added the misgivings about the inherent bent of the Indian mind towards mysticism and unchecked imagination. But in India this burning imagination which can extort new order out of a mass of apparently contradictory facts, is also held in check by the habit of meditation. It is this restraint which confers the power to hold the mind in pursuit of truth, in infinite patience, to wait, and reconsider, to experimentally test and repeatedly verify.

It is but natural that there should be prejudice, even in science, against all innovations; and I was prepared to wait till the first incredulity could be overcome by further cumulative evidence. Unfortunately there were other incidents and misrepresentations which it was impossible to remove from this insolating distance. Thus no conditions could have been more desperately hopeless than those which confronted me for the next twelve years. It is necessary to make this brief reference to this period of my life; for one who would devote himself to the search of

truth must realise that for him there awaits no easy life, but one of unending struggle. It is for him to cast his life as an offering, regarding gain and loss, success or failure, as one. Yet in my case this long persisting gloom was suddenly lifted. My scientific deputation in 1914, from the Government of India, gave the opportunity of giving demonstrations of my discoveries before the leading scientific societies of the world. This led to the acceptance of my theories and results, and recognition of the importance of the Indian contribution to the advancement of the world's science. My own experience told me how heavy, sometimes even crushing, are the difficulties which confront an inquirer here in India; yet it made me stronger in my determination that I shall make the path of those who are to follow me less arduous, and that India, is never to relinquish what has been won for her after years of struggle.

What is it that India is to win and maintain? Can anything small or circumscribed even satisfy the mind of India? Has her own history and the teaching of the past prepared her for some temporary and quite subordinate gain? There are at this moment two complementary and not antagonistic ideals before the country. India is drawn into the vortex of international competition. She has to become efficient in every way,—through spread of education, through performance of civic duties and responsibilities, through activities both industrial and commercial. Neglect of these essentials of national duty will imperil her very existence; and sufficient stimulus for these will be found in success and satisfaction of personal ambition.

But these alone do not ensure the life of a nation. Such material activities have brought in the West their fruit, in accession of power and wealth. There has been a feverish rush even in the realm of science, for exploiting applications of knowledge, not so often for saving as for destruction. In the absence of some power of restraint, civilisation is trembling in an unstable poise on the brink of ruin. Some complementary ideal there must be to save man from that mad rush which must end in disaster. He has followed the lure and excitement of some insatiable ambition, never pausing for a moment to think of the ultimate object for which success was to serve as a temporary incentive. He forgot that far more potent than competition was mutual help and co-operation in the scheme of life. And in this country through

millenniums, there always have been some who, beyond the immediate and absorbing prize of the hour, sought for the realisation of the highest ideal of life — not through passive renunciation, but through active struggle. The weakling who has refused the conflict, having acquired nothing has nothing to renounce. He alone who has striven and won, can enrich the world by giving away the fruits of his victorious experience. In India such examples of constant realisation of ideals through work have resulted in the formation of a continuous living tradition. And by her latent power of rejuvenescence she has readjusted herself through infinite transformations. Thus while the soul of Babylon and the Nile Valley have transmigrated, ours still remains vital and with capacity of absorbing what time has brought, and making it one with itself.

The ideal of giving, of enriching, in fine, of self-renunciation in response to the highest call of humanity is the other and complementary ideal. The motive power for this is not to be found in personal ambition but in the effacement of all littlenesses, and uprooting of that ignorance which regards anything as gain which is to be purchased at others' loss. This I know, that no vision of truth comes except in the absence of all sources of distraction, and when the mind has reached the point of rest.

Public life, and the various professions will be the appropriate spheres of activity for many aspiring young men. But for my disciples, I call on those very few, who, realising inner call, will devote their whole life with strengthened character and determined purpose to take part in that infinite struggle to win knowledge for its own sake and see truth face to face.

The excessive specialisation of modern science in the West has led to the danger of losing sight of the fundamental fact that there can be but one truth, one science which includes all the branches of knowledge. How chaotic appear the happenings in Nature? Is nature a Cosmos! in which the human mind is some day to realise the uniform march of sequence, order and law? India through her habit of mind is peculiarly fitted to realise the idea of unity, and to see in the phenomenal world an orderly universe. This trend of thought led me unconsciously to the dividing frontiers of different sciences and shaped the course of my work in it constant alternations between the theoretical and

practical, from the investigation of the inorganic world to that of organised life and its multifarious activities of growth, of movement, and even of sensation. On looking over a hundred and fifty different lines of investigations carried on during the last twenty-three years, I now discover in them a natural sequence. The study of Electric Waves led to the devising of methods for the production of the shortest electric waves known and these bridged over the gulf between visible and invisible light; from this followed accurate investigation on the optical properties of invisible waves, the determination of the refractive powers of various opaque substances, the discovery of effect of air film on total reflection and the polarising properties of strained rocks and of electric tourmalines. The invention of a new type of self-recovering electric receiver made of galena was the fore-runner of application of crystal detectors for extending the range of wireless signals. In physical chemistry the detection of molecular change in matter under electric stimulation, led to a new theory of photographic action. The fruitful theory of sterio-chemistry was strengthened by the production of two kinds of artificial molecules, which like the two kinds of sugar, rotated the polarised electric wave either to the right or to the left. Again the 'fatigue' of my receivers led to the discovery of universal sensitiveness inherent in matter as shown by its electric response. It was next possible to study this response in its modification under changing environment, of which its exaltation under stimulants and its abolition under poisons are among the most astonishing outward manifestations. And as a single example of the many applications of this fruitful discovery, the characteristics of an artificial retina gave a clue to the unexpected discovery of "binocular alternation of vision" in man;—each eye thus supplements its fellow by turns, instead of acting as a continuously yoked pair, as hitherto believed.

In natural sequence to investigations of the response in 'inorganic' matter, has followed a prolonged study of the activities of plant-life as compared with the corresponding functioning of animal life. But since plants for the most part seem motionless and passive, and are indeed limited in their range of movement, special apparatus of extreme delicacy had to be invented, which should magnify the tremor of excitation and also measure the perception period of a plant to a thousandth part of a second.

Ultra-microscopic movements were measured and recorded; the length measured being often smaller than a fraction of a single wave length of light. The secret of plant life was thus for the first time revealed by the autographs of the plant itself. This evidence of the plant's own script removed the long standing error which divided the vegetable world into sensitive and insensitive. The remarkable performance of the Praying Palm Tree of Faridpore, which bows as if to prostrate itself, every evening, is only one of the latest instances which show that the supposed insensibility of plants and still more of rigid trees is ascribed to wrong theory and defective observation. My investigations show that all plants, even the trees, are fully alive to changes of environment; they respond visibly to all stimuli, even to the slightest fluctuations of light caused by a drifting cloud. This series of investigations has completely established the fundamental identity of life-reactions in plant and animal, as seen in a similar periodic insensibility in both, corresponding to what we call sleep; as seen in the death-spasm, which takes place in the plant as in the animal. This unity in organic life is also exhibited in that spontaneous pulsation which in the animal is heart-beat; it appears in the identical effects of stimulants, anaesthetics and of poisons in vegetable and animal tissues. This physiological identity in the effect of drugs is regarded by leading physicians as of great significance in the scientific advance in Medicine; since here we have a means of testing the effect of drugs under conditions far simpler than those presented by the patient, far subtler too, as well as more humane than those of experiments on animals.

Growth of plants and its variations under different treatment is instantly recorded by my Crescograph. Authorities expect this method of investigation will advance practical agriculture; since for the first time we are able to analyse and study separately the conditions which modify the rate of growth. Experiments which would have taken months and their results vitiated by unknown changes, can now be carried out in a few minutes.

Returning to pure science, no phenomena in plant life are so extremely varied or have yet been more incapable of generalisation than the tropic movements of some towards and of others away from light, and the opposite geotropic movements of root and shoot, in the direction of gravitation or away from it. My

latest investigations recently communicated to the Royal Society have established a single fundamental reaction which underlies all these effects so extremely diverse.

Finally, I may say a word of that other new and unexpected chapter which is opening out from my demonstration of nervous impulse in plants. The speed with which the nervous impulse courses through the plant has been determined; its nervous excitability and the variation of that excitability have likewise been measured. The nervous impulse in plant and in man is found exalted or inhibited under identical conditions. We may even follow this parallelism in what may seem extreme cases. A plant carefully protected under glass from outside shocks, looks sleek and flourishing; but its higher nervous function is then found to be atrophied. But when a succession of blows is rained on this effete and bloated specimen, the shocks themselves create nervous channels and arouse anew the deteriorated nature. And is it not shocks of adversity and not cotton-wool protection, that evolve true manhood?

A question long perplexing physiologists and psychologists alike is that concerned with the great mystery that underlies memory. But now through certain experiments I have carried out, it is possible to trace "memory impressions" backwards even in inorganic matter, such latent impressions being capable of subsequent revival. Again the tone of our sensation is determined by the intensity of nervous excitation that reaches the central perceiving organ. It would theoretically be possible to change the tone or quality of our sensation, if means could be discovered by which the nervous impulse would become modified during transit. Investigation on nervous impulse in plants has led to the discovery of a Controlling method, which was found equally effective in regard to the nervous impulse in animal.

Thus the lines of physics, of physiology and of psychology converge and meet. And here will assemble those who would seek oneness amidst the manifold. Here it is that the genius of India should find its true blossoming.

The thrill in matter, the throb of life, the pulse of growth, the impulse coursing through the nerve and the resulting sensations, how diverse are these and yet how unified? How strange it is that the tremor of excitation in nervous matter should not

merely be transmuted and reflected like the image on a mirror, from a different plane of life, in sensation and in affection, in thought and in emotion. Of these which is more real, the material body or the image which is independent of it? Which of these is undecaying, and which of these is beyond the reach of death?

It was a woman in the Vedic times, who when asked to take her choice of the wealth that would be hers for the asking, inquired whether that would win for her deathlessness. What would she do with it, if it did not raise her above death? This has always been the cry if the soul of India, not for addition of material bondage, but to work out through struggle her self-chosen destiny and win immortality. Many a nation had risen in the past and won the empire of the world. A few buried fragments are all that remain as memorials of the great dynasties that wielded the temporal power. There is, however, another element that finds its incarnation in matter, yet transcends its transmutation and apparent destruction: that is the burning flame born of thought which has been handed down through fleeting generations.

Not in matter, but in thought, not in possessions or even in attainments but in ideals, are to be found the seed of immortality. Not through material acquisition but in generous diffusion of ideas and ideals can the true empire of humanity be established. Thus to Ashoka to whom belonged this vast empire, bounded by the inviolate seas, after he had tried to ransom the world by giving away to the utmost, there came a time when he had nothing more to give, except one half of an *Amalaki* fruit. This was his last possession and anguished cry was that since he had nothing more to give, let the half of the *Amalaki* be accepted as his final gift.

Ashoka's emblem of the *Amalaki* will be seen on the cornices of the Institute, and towering above all is the symbol of the thunderbolt. It was the Rishi Dadhichi, the pure and blameless, who offered his life that the divine weapon, the thunderbolt, might be fashioned out of his bones to smite evil and exalt righteousness. It is but half of the *Amalaki* that we can offer. But the past shall be reborn in a yet nobler future. We stand here today and resume work tomorrow so that by the efforts of our lives and

our unshaken faith in the future we may all help to build the greater India yet to be.

11

REPRESSIVE MEASURES IN BENGAL

by

PANDIT MADAN MOHAN MALAVIYA

[*At the Benaras Session of the Indian National Congress held in December, 1905, Pandit Mohan Malaviya, in moving the resolution recording an emphatic protest against the repressive measures adopted by Government to put down the agitation against the Partition of Bengal, made this speech.*]

Gentlemen, the brilliant speech that you heard from my esteemed friend, Babu Surendranath Banerjee, told you all that was necessary to justify the acceptance of this resolution by you. You speak here of the repressive measures that have been adopted in Bengal. How those measures have come to be adopted is not a matter which requires to be told now. The Government of India, or rather Lord Curzon, determined upon the "Partition of Bengal." The people at the earliest opportunity came to know of it and submitted respectful representations against the proposal. Memorials followed memorials, petitions were submitted, meetings were held, and every constitutional means which the people were aware of, was adopted to point out to Government that absolutely no case has been made out for cutting Bengal into two, and placing it under two different administrations. All that was not heeded. People met together, they sent representations to the Secretary of State who was the next higher authority. Unfortunately that again was unheeded. People took at the last step of going to the House of Commons and submitted petitions signed by a large number of people and got some English Member of the House to support the petition. A debate was held, but nothing came out of it. Now, gentlemen, this went on for a long time. We live under a constitutional Government. The means that

have been pointed out as open to those who live under a constitutional Government were the very means which the people of Bengal adopted. There was absolutely nothing that anybody could take exception to in their methods. (*"Hear, Hear"*). They proceeded in the coolest manner without showing any passion, using every argument that they could think of, and putting it in the most moderate language possible. (*"Hear, Hear"*). Gentlemen, some evil genius guided the intellect of those who were in power at the time. They turned a deaf ear to all representations that were so made. They determined upon the "Partition of Bengal."

I will not go into the history of the matter as it has been so brilliantly put before you by previous speakers in connection with the other resolution. The result was that the people waited. There was absolutely no show of violence even up to this time. Though people's passions have been excited to the uttermost, yet the Government heeded not. Gentlemen, any other people driven to that desperate condition would probably have taken steps worse than those that were adopted in Bengal. Be it said to the credit of our countrymen in Bengal (*Cheers*) that on an occasion when their feelings had been stirred to their deepest depths, when the whole Province of Bengal had been agitated, as no part of India had been agitated after the days of the Mutiny, be it said to the credit of the young men of Bengal (*Cheers*), that in the midst of so much excitement not one case has been proved in which they have resorted to illegal or unjust means with the object of getting redress. Gentlemen the Government which was anxious to carry on the administration of the country on lines of sound statesmanship would have rejoiced at the sight, and would have been moved by the very circumstance that the people were so moderate and self-restrained, even on such occasions, to accede to their demands. It was the misfortune of the Government of India that it did not listen to these demands. The result was that the people found themselves in utter darkness and despair. What did they do? They found out that their voices were feeble. Even the powerful voice of our friend, Babu Surendranath Banerjee, had failed to penetrate into the ears of the powers-that-be. The best of the men in the land, the most respected members of the community, men like Maharaja Sir Jotindra Mohun Tagore, Sir Gurudas Banerjee, who do not love to indulge in what is called political agitation, came out of their retirement and pressed upon

the Government the wisdom of listening to the prayers of the people. No response yet. People then said, "What are we to do? Well, we are placed in this circumstance; very well, we shall raise another noise which probably will be carried across the waters and make a stir in England; we shall boycott foreign goods." It is an extreme measure, I grant. No sensible man, no man who wishes well of his country would for a moment desire that there should be anything done to create dissension between our fellow-subjects in England and in this country. No man, who understands the real needs of the country and the situation in which we are placed, will desire that there should exist anything but cordial good-will among our fellow-subjects in England and in this country. It was, therefore, no matter of satisfaction, it could not be to any well-wisher of this country, to either initiate the idea of boycott or to encourage it. It was boycott merely as an extreme measure which they found themselves compelled under the circumstances to adopt. It was adopted as a measure which might possibly, when all other respectful representations had failed, make an impression upon some people of England and lead to the consideration of the prayers of the United Bengal.

Gentlemen, a great deal of commotion was created. Remember, that it was all a peaceful commotion, it was a commotion of a law-abiding people who know what is the measure they could adopt in the circumstances they were placed. Boycott went on. After it had been adopted, after the idea had been caught, and had begun to work, came unfortunately a series of repressive measures. Men who had erred, instead of taking wisdom from the facts that have come into existence, determined to persist in their obstinacy, determined to refuse to consider whether there was any justification for people resorting to such measures. They began to persecute. Persecution is the only world that you can use for what you have heard from our friends in Bengal as having been adopted. To appoint respectable men as special constables when there was absolutely no shadow of excuse for saying that there was any violence to authority intended or indicated; to appoint respectable members of the community, leaders, men of light and leading, to the disgraceful position when nothing has been done to justify it; to abolish and take away from the doors of the people sign-boards wherever you found *Bande-Mataram;*

to tell people, — 'advice' is the word used in the correspondence (*laughter*) — advise people to leave their cities and go away in exile; to go and send a posse of policemen to watch the meeting of citizens held to consider what they should do to protest against what the authorities were doing: Was there any necessity to do any of these things? Was there any indication that anybody wanted to rebel against the authority of the Government of the country? Throughout all these many months, during the whole period, there was never a single instance of misbehaviour. The best proof of this lies in the circumstance that not a single case had occurred which could afford any justification for the adoption of such a course. Petty and frivolous excuses were found to put people into trouble, to harass them, to intimidate them, but not one single instance in which anything had been done which would have justified them to have recourse to such extreme and impolitic measures. Now, gentlemen, I may tell you that when you find a state of things like this, it ceases to be a question which concerns one Province or one district. You have been much exercised some of you, my brother delegates, at the thought as to why this was a matter which should be taken up by the Congress. A matter which affects the whole Province of Bengal, which affects as large an area as the Province of Bengal, is not this question for the consideration of the Congress? If injustice was done to one single individual throughout the length and breadth of the British Empire, and if we felt that that injustice ought to be remedied or protested against, it would be your duty to do so. (*Cheers*). If you allow such an outrageous course as has been followed in Bengal to go unprotested by you, you will be failing to discharge your duty (*Cheers*). It has been the misfortune of Bengal that it has happened there. Gentlemen, do not console yourselves with the idea that such misfortune may not befall another part of the country tomorrow. What you have to do is to protest against such thing happening under the rule of His Majesty the King Emperor of England and India. They might happen in Russia; you and I are not concerned with them. Recourse has not been had to such measures in British Territories for a long time past. We are not anxious that these methods should be perpetuated which they would be if we allow them to go unprotested against. Gentlemen, this then is the justification for the resolution which I have placed before you.

It is not that the Congress advocates the adoption of boycott all over the country generally. (*"Hear, Hear"*). You have to bear it clearly in mind that no one who understands the real interests of the country desires to create any unnecessary tension of feeling between our fellow-subjects in England and here. The Government, if they are really earnest and sincere in their desire to see that this spirit which the boycott movement has created ought to subside, have the remedy in their own hands. Let them undo the great mischief which has been done by this unnecessary partition, and boycott, as a boycott, shall cease to-morrow. (*Cheers*). Remember, gentlemen, we ought not to mix up Swadeshi with Boycott. (*"Hear, Hear"*). It is a great mistake to mix up the two. Bengal was partitioned a short while ago. But the Swadeshi movement is as old, within my own personal knowledge, as 30 years ago. The doctrine was preached when I was at school, and I am happy and proud to say that I have been benefited by it, and adopted it the moment I entered college. Since that day to this, along with many other friends even in this Province, we have been using manufactures of Indian make so far as we have been able to obtain them. That movement stands on quite a diffferent footing, and it would be wrong to the country and to the best interest of the people to mix up the two, to confuse the Swadeshi movement with Boycott. Speaking for myself, I do not want to keep up boycott of foreign goods. What is desirable so far as the Swadeshi movement is concerned, is quite another matter. That has gone on and will go on. As far as boycott is concerned, I think I express the sense of all of you, when I say that the Congress would rejoice to see boycott come to an end, if the cause which has given rise to it were to cease to exist. It is, therefore, entirely in the power of Government to put an end of this boycott. If it continues, it continues owing to no fault of the people, owing to no disposition among the people to keep it up. If they are wise, as I hope they will be, with the change that has come on in the Ministry, I hope that the powers-that-be will take the earliest opportunity to put an end to the feeling which has been created by the "Partition of Bengal". Gentlemen, with these few observations I beg to commend this resolution to your considerations. (*Cheers*).

With regard to one of those measures that have been adopted, I would like, with your permission, to add a few words.

Bande Mataram is a very innocent exclamation. You simply say: "Hail Motherland", or "I bow to thee, the Motherland." Nothing insidious, nothing poisonous and nothing seditious about it. Now, gentlemen, I am surprised that any Englishman and son of England who has been brought up on the noble life-giving literature of England should object even for a moment to the use of *Bande Mataram*. In the few books of literature which I had the good fortune to read, I came across a passage that Chatham in his dying moments cried out: "My country, my country." Englishmen regard him with adoration. When you find Nelson sending out a message to his soldiers at a critical moment in the name of England, you admire and respect him. When you come across passages in Shakespeare where the feeling of love for the mother country is well and happily described, Englishmen rejoice as much as we do on reading those passages. Throughout the whole literature of England, as in all the literatures of the world, you will find that the love for the motherland is regarded as an indication of healthy feeling. You will find that not only no exception is taken, but if you find a man lacking in that love for mother-country, reproach is cast on his face by Sir Walter Scott, which was so well expressed by the President. That being so, I cannot understand how any Englishman who has got English feelings yet in him can really object to the use of *Bande Mataram*. We do not in the least degree want to encourage rowdyism either in young men or old. The Congress does not desire that any agitation or any representation or any public demonstration that has to be made should be in the least degree affected or spoiled by exuberance of feeling. We have been taught by the Great Teacher Shri Krishna, that duty has to be done in the *Satvik* manner, doing it merely as a matter of duty, not bragging or boasting that he was doing his duty, inspired by fortitude and by enthusiasm, unconcerned about the success or failure, determined only to do his duty and to do it merely as his duty. That is the attitude in which we have to approach the question. (*Cheers*). No feeling of hatred and no feeling of resentment ought to be brought into the matter. You have merely to do it as a matter of duty, and one means left to you by pointing out what you feel to Government has to be resorted. I hope the resolution that I have had the honour of placing before you will commend itself to your acceptance. (*Loud cheers*).

12

OUR MOTHERLAND

by

SWAMI VIVEKANANDA

[*From the writings and speeches of the late Swami Vivekananda, who made a name for himself at the Chicago Parliament of Religions in 1893 as a great orator and foremost exponent of Hindu religion and philosophy.*]

If there is any land on this earth that can lay claims to be the blessed *punya bhumi* (holy land), to be the land to which all souls on this earth must come to account for *karma*, the land to which every soul that is wending its way Godward must come to attain its last home, the land where humanity has attained its highest towards gentleness, towards generosity, towards purity, towards calmness, above all, the land of introspection and of spirituality,—it is India. This is the ancient land where wisdom made its home before it went into any other country, the same India whose influx of spirituality is represented, as it were, on the material plane, by rolling rivers like oceans, where the eternal Himalayas, rising tier above tier with their snow-caps, look as it were into the very mysteries of heaven. Here is the same India whose soil has been trodden by the feet of the greatest sages that ever lived. Here first sprang up inquiries into the nature of man, and into the internal world. Here first arose the doctrines of the immortality of the soul, the existence of a supervising God, an immanent God in Nature and in man, and here the highest ideals of religion and philosophy have attained their culminating points.

Our sacred motherland is a land of religion and philosophy—the birthplace of spiritual giants—the land of renunciation, where and where alone, from the most ancient to the most modern times, there has been the highest ideal of life open to man. This is the motherland of philosophy, of spirituality, and of ethics, of sweetness, gentleness, and love. These still exist, and my experience of the world leads me to stand on firm ground, and make the

bold statement, that India is still the first and foremost of all the nations of the world in these respects.

It is the same India which has withstood the shocks of centuries, of hundreds of foreign invasions, of hundreds of upheavals of manners and customs. It is the same land which stands firmer than any rock in the world, with its undying vigour, indestructible life. Its life is of the same nature as the Soul, without beginning and without end, immortal, and we are the children of such a country. Here activity prevailed when even Greece did not exist, when Rome was not thought of, when the very fathers of the modern Europeans lived in the forests and painted themselves blue. Even earlier, when history has no record, and tradition dares not peer into the gloom of that intense past, even from then until now, ideas after ideas have marched out from her, but every word has been spoken with a blessing behind it and peace before it. Study the history of the whole world, and you will see that every high ideal you meet with anywhere had its origin in India. From time immemorial India has been the mine of precious ideas to human society; giving birth to high ideas herself, she has freely distributed them broadcast over the whole world. Religious researches disclose to us the fact, that there is not a country possessing a good ethical code but has borrowed something of it from us, and there is not one religion possessing good ideas of immortality of the soul but has derived it directly or indirectly from us. This is the land from whence, like the tidal waves, spirituality and philosophy have again and again rushed out and deluged the world, and this is the land from whence once more such tides must proceed in order to bring life and vigour into the decaying races of mankind.

They (the Western people) talk a great deal of the new theories about the survival of the fittest, and they think that it is the strength of the muscles which is the fittest to survive. If that were true, any one of the aggressively known old world nations would have lived in glory today, and we, the weak Hindus, who never conquered even one other race or nation ought to have died out, yet we live here three hundred millions strong! We, of all nations of the world have never been a conquering race, and that blessing is on our head, and therefore we live.

Vanished from off the face of the earth, with not even a tale left behind to tell, gone is that ancient land of the Greeks. There was a time when the Roman Eagle floated over everything worth having in this world; everywhere Rome's power was felt and pressed on the head of humanity; the earth trembled at the name of Rome. But the Capitoline Hill is a mass of ruins, the spider weaves its web where the Cæsars ruled. There have been other nations equally glorious that have come and gone, living a few hours of exultant and of exuberant dominance, and of a wicked national life, and then vanishing like ripples on the face of the waters. Thus have these nations made their mark on the face of humanity. But we live; and if Manu came back today he would not be bewildered, and would not find himself in a foreign land. The same laws are here, laws adjusted and thought out through thousands and thousands of years; customs, the outcome of the acumen of ages and the experience of centuries, that seem to be eternal; and as the days go by, as blow after blow of misfortune has been delivered upon them, they seem to have served one purpose only, that of making them stronger and more constant.

Did you ever hear of a country, where the greatest kings tried to trace their descent, not to kings, not to robber-barons living in old castles, who plundered poor travellers, but to semi-naked sages who lived in the forest? . . . This is the land. I am one of the proudest men ever born, but let me tell you frankly, it is not for myself, but on account of my ancestry. The more I have studied the past, the more I have looked back, more and more has this pride come to me, and it has given me the strength and courage of conviction, raised me up from the dust of the earth, and set me working out that great plan laid out by those great ancestors of ours. Children of those ancients, through the grace of the Lord may you have the same pride, may that faith in your ancestors come into your blood, may it become a part and parcel of your lives, may it work towards the salvation of the world ! Here is the life-giving water with which must be quenched the burning fire of materialism which is burning the core of the hearts of millions, in other lands.

The Indian nation cannot be killed. Deathless it stands, and it will stand so long as that spirit shall remain as the background, so long as her people do not give up their spirituality. Beggars

they may remain, poor and poverty-stricken; dirt and squalor may surround them perhaps throughout all time, but let them not give up their God, let them not forget that they are the children of the sages.

Sceptres have been broken and thrown away, the ball of power has passed from hand to hand; but in India, courts and kings always touched only a few; the vast mass of the people, from the highest to the lowest, has been left to pursue its own inevitable course, the current of national life flowing at times slow and half-conscious, at others, strong and awakened. I stand in awe before the unbroken procession of scores of shining centuries, with here and there a dim link in the chain, only to flare up with added brilliance in the next, and there she is walking with her own majestic steps,—my motherland,—to fulfil her glorious destiny, which no power on earth or in heaven can check—the regeneration of man the brute into man the God.

Aye, a glorious destiny, my brethren, for as far back as the days of the Upanishads we have thrown the challenge to the world—'*Na dhanena na prajaya tyagenaike amritatwamanashuh*—not by wealth, not by progeny, but by renunciation alone immortality is reached.' Race after race has taken the challenge up, and tried their utmost to solve the world-riddle on the plane of desires. They have all failed in the past,—the old ones have become extinct under the weight of wickedness and misery, which lust for power and gold brings in its train, and the new ones are tottering to their fall. The question has yet to be decided whether peace will survive or war; whether patience will survive or non-forbearance; whether goodness will survive or wickedness; whether muscle will survive or brain; whether worldliness will survive or spirituality. We have solved our problem ages ago and held on to it through good or evil fortune, and mean to hold on to it till the end of time. Our solution is unworldliness—renunciation.

This is the theme of Indian life-work, the burden of her eternal songs, the backbone of her existence, the foundation of her being, the *raison d'être* of her very existence—the spiritualization of the human race. In this her life-course she has never deviated, whether the Tartar ruled or the Turk, whether the Moghul ruled or the English.

For a complete civilization the world is waiting, waiting for the treasures to come out of India, waiting for the marvellous spiritual inheritance of the race, which, through decades of degradation and misery, the nation has still clutched to her breast. The world is waiting for that treasure; little do you know how much of hunger and of thirst there is outside of India for these wonderful treasures of our forefathers. We talk here, we quarrel with each other, we laugh at and ridicule everything holy. Little do we understand the heart-pangs of millions waiting outside the walls, stretching forth their hands for a little sip of that nectar which our forefathers have preserved in this land of India.

The longest night seems to be passing away, the sorest trouble seems to be coming to an end at last, the seeming corpse appears to be awaking, and a voice is coming to us,—away back where history and even tradition fails to peep into the gloom of the past, coming down from there, reflected, as it were, from peak to peak of the infinite *Himalaya* of knowledge, and of love, and of work, 'India, this motherland of ours',—a voice is coming unto us, gentle, firm, and yet unmistakable in its utterances, and is gaining volume as days pass by, and behold, the sleeper is awakening! Like a breeze from the Himalayas, it is bringing life into the almost dead bones and muscles, the lethargy is passing away, and only the blind cannot see, or the perverted will not see that she is awakening, this motherland of ours, from her deep long sleep. None can resist her any more; never is she going to sleep any more; no outward powers can hold her back any more; for the infinite giant is rising to her feet.

Up, up, the long night is passing, the day is approaching, the wave has risen, nothing will be able to resist its tidal fury. Believe, believe, the decree has gone forth, the fiat of the Lord has gone forth—India must rise, the masses and the poor are to be made happy. Rejoice! The flood of spirituality has risen. I see it is rolling over the land resistless, boundless, all-absorbing. Every man to the fore, every good will be added to its forces, every hand will smooth its way, and glory be unto the Lord!

One of the great causes of India's misery and downfall has been that she narrowed herself, went into her shell, as the oyster does, and refused to give her jewels and her treasures to the other races of mankind, refused to give the life-giving truths to thirsting

nations outside the Aryan fold. I am thoroughly convinced that no individual or nation can live by holding itself apart from the community of others, and whenever such an attempt has been made under false ideas of greatness, policy or holiness—the result has always been disastrous to the secluding one. To my mind, the one great cause of the downfall and the degeneration of India was the building of a wall of custom, whose foundation was hatred of others, round the nation, and the real aim of which in ancient times was to prevent the Hindus from coming in contact with the surrounding Buddhistic nations.

A country, the big leaders of which have for the past two thousand years been only discussing whether to take food with the right hand or the left, whether to take water from the right-hand side or from the left—if such a country does not go to ruin what else will? Think of the last six hundred or seven hundred years of degeneration, when grown-up men by the hundreds have been discussing for years, whether we should drink a glass of water with the right hand or the left, whether the hand should be washed three times or four times, whether we should gargle five or six times. What can you expect from men who pass their lives in discussing such momentous questions as these, and writing most learned philosophies on them!

No man, no nation can hate others and live. India's doom was sealed the very day they invented the word *mlechchha* and stopped from communion with others. Love never fails: today or tomorrow or ages after, truth will conquer. Love shall win the victory. Do you love your fellow-men?

Where should you go to seek for God,—are not all the poor, the miserable, the weak, gods? Why not worship them first? Why go to dig a well on the shores of the Ganges? Believe in the omnipotent power of love. Have you love?—You are omnipotent. Are you perfectly unselfish? If so, you are irresistible. It is character that pays everywhere. It is the Lord who protects His children in the depths of the sea. Your country requires heroes: be heroes!

Feel from the heart. What is in the intellect or reason? It goes a few steps and there it stops. But through the heart comes inspiration. Love opens the most impossible gates; love is the

gate to all the secrets of the universe. Feel, therefore, my would-be reformers, my would-be patriots ! Do you feel ? Do you feel that millions and millions of the descendants of gods and of sages have become next door neighbours to brutes? Do you feel that millions are starving today, and millions have been starving for ages ? Do you feel that ignorance has come over the land as a dark cloud? Does it make you restless? Does it make you sleepless? Has it gone into your blood, coursing through your veins, becoming constant with your heart-beats? Has it made you almost mad? Are you seized with that one idea of the misery of ruin, and have you forgotten all about your name, your fame, your wives, your children, your property, even your own bodies? Have you done that? That is the first step to become a patriot, the very first step.

Come out of your narrow holes and have a look abroad . See how nations are on the march! Do you love man? Do you love your country? Then come, let us struggle for higher and better things; look not back, no, not even if you see the dearest and nearest cry. Look not back, but forward!

Men, men,—these are wanted: everything else will be ready, but strong, vigorous, believing young men, sincere to the backbone, are wanted. A hundred such and the world becomes revolutionized.

Expand your hearts and hopes, as wide as the world. I want the intensity of the fanatic Plus the extensity of the materialist. Deep as the ocean, broad as the infinite sky, that is the sort of heart we want.

We are poor, my brothers, we are nobodies, but such have been always the instruments of the Most High. Do not care for anybody to help you. Is not the Lord infinitely greater than all human help? Be holy—trust in the Lord, depend on Him always, and you are on the right track; nothing can prevail against you. Let us pray "Lead, Kindly Light,"—a beam will come through the dark, and a hand will be stretched forth to lead us. Glory unto the Lord—march on, the Lord is our General. Do not look back to see who falls—forward—onward? Thus and thus we shall go brethren. One falls, and another takes up the work. Work on, brave hearts, fail not—no saying nay; work on—the Lord is behind the work. *Mahashakti* is with you.

Let new India arise. . . . Let her arise out of the peasant's cottage, grasping the plough, out of the huts of the fisherman, the cobbler and the sweeper. Let her spring from the grocer's shop, from beside the oven of the fritter-seller. Let her emanate from the factory, from marts and markets. Let her emerge from the groves and forests, from hills and mountains. These common people have suffered oppression for thousands of years—suffered it without a murmur, and a result, have got wonderful fortitude. They have suffered eternal misery which has given them unflinching vitality. Living on a handful of oatmeal they can convulse the world; give them only half a piece of bread, and the whole world will not be big enough to contain their energy. Such peacefulness, such contentment, such love, such power of silent and incessant work, and such manifestation of lion's strength in times of action—where else will you find these! Skeletons of the Past, there, before you, are your successors, the India that is to be. . . . The moment you disappear, you will hear the inaugural shout of Renaissant India—ringing with the voice of a million thunders and reverberating throughout the universe—["Wah Guru ki Fateh"—Victory to the Guru!]

13

FREEDOM FIRST, FREEDOM SECOND, FREEDOM ALWAYS

by

SIR ASUTOSH MOOKERJEE

[*This is the text of the historic letter which the late Sir Asutosh Mookerjee, Vice-Chancellor of the Calcutta University, wrote on the 26th March, 1923, to Lord Lytton, Governor of Bengal and Chancellor of the University, indignantly spurning the latter's offer of the Vice-Chancellorship for a further term subject to certain humiliating conditions.*]

Dear Lord Lytton,

I am in receipt of your letter dated the 24th March which reached me on Saturday evening after I had returned home from

the Convocation. I shall in my reply speak without reserve and hesitation as you have made most unjust and unmerited imputations on my conduct.

Before I record my views on your offer to re-appoint me as Vice-Chancellor and the conditions that accompany it, I shall deal with your remarks on my attitude towards the proposed scheme of legislation. I cannot reproduce here the contents of the correspondence which has passed between you and me on this subject, but it seems clear that you could not have refreshed your memory by its perusal before you criticised my conduct. You could not possibly have forgotten that in the letter which I wrote to you on the 4th November, 1922 after I had received a copy of the University Bill from Mr. Mitter, I expressed in unmistakable terms my disapproval of its contents and the principles underlying it. That Bill came upon me as an absolute surprise. Mr. Mitter, you might remember, asked for my personal opinion. In your letter dated the 8th November, 1922, you distinctly wrote to me that Mr. Mitter had told you that the Senate of the University had been consulted officially but that my personal opinion had not been invited. This, as I intimated to you later, was the exact opposite of truth. This was followed by protracted correspondence and interviews with you in the course of which I explained to you my views upon the draft Bill. At length on the 11th January, 1923, you gave me permission to consult the Members of the Senate on the provisions of the Bill. At about the same time I received from you a copy of the Secondary Education Bill; all information regarding its contents, though repeatedly asked for, had been kept back by the Government from the University. The Senate, thus placed in possession of the two bills, appointed a Committee to report on their provisions. Before the views of the University could be formulated and communicated to you, you adopted, in spite of my earnest protests and the remonstrance of the Senate, an absolutely indefensible course. You forwarded the Bill or Bills to the Government of India with a view to obtain its sanction to introduce them into the Legislative Council. If you refer to the correspondence, you will find that I and my colleagues on the Senate made a desperate effort to convince you that as the Bills were open to grave objections, they should not be adopted as Government measures before full and searching enquiry. Our appeals and protests were totally disregarded. You now

make a grievance that I have used every expedient to oppose your Government to arrest the progress of the measures. You complain that I have appealed to the Government of India and the Government of Assam. You will be surprised to hear that what I have done has been perfectly constitutional. In your letter dated 11th January, 1923, you stated explicitly that I would be free to take what steps I pleased to discuss the Bill with the Members of the Senate. In my reply dated the 14th January, 1923, I stated that in view of the importance of the questions raised, I had decided to give an opportunity to every Member of the Senate to discuss the provisions of the Bills. The Senate, it may not be known to you, includes His Excellency the Governor of Assam, the Member of the Council of the Governor-General in charge of the Department of Education, the Minister for Education in Assam and the Director of Public Instruction in Assam. The papers were forwarded as confidential documents to each of these gentlemen. If I had withheld the papers from them, they would have been entitled to make legitimate grievance against me. If the result has been that they have formed an unfavourable opinion of the measures devised by your Government, and have taken such steps as they consider necessary and proper, you may regret it, but surely that is not a ground for complaint against me. You also make a grievance that I have appealed to Sir Michael Sadler. Your Government, notwithstanding my advice and the advice of the Senate, has unceremoniously rejected the recommendations made by the Commission over whose deliberations Sir Michael Sadler presided. If I have intimated this fact to Sir Michael Sadler — a fact which has been a matter of public knowledge for many weeks past — I did it in the best interests of the University and of the country. Again, you do not hesitate to assert that I have inspired articles in the Press to discredit your Government. This is a libel and I challenge you to produce evidence in support of this unfounded allegation.

You complain that my criticisms have been destructive of the provisions of the Bills which appeared to me and to my colleagues on the Senate to be most objectionable, framed, as we did not hesitate to record, from a political and not an educational standpoint. You seem to regret that our criticisms have not been constructive, but you have never cared to invite the University to frame a constructive scheme for the benefit of your Government

to frame a constructive scheme for the benefit of your Government. I have no more than one occasion, as you will no doubt recollect, offered to draw up a Bill with the assistance of my colleagues on the Senate and representatives of your Government —but I have received no response. You complain that I have hitherto given you no help. I maintain that I have constantly offered you my help and advice which, for reasons best known to you alone, you have not accepted. I have written to you letter after letter, even in the midst of terrible sorrows, commenting in detail on the provisions of the Bills. You have never cared to reply to the criticisms thus expressed. On the other hand, although I found from your letter dated 11th January, 1923, that you were convinced that the proposed amendments were, as predicted by me, impossible of accomplishment in an amending Bill, I discovered much to my surprise a few days later you were determined to push on the amending Bill and send it up to the Government of India for sanction. Again the Report of the Committee on the two Bills (which we took great pains to prepare) minutely criticised their clauses and challenged the ideal that lay beneath them. You have never recorded your opinion on our views. You have not even given me the opportunity to discuss the report with you. On the other hand, I cannot overlook that your letter to me dated 15th February, 1923, made it quite clear that you did not realise the gravity of the issues and you did not hesitate to express your impatience at the space that our criticism occupied. I notice that you charge me with having misrepresented your objects and motives. I most emphatically repudiate this unfounded charge. On the other hand, it would be interesting to know whether when you stated to the Legislative Council that your 'anxiety to consult the authorities of the University and to obtain their support as far as possible, was responsible for the delay,' you were already aware of the attitude taken up by the Government of India. If you have the courage to publish to the world all the documents on the subject and the entire correspondence which has passed between us, I shall cheerfully accept the judgment of an impartial public.

I shall finally consider your offer to reappoint me as Vice-Chancellor subject to a variety of conditions. There are expressions in your letter which imply that I am an applicant for the post and I am in expectation of reappointment. Let me assure

you that if you and your Minister are under such an impression, you are entirely mistaken. You ask me to give you a pledge that I shall exchange an attitude of opposition for one of whole-hearted assistance. You are apparently not acquainted with the traditions of the high office which I have held for ten years. I was first called upon to accept the office of Vice-Chancellor by that God-fearing soldier, the late Earl of Minto. He did not bind me with chains but on the other hand expressly enjoined me to work in concurrence with the Senate in such manner as might appear to my judgment to be in the truest interests of the University. We had in fact many open conflicts with the views of the Government in those days; you will however be interested to know that at the Convocation on the 12th March, 1910, Lord Minto referred to me in the following words: 'Now that my high office is drawing to a close, I rejoice to feel that the administration of this University will continue to benefit from your distinguished ability and your fearless courage.' During the time that Lord Hardinge was Chancellor of the University, we had many an acute difference with the Government and as Vice-Chancellor I never hesitated to express my disapproval of Government measures when they appeared to me to be injurious to the interests of the University. Lord Hardinge had the generosity repeatedly to congratulate me on the bold stand we had from time to time made against the views maintained by his Government. When two years ago at the insistent request of Lord Chelmsford and Lord Ronaldshay I accepted their invitation to hold the post of Vice-Chancellor, I stated distinctly that I would spare no efforts to devote myself to the University and to promote to the best of my judgment and ability the truest interests of my *Alma Mater* which have been always dearest to me. From the conversation that I had with Lord Ronaldshay at that time, I discovered that no one appreciated more keenly than he the need and value of a thoroughly independent Vice-Chancellor. Let me assure you that this high tradition was not created by me. It was my privilege to work as a Member of the Syndicate with eight successive Vice-Chancellors during a period of seventeen years, before I was called upon to accept that post, and most, if not all of them, were eminent men imbued with the traditions of the office from the time of their

predecessors, many of the occupants, ever since the days of our first Vice-Chancellor, Sir James Colvile, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, have been men who had taken oath to administer justice in the name of their Sovereign. To them it would have been a matter of astonishment to be told that as Vice-Chancellors, they were expected to adapt themselves to the views of the Government, simply because it was the Government which had the appointment in its gift. I have, I maintain, scrupulously adhered to the cherished traditions of my office and it has never entered into my mind during the last two years that I was seriously expected to adapt myself to the wishes of your Government. Surely, my attitude towards the policy adopted by your Government in the matter of University legislation has been quite familiar to you for some months past, and you have never before this ventured to convey a suggestion to me that my action as Vice-Chancellor has been unworthy of my office. I quite realise that I have not in the remotest degree tried to please you or your Minister. But I claim that I have acted throughout in the best interests of the University notwithstanding formidable difficulties and obstacles, and that I have uniformly tried to save your Government from the pursuit of a radically wrong course,—though my advice has not been heeded. I am not surprised that neither you nor your Minister can tolerate me. You assert that you want us to be men. You have one before you, who can speak and act fearlessly according to his convictions, and you are not able to stand the sight of him. It may not be impossible for you to secure the services of a subservient Vice-Chancellor, prepared always to carry out the mandates of your Government, and to act as a spy on the Senate. He may enjoy the confidence of your Government but he will not certainly enjoy the confidence of the Senate and the public of Bengal. We shall watch with interest the performances of a Vice-Chancellor of this type, creating a new tradition for the office.

I send you without hesitation the only answer which an honourable man can send—an answer which you and your advisers expect and desire: I decline the insulting offer you have made to me.

Yours sincerely,
ASUTOSH MOOKERJEE

14

"BEHAVE LIKE MEN"

by

LALA LAJPAT RAI

[This "Open Letter To Young Punjab" was addressed by the late Lala Lajpat Rai, the great leader of the Punjab, from New York, U.S.A., where he was then living in political exile, on 15th August, 1919.]

Dear Friends:

How can I tell you what I feel at the present moment about the situation in the Punjab? My heart is full though my tongue is dumb. I wish I had wings to fly and reach the dear land I love above everything else. I have tried my very best to be with you but I have failed. I do not wish to be a martyr but I long to be of use to you in your troubles. The most that I can do is to advise you in the light of the knowledge that I have and the experience that I have gathered. Listen, weigh, decide and determine.

My heart is bitter, my soul is sore I am filled with anger at the doings of the bureaucracy but even more so at the conduct and behaviour of my own countrymen. It is the latter whom I hold responsible for all the sufferings and the shame that you have been afflicted with. All honour to the leaders who stood by you and have suffered. They are not responsible for the excesses of the mob. The responsibility of the latter's deeds lies on the heads of those who have kept aloof, who always keep aloof where there is risk to be run, who provoke others to do deeds of violence but themselves keep behind the *purdah*, who are patriots when the sun shines but cynics when there is an occasion to act. I can write pages and pages in their "honour" but I will not do so. If there ever was a time when there was need for restraint it is the present. I will therefore restrain myself and come to the point direct.

The first thing that I ask of you is to stand by the leaders who have suffered for you, regardless of caste, creed and party—

Harkishan Lal, Duni Chand, Ram Bhaj Dutt, Satya Pal, Kichlu, Amar Nath, Mohan Lal, Mangal Sen, Labh Singh, Sarb Dyal, Mutiullah, Krishna and others whose names I do not at present know. You know that I have differed from them in the past, differed seriously about their policy, their work and their behaviour. But at the present time the only thing that I wish to remember is that they are the victims of the reactionary policy of the Punjab government; that their crime is patriotism. As such they are all dear to me and I pay to them the homage that is due to suffering and bleeding patriotism. I have forgotten all their personal weaknesses and faults. At the present moment the only thing that matters is their suffering. Henceforth I shall worship them. I do not wish to make any invidious distinction but there is one person among this group of whom I must speak separately—my dear friend Duni Chand. Where in the land of the five rivers is there a person nobler, truer, purer and bolder than Duni Chand? Having neither wealth nor excessive talents, nor an extended practice at his back the man has fought single-handed for high principles and noble practices, for the rights of the poor against the rich, for pure democracy, against great odds. I have had the privilege of working with him in the Municipal Committee, in the Indian Association, and in the Congress and I can truthfully say that I never came across a more disinterested and high-minded public man than Duni Chand. To his children and to his wife my heart goes forth in full sympathy.

Young Punjabees, I wish you to stand by your suffering leaders, bravely, nobly and in pure spirit. In the past we have not always done that and hence our misfortunes and troubles. Let me assure you that the source of mischief lies in your own chicken-heartedness, in our timidity, in our selfishness and egotism, in our inconstancy and disloyalty to our friends and not in any thing that our leaders have done or said. The Punjabees are generous people, they are brave, and noble-hearted but somewhat lacking in loyalty of love and comradeship. In the past we have often deserted our comrades and mingled our voice of denunciation, disapproval and disapprobation with the voices of our enemies. Our enemies are very clever, astute, cunning, diplomatic and powerful. They know how to inoculate innocent and inexperienced minds with the poison of distrust and suspicion;

they know how to play on the instincts of self-preservation, self-interest and egotism; they know how to appeal to the desire of gain and safety inherent in every human being, they know how to divide and split. We have in the past played in their hands too much. Shall we not learn from bitter experience and avoid the mistakes of the past? We have amongst us many a person who sneaks into your confidence, only to betray you, who beguiles you with offers of help and intercession, who appeals to you in the name of prudence and patriotism. Take note of these persons and keep clear of them. Then we have amongst us many a person truly noble and patriotic, *wedded to institutions*. Remember that institutions are only means to ends. They are for us and not we for them. A people morally high, alive to a sense of responsibility, self-sacrificing and ready to suffer for principle and for causes can raise institution but a people morally degraded, dead to a sense of honour, devoid of a spirit of comradeship, of constancy and loyalty to friends and co-workers, always ready to compromise and temporize, ready to change their principles in every emergency cannot in the long run save institutions. Institutions cannot instil life, cannot be a source of inspiration, unless led by men of life and spirit. Stick to your institutions, keep them, save them, stand by them, in every way you can but never let your higher natures be drowned in the sea of anxiety to save them at the cost of everything else. Remember we are in a stage of transition. Actual success in figures whether in the field of social organization, in that of education or even in that of politics, does not matter so much as the spirit by which the nation is permeated and inspired. We were once the wealthiest people on earth, most learned, best educated, but the moment we became dispirited we lost everything. Do not then let yourself be deceived by figures and numbers. Do not let your *morale* and your *spirit* suffer for the sake of institutions and numbers and figures. Let your spirit stand high and undefiled and uncorrupted though lonely.

Pardon me for this sermon. In my judgment this was necessary. I am told that the Punjab is dead and demoralized. All public life has ceased to function and everybody is afraid. Lawyers have refused to defend "political offenders" and newspapers have ceased publication. Friendship, love, sympathy, comradeship and fellow feeling have all disappeared. Every one

is for himself and the devil for the rest. I can picture the conditions. I saw something of that kind in 1907 and then in 1910. But this time the blow has been the hardest and consequently the knock-out most complete. Our enemies are rejoicing and jubilant, our "friends" silent, and cynically apportioning blame on this or that. Some find fault with Gandhi, others with others.

Young Punjabees, I appeal to you with all the earnestness which can command to throw off this demoralization, this spirit of fault-finding, this lowness of *morale*, this cynicism and this worship of self. Stand by your transported and imprisoned leaders, enshrine the names and qualities of those that have died or have to die, give them all the sympathy and help you can; honour and revere them. Your sympathy and appreciation strengthen their soul and help them in bearing their misfortunes but above all be up and doing. Re-build your public life, start your newspapers, revive your political associations, and educate and organize your people. I do not say you to do that in a spirit of revenge and hatred. Do not let your system be poisoned by hate. Avoid and omit all kinds of violence—of intention, speech or deed. *We are neither fit nor ready for a militant revolutionary struggle.* We want a revolution, but not with force or violence. *We want change of heart and a transformation of brains.* What we need is not violence but *firmness*, not vacillation but *determination*, not expediency and time-serving but *principles and a resolution to stand by them*, come what may. Do not worry about your rich men. Let them do as they please. *Organize the middle class, the peasants and the workers.* Do not talk to them of hatred and revenge, nor of force and violence, but of co-operation and consolidation of their rights and their duties, of the necessity of organization and education, of the duty of taking a broader view of things and developing a comprehensive outlook, of the necessity of sacrificing the individual for the community and the community for the nation. Let your newspapers avoid violent language, at the same time keeping clear of sycophancy, flattery and praises of the authorities that be. We want solid truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Let your Hindu Sabhas and Moslem Leagues take care of themselves. *They are to a great extent responsible for all your troubles.* Avoid all such organizations. Their basis is false, their propaganda untrue, their example poisonous and their company demoralizing. Give up

all religious, credal and communal controversies, at least for a time. Cultivate the spirit of fellowship on national, political and economic basis. Organize, educate and agitate. Form yourselves into self-denying groups. Fill your minds with sound knowledge and start newspapers and magazines, not for profit but for education.

In my judgment, Mr. Gandhi is the best leader you have just now. Imbibe his spirit and follow his lead. Suffer patiently, firmly and manfully, when you have to suffer. Do not cry like children "that man did it, he told me, he misled me, he is at fault and not I." Behave like men. Remember the Sikh Gurus who have left the most ennobling example you have in your history of suffering for principle. I am sorry I cannot help you directly but I will do all that I can with tongue, pen and money, even though I may not be with you in body. I will beg, borrow and steal for you. I will work for you and send you what I earn. Let it not be said of the Punjabees of the early twentieth century that they were so poor in spirit that one blow crushed them completely and demoralized them irretrievably.

One with you in sorrow and grief,
LAJPAT RAI

15

FAREWELL !

by

GOPAL KRISHNA GOKHALE

[Farewell address of the late Shri G. K. Gokhale on the eve of his retirement from the Fergusson College, Poona, of which he was one of the professors, at a gathering of the College held on 19th September, 1902.]

Mr. Principal, Brother-Professors and Students of the College: It is not possible for me to rise without deep emotion to reply to the address which has just been read, and to return thanks for the great, the overwhelming kindness with which you

have treated me to-day. All parting in life is sad, but where the heart's deepest feelings are involved, the severance of old ties, and the necessity of saying good-bye, is about as trying an ordeal as any that a man can be called upon to go through. For eighteen years now, I have tried, according to the humble measure of my capacity, to give the best that was in me to this Society. Through good report and through evil report, through sunshine and through storm, it has been my endeavour to work for this institution with a single aim to its welfare, till at last it has become impossible for me to think of myself as apart from this College. And now, when the time for my withdrawing myself from all active work in this institution has come, my heart is naturally stirred by conflicting emotions, in which a feeling of intense thankfulness is mingled with a feeling of deep sadness. I feel thankful, profoundly thankful, that it has pleased Providence to give it to me to discharge the solemn and onerous obligations of a vow taken so many years ago under the influence of youthful enthusiasm, and that no matter what happens to me in the future, I shall always be able to look back with pleasure and pride on this part of my career, and say to myself: "Thank God, I was permitted to fulfil my pledge." But, gentlemen, side by side with this feeling of thankfulness, there is a feeling of deep regret that my active work for this great institution is now at an end. You can easily understand what a wrench it must be to me to thus tear myself away from an institution, to which my best work hitherto has been given, and which always has been first in my thoughts and affections, no matter in how many fields it was my lot to work. Some of you here may, perhaps, be tempted to ask, as other friends have already asked — why do you retire from the College, if you feel the parting so keenly? My answer to this question is, that my decision has not been arrived at without a long and anxious examination of the whole position. In the first place, my health is not now what it once was. During the last term, it was a matter of anxiety to me from week to week, and almost from day to day, how I should be able to finish my work without breaking down in the middle of the term. Even then, as many of you are aware, I was not able to perform my duties in the College with that strict regularity with which my colleagues were performing theirs, and one cannot help feeling that this is a very unsatisfactory position to be in though never a word of complaint

was heard from my colleagues. And I felt I had no right to put such a strain on their indulgence. You know the golden rule that when you sit down to a repast, it is always well to rise a little hungry or when you go to a friend's house, you should rather leave before your time than overstay his hospitality even by a day. I know my colleagues do not think that the illustrations apply. All the same, having worked for eighteen years more or less under high pressure, I thought it was best for me to retire and leave the field to other workers. This, however, is, not my sole reason for withdrawing from the College and some of you are apt to think that it is not a very conclusive one either, and I will frankly tell you that another reason has influenced me in making up my mind, quite as much as this one. Years ago I remember to have read the story of a man who lived by the side of the sea, who had a nice cottage and fields that yielded him their abundance, and who was surrounded by a loving family. The world thought that he was very happy. But to him the sea had a strange fascination. When it lay gently, heaving like an infant asleep, it appealed to him; when it raged like an angry and roaring lion, it till appealed to him; till at last he could withstand the fatal fascination no longer. And so having disposed of everything and put his all into a boat, he launched it on the bosom of the sea. Twice was he beaten back by the waves, a warning he would not heed. He made a third attempt when the pitiless sea overwhelmed him. To a certain extent this seems to me to be my position to-day. Here I am with a settled position in this College, and having for my colleagues men with whom it is a pleasure and a privilege to work, and whose generosity in overlooking my many faults and magnifying any little services I may have rendered has often touched me deeply. And yet, I am giving up all this to embark on the stormy and uncertain sea of public life. But I hear within me a voice which urges me to take this course and I can only ask you to believe me when I say that it is purely from a sense of duty to the best interests of our country that I am seeking this position of greater freedom, but not necessarily of less responsibility. Public life in this country has few rewards and many trials and discouragements. The prospect of work to be done is vast, and no one can say what is on the other side—how all this work may end. But one thing is clear. Those who feel in the matter as I do must devote themselves to the work in a spirit of hope and

faith and seek only the satisfaction which comes of all disinterested exertions. This is not the place where I may speak of my future hopes or lines of work. But one thing I know, and it is this whether I am permitted to press onwards and prove of some little use to the public in another capacity, or whether I have to return a weather-beaten, tempest-tost, ship-wrecked mariner, my thoughts, as you have said in your address, will constantly be with this institution and, on the other hand, I shall always be sure of a warm and hospitable welcome within these walls, whenever I choose to come here. And, now, before concluding I wish to say one thing to the students of this College. I hope and trust that they will always be proud of this institution. I am about to leave you and so I can speak on this subject now with less reserve. I have been nearly all over India, and I have naturally felt special interest in the educational institutions of different places. Nowhere throughout the country is there an institution like this College of ours. There are other institutions better equipped, and also with older traditions; but the self-sacrifice of men like my friends, Mr. Paranjpye and Mr. Rajawade, surrounds this College with a halo of glory all its own. The principal moral interest of this institution is in the fact that it represents an idea and embodies an ideal. The idea is that Indians of the present day can bind themselves together, and putting aside all thoughts of worldly interests, work for a secular purpose with the zeal and enthusiasm which we generally find in the sphere of religion alone. The ideal is the ideal of self help; that we may learn slowly but steadily to rely less and less upon others, however willing to bear our burdens, and more and more upon ourselves. I trust that you, the students of this College, will keep this character of the institution steadily before your eyes—that your devotion to it, your enthusiasm for it, will be commensurate with the nobility and importance of its work, that even when you feel disposed to criticise it, you will speak of it with that loving solicitude with which we mention a parent's faults, and that you will always do what lies in your power to further its interests and enlarge the sphere of its usefulness and influence. And now nothing remains for me but to say "good bye." I know I have given but feeble utterance to the thoughts that are at this moment uppermost in my mind,

but nothing that I can say will express them adequately. I wish you well—individually and collectively. In leaving you as I am doing, I feel I am leaving the best work of my life behind me. I trust that I may meet some of you hereafter as co-workers in other fields, that we may also occasionally meet within the walls of this College. God bless this College and bless you all!

16

"WHAT I CHERISH MOST"

by

RT. HON. V. S. SRINIVASA SASTRI

[*Broadcast talk by the late Rt. Hon. V. S. Srinivasa Sastri, President of the Servants of India Society and Member of the Privy Council, from Madras station of the A.I.R. in December, 1942.*]

What I cherish most is not necessarily what I pursue most. The distinction is important. It is the hiatus between profession and practice, between the ideals to which one pays homage and one's actual conduct. This hiatus is often the result of hypocrisy. But even when it is not so, it is not a matter of indifference to a genuine man, but one of grief and humiliation. Still ideals cannot be dismissed as embarrassing or burdensome; they are indispensable. One must have a clear perception of the best that one would attain, or one's life would be an utter waste. I am now arrived at a stage when long and varied experience enables me to state the qualities, things or institutions that, during the greater part of my active life, have commanded my admiration and inspired my conscious endeavour. I request listeners to be good enough to extend their sympathy and understanding when they hear of the beacon lights that have guided me as man, as teacher and as politician.

The elders of our race have left us proverbs, maxims and precepts by which to regulate our steps in the journey of life. Each man has a selection of these to which he turns by habit.

Faith, hope and charity, charity the greatest of the three, appeal to a certain class of people. Others, philosophically disposed, look upon truth, beauty and goodness as the values which remain in the ultimate analysis.

The highest ethical concepts of the Aryan people are the twin abstractions, truth and duty. To bring them to the concrete sphere, an old writer declares, as the cream of the teachings of the Sastras, that to do good to others is virtue and to do evil to others is sin. In spite of the modern education that I have received, instinct draws me to our own categories. Truth, justice, benevolence form my triad. Benevolence, as I understand it, includes kindness to all life and what in our code is called *kshama*, one word for the negative virtue of forbearance and the positive virtue of forgiveness together. My lapses, alas, from these and other virtues have been many and serious. In all humility, however, I may claim that I have watched myself narrowly and at every fall brought myself before the judgment of my conscience which in consequence retains its sensitiveness and power to punish.

For nearly twenty years I taught boys, loving and loved in return. When, after twenty-eight years of political work, I returned to education, I might have confined myself to the administrative side, but took part in the actual instruction. This I did because I found happiness in it. Our lawgivers of old were wise to ordain that it was the duty of a Brahmana to learn and then to teach, to learn in order to teach and teach in order to learn. Modern conditions do not tolerate caste and its monopolies, and the high calling of the educator is open to all. Blessed are they that enter the profession and feel its joys. Not all are so blessed. The supreme test is, are you unhappy when you can no longer teach? Do you seek opportunities of teaching even when you need not teach? Having learned some things of use and picked up experience in different parts of the world, I feel I should be a despicable miser of knowledge if I passed away without imparting it all to those who could profit by it. Sastirists of all ages have sharpened their pen and their tongue on the pedagogue who can never forget that he is a pedagogue, but must scold and labour the obvious even before his equals and superiors. Leave these to their fate. But is not the man blameworthy who, having gathered wisdom from society, fails to return

it to society with such addition as may be possible to him? In the long story of our culture men and women have crowded at the feet of sages ripe in years and lore of books and never missed the spiritual sustenance that they sought. Often it was a set discourse which the questions evoked. But quite as often they had informal and scattered talk, but it was no less profitable. An old saw recommends you to resort to learned men at all times. What if they do not deliver prepared lectures? Even their random talk will be rich with learning and guidance.

Two corollaries of this duty must be mentioned in this place. One is the need of reading and adding to your knowledge. No man's conversation is worth anything if he is not in touch with the events round him and if he does not keep abreast of the movement of thought and opinion. Also let every teacher of the young remember always that they learn largely through imitation, that imitation is unconscious as well as conscious, and that it is, therefore, incumbent on him, for the sake of his pupils as much as for his own, to set a good example in all respects. Among us now, while public life is in the pangs of growth and we are learning the ways of democracy, a model citizen is worth a library of civics. This fact lays an obvious obligation on the schoolmaster and the professor to take an honourable part in the duties of citizenship.

All through my public life, whether as teacher or subsequently as politician, a noble vision has shed its lustre on my path. Pray do not consider this as propaganda or as controversy. It is a sober statement of conviction. The pioneers of the political movement of our country, going back to the days before the National Congress, dreamed of a united India and a united Indian people. Sometimes they called them a nationality; but always they conceived of them as one whole. They knew that Asoka and Akbar had dreamed the great dream and hoped that it could be realized under the aegis of Britain. When I was a lad at school, Surendra Nath Banerjea thundered forth the evolution of the Indian nation and made the name of Mazzini, Cavour and Garibaldi familiar to our ears. In the west, Ranade enforced the same lesson from the press and the platform, showing how the different cultures that had been thrown together, Hindu, Muslim, Sikh, Parsi and Christian, were blending gra-

dually to form one rich composite Indian culture, how furthermore this process of amalgamation was going forward to its consummation through peaceful and constitutional means, and how patriots should devote themselves to this great purpose in a spirit of sacrifice and suffering. I taught this doctrine to thousands of students. The thought of two or more Indias makes me mad. I cannot bear to hear of it. Tell me, dear friends, don't you feel elated and buoyed up when you see in your mind's eye the Prime Minister of India, drawing himself up to full height at the Council-table of the Britannic Commonwealth or at that of the future world order and speaking in the name of 390 millions with a voice and authority equal to that of Winston Churchill or Field-Marshal Smuts? Before my day is done, I trust fervidly and devoutly, the ideal of a united Indian nation that I have always cherished will be placed beyond all danger.

17

THE GREAT SENTINEL

by

MAHATMA GANDHI

[*In reply to Dr. Rabindranath Tagore's criticism of certain aspects of the Non-co-operation movement started by Mahatma Gandhi the latter published this article in Young India (13-10-1921) which he was then editing.*]

The Bard of Shantiniketan has contributed to the *Modern Review* a brilliant essay on the present movement. It is a series of word pictures which he alone can paint. It is an eloquent protest against authority, slave mentality or whatever description one gives of blind acceptance of a passing mania whether out of fear or hope. It is a welcome and wholesome reminder to all workers that we must not be impatient, we must not impose authority no matter how great. The poet tells us summarily to reject anything and everything that does not appeal to our reason or heart. If

we would gain Swaraj, we must stand for Truth as we know it at any cost. A reformer who is enraged because his message is not accepted must retire to the forest to learn how to watch, wait and pray. With all this one must heartily agree, and the Poet deserves the thanks of his countrymen for standing up for Truth and Reason. There is no doubt that our last state will be worse than our first, if we surrender our reason into somebody's keeping. And I would feel extremely sorry to discover, that the country had unthinkingly and blindly followed all I had said or done. I am quite conscious of the fact that blind surrender to love is often more mischievous than a forced surrender to the lash of the tyrant. There is hope for the slave of the brute, none for that of love. Love is needed to strengthen the weak, love becomes tyrannical when it exacts obedience from an unbeliever. To mutter a *mantra* without knowing its value is unmanly. It is good, therefore, that the poet has invited all who are slavishly *mimicking* the call of the *charkha* boldly to declare their revolt. His essay serves as a warning to us all who in our impatience are betrayed into intolerance or even violence aganist those who differ from us. I regard the Poet as a sentinel warning us against the approach of enemies called Bigotry, Lethargy, Intolerance, Ignorance, Inertia and other members of that brood.

But whilst I agree with all that the Poet has said as to the necessity of watchfulness lest we cease to think, I must not be understood to endorse the proposition that there is any such blind obedience on a large scale in the country to-day. I have again and again appealed to reason, and let me assure him, that if happily the country has come to believe in the spinning-wheel as the giver of plenty, it has done so after laborious thinking, after great hesitation. I am not sure, that even now educated India has assimilated the truth underlying the *charkha*. He must not mistake the surface dirt for the substance underneath. Let him go deeper and see for himself, whether the *charkha* has been accepted from blind faith or from reasoned necessity.

I do indeed ask the Poet and the page to spin the wheel as a sacrament. When there is war, the poet lays down the lyre, the lawyer his law reports, the schoolboy his books. The Poet will sing the true note after the war is over, the lawyer will have occasion to go to his law books when people have time to

fight among themselves. When a house is on fire, all the inmates go out, and each one takes up a bucket to quench the fire. When all about me are dying for want of food, the only occupation permissible to me is to feed the hungry. It is my conviction that India is a house on fire, because its manhood is being daily scorched, it is dying of hunger because it has no work to buy food with. Khulna is starving not because the people cannot work, but because they have no work. The Ceded Districts are passing successively through a fourth famine. Orissa is a land suffering from chronic famines. Our cities are not India. India lives in her seven and a half lacs of villages, and the cities live upon the villages. They do not bring their wealth from other countries. The city people are brokers and commission agents for the big houses of Europe, America and Japan. The cities have co-operated with the latter in the bleeding process that has gone on for the past two hundred years. It is my belief based on experience, that India is daily growing poorer. The circulation about her feet and legs has almost stopped. And if we do not take care, she will collapse altogether.

To a people famishing and idle, the only acceptable form in which God can dare appear is work and promise of food as wages. God created man to work for his food and said that those who ate without work were thieves. Eighty per cent of India are compulsorily thieves half the year. It is any wonder if India has decome one vast prison? Hunger is the argument that is driving India to the spinning wheel. The call of the spinning wheel is the noblest of all. Because it is the call of love. And love is Swaraj. The spinning wheel will 'curb the mind' when time spent on necessary physical labour can be said to do so. We must think of millions who are to-day less than animals, who are almost in a dying state. The spinning wheel is the reviving draught for the millions of our dying country men and country women. 'Why should I, who have no deed to work for food, spin?' may be the question asked. Because I am eating what does not belong to me. I am living on the spoliation of my countrymen. Trace the course of every pice that finds its way into your pocket, and you will realise the truth of what I write. Swaraj has no meaning for the millions if they do not know how to employ their enforced idleness. The attainment of this Swaraj is possible within a short

time, and it is so possible only by the revival of the spinning wheel.

I do want growth, I do want self-determination, I do want freedom, but I want all these for the soul. I doubt if the steel age is an advance upon the flint age. I am indifferent. It is the evolution of the soul to which the intellect and all our faculties have to be devoted. I have no difficulty in imagining the possibility of a man armoured after the modern style making some lasting and new discovery for mankind, but I have less difficulty in imagining the possibility of a man having nothing but a bit of flint and a nail for lighting his path or his matchlock ever singing new hymns of praise and delivering to an aching world a message of peace and goodwill upon earth. A plea for the spinning wheel is a plea for recognising the dignity of labour.

I claim that in losing the spinning wheel we lost our left lung. We are therefore suffering from galloping consumption. The restoration of the wheel arrests the progress of the fell disease. There are certain things which all must do in all climes. There are certain things which all must do in certain climes. The spinning wheel is the thing which all must turn in the Indian clime for the transition stage at any rate and the vast majority must for all time.

It was our love of foreign cloth that ousted the wheel from its position of dignity. Therefore I consider it a sin to wear foreign cloth. I must confess that. I do not draw a sharp or any distinction between economics and ethics. Economics that hurt the moral well-being of an individual or a nation are immoral and therefore sinful. Thus the economics that permit one country to prey upon another are immoral. It is sinful to buy and use articles made by sweated labour. It is sinful to eat American wheat and let my neighbour the grain dealer, starve for want of custom. Similarly it is sinful for me to wear the latest finery of Regent Street, when I know that if I had but worn the things woven by the neighbouring spinners and weavers, that would have clothed me, and fed and clothed them. On the knowledge of my sin bursting upon me, I must consign the foreign garments to the flames and thus purify myself, and thenceforth rest content with the rough *Khadi* made by my neighbours. On knowing that my neighbours

may not, having given up the occupation, take kindly to the spinning wheel, I must take it up myself and thus make it popular.

I venture to suggest to the Poet, that the clothes I ask him to burn must be and are his. If they had to his knowledge belonged to the poor or the ill-clad, he would long ago have restored to the poor what was theirs. In burning *my* foreign clothes I burn my shame. I must refuse to insult the naked by giving them clothes they do not need, instead of giving them work which they sorely need. I will not commit the sin of becoming their patron, but on learning that I had assisted in impoverishing them, I would give them a privileged position and give them neither crumbs nor cast off clothing, but the best of my food and clothes and associate myself with them in work.

Nor is the scheme of non-co-operation or Swadeshi an exclusive doctrine. My modesty has prevented me from declaring from the house top that the message of non-co-operation, non-violence and Swadeshi is a message to the world. It must fall flat, if it does not bear fruit in the soil where it has been delivered. At the present moment India has nothing to share with the world save her degradation, pauperism and plagues. Is it her ancient Shastras that we should send to the world? Well, they are printed in many editions, and an incredulous and idolatrous world refuses to look at them, because we the heirs and custodians do not live them. Before therefore I can think of sharing with the world, I must possess. Our non-co-operation is neither with the English nor with the West. Our non-co-operation is with the system the English have established, with the material civilisation and its attendant greed and exploitation of the weak. Our non-co-operation is a retirement within ourselves. Our non-co-operation is a refusal to co-operate with the English administrators on their own terms. We say to them, 'Come and co-operate with us on our terms, and it will be well for us, for you and the world.' We must refuse to be lifted off our feet. A drowning man cannot save others. In order to be fit to save others, we must try to save ourselves. Indian nationalism is not exclusive, nor aggressive, nor destructive. It is health-giving, religious and therefore humanitarian. India must learn to live before she can aspire to die for humanity. The mice which helplessly find themselves between the cat's teeth acquire no merit from their enforced sacrifice.

True to his poetical instinct the poet lives for the morrow and would have us do likewise. He presents to our admiring gaze the beautiful picture of the birds early in the morning singing hymns of praise as they soar into the sky. These birds had their day's food and soared with rested wings in whose veins new blood had flown during the previous night. But I have had the pain of watching birds who for want of strength could not be coaxed even into a flutter of their wings. The human bird under the Indian sky gets up weaker than when he pretended to retire. For millions it is an eternal vigil or an eternal trance. It is an indescribably painful state which has to be experienced to be realised. I have found it impossible to soothe suffering patients with a song from Kabir. The hungry millions ask for one poem-invigorating food. They cannot be given it. They must earn it. And they can earn only by the sweat of their brow.

18

DAYANAND — THE MAN AND HIS WORK

by

SRI AUROBINDO

Vivekananda was a soul of puissance, if ever there was one, a very lion among men, but the definite work he has left behind is quite incommensurate with our impression of his creative might and energy. We perceive his influence still working gigantically. We know not well how, know not well where in something that is not yet formed, something leonine grand, intuitive, upheaving that has entered the soul of India and we say, "Behold Vivekananda still lives in the soul of his Mother and in the souls of her children." So it is with all. Not only are the men greater than their definite works but their influence is so wide and formless that it has little relation of any formal work that they have left behind them.

Very different was the manner of working of Dayanand. Here was one who did not infuse himself informally into the indeterminate soul of things, but stamped his figure indelibly as in bronze on men and things. Here was one whose formal works are the very children of his spiritual body, children, fair and robust and full of vitality, the image of their creator. Here was one who knew definitely and clearly the work he was sent to do, chose his materials, determined his condition with a sovereign clairvoyance of the spirit and executed his conception with the puissant mastery of the born worker.

As I regard the figure of this formidable artisan in God's workshop, images crowd on me which are all of battle and work and conquest and triumphant labour. Here I say to myself, was a very soldier of light, a warrior in God's world, a sculptor of men and institutions, a bold and rugged victor of the difficulties which matter presents to spirit. And the whole sums itself up to me in a powerful impression of "spiritual practicality." The combination of these two words, usually so divorced from each other in our conceptions, seems to me the very definition of Dayanand.

Even if we leave out of account the actual nature of the work he did, the mere face that he did it in this spirit and to this effect would give him a unique place among our great founders. He brings back an old Aryan element into the national character. This element gives us the second of the differentia I observe and it is the secret of the first. We others live in a stream of influences; we allow them to pour through us and mould us; there is something shaped and out of it a modicum of work results; the rest is split out again in a stream of influence.

We are indeterminate in our lives, we accommodate ourselves to circumstances and environment. Even when we would fain be militant and intransigent, we are really fluid and opportunist. Dayanand seized on all that entered into him, held it in himself, masterfully sharped into the form that he saw to be right. That which strikes us in him as militant and aggressive was a part of his strength of self-definition.

He was not only plastic to the great hand of Nature, but asserted his own right and power to use life and Nature as plastic material. We can imagine his soul crying still to us with our in-

sufficient spring of manhood and action "Be not content, O Indian, only to be infinitely and grow vaguely, but see what God intends thee to be, determine in the light of his inspiration to what thou shalt grow. Seeing hew out of thyself hew that out of life. Be a thinker but be also a doer; be a soul, but be also a man; be a servant of God, but also a master of Nature!" For this was what he himself was; a man with God in his soul, vision in his eyes and power in his hands to hew out of life an image according to his vision. Hew is the right word. Granite himself, he smote out a shape of things with great blows as in granite.

In Dayanand's life we see always the puissant jet of the spiritual practicality. A spontaneous power and decisiveness is stamped everywhere on his work. And to begin with what a master glance of practical institution was this to go back trenchantly to the very root of Indian life and culture, to derive from the flower of its first birth the seed for a radical new birth. And what an act of grandiose intellectual courage to lay hold upon this Scripture, defaced by ignorant comment and oblivious of its spirit, degraded by misunderstanding to the level of an ancient document of barbarism, and to perceive in it its real worth as a scripture which conceals in itself the deep and energetic spirit of the forefathers who made this country and nation — a Scripture of divine knowledge, divine worship, divine action. I know not whether Dayanand's powerful and original commentary will be widely accepted as the definite work on the Veda. I think myself some delicate work is still called for to bring out other aspects of this profound and astonishing Revelation. But this matters little.

The essential is that seized justly on the Veda as India's Rock of Ages and had the daring conception to build on what his penetrating glance perceived in it a whole nationhood. Rammohan Roy, that other great soul and puissant worker who laid his hand in Bengal and shook her—to what mighty issues?—out of her long indolent sleep by her rivers and rice fields—Rammohan Roy stopped short at the Upanishads.

Dayanand looked beyond and perceived that our true original seed was the Veda. He had the national instinct and he was able to make it luminous—an intuition in place of an instinct.

Therefore, the works that derive from him, however they depart from received traditions, must needs be profoundly national.

To be national is not to stand still. Rather, to seize on a vital thing out of the past and throw it into the system of modern life, is really the most powerful means of renovation and new creation. Dayanand's work brings back such a principle and spirit of the past to vivify a modern mould. And observe that in the work as in the first jet of its virgin vigour, pure from its sources, near to its root principle and therefore to something eternal and always renewable.

And in the work as in the man we find that faculty of spontaneous definite labour and vigorous formation which proceeds from an inner principle of perfect clearness, truth and sincerity. To be clear in one's own mind, entirely true and plain with one's self and with others, wholly honest with the conditions and materials of one's labour, is a rare gift in our crooked, complex and faltering humanity. It is the spirit of the Aryan worker and a sure secret of vigorous success. For always Nature recognises a clear, honest and recognisable knock at her door and gives the result with an answering scrupulosity and diligence. And it is good that the spirit of the Master should leave its trace in his followers, that somewhere in India, there should be a body of whom it can be said that when a work is seen to be necessary and right, the men will be forthcoming, the means forthcoming and that work will, surely, be done.

Truth seems a simple thing and is yet most difficult. Truth was the master-word of the Vedic teaching, truth in the soul, truth in the vision, truth in the intention, truth in the act. Practical truth 'Aryatva', inner candour and a strong sincerity, clearness and open honour in the world and deed was the temperament of old Aryan morals. It is the secret of a pure unspoilt energy, the sign that a man has not travelled far from Nature. It is the bar dexter of the son of Heaven, 'Devasputra.' This was the stamp that Dayanand left behind him and it should be the mark and effigy of himself by which the parentage of his work can be recognised. May his spirit act in India, pure, unspoilt, unmodified and help to give us back that of which our life stands especially in need pure energy, high clearness, the penetrating eye, the masterful hand, the noble and dominant sincerity.

19

MOTHER OF DREAM

by

SRI AUROBINDO

[This poem was composed by the late Sri Aurobindo in the Alipore Jail, Calcutta, in 1909, of course without the aid of any writing materials. He committed it to memory, and wrote it down after his release. It appeared originally in the "Modern Review."]

Goddess supreme, Mother of Dream, by the ivory doors who standest,

Who are they then that come down unto men in the visions that
Troop, group upon group, down the path of the shadows slanting?
Dream after dream, flash they and gleam with the flame of the stars still round them;
Shadows beside in a darkness that ride where the wild fires dance, glow and glance, and the random meteor glistens.
There are voices that cry to their kin who reply, voices sweet at heart that beat and ravish the soul as it listens.
What then are these lands and seas more radiant than earth can imagine?
Who are they pace by the waves that race on the cliff-bound floor of thy shore under skies in which mystery muses,
Lapped in moonlight not of our night or a sunshine that is not diurnal?
Who are they coming thy Oceans roaming with sails whose strands are not made by hands an earthly wind advances?
Why do they join in a mystic line with those on the sands linking hands in strange and stately dances?
Thou in the air, with a flame in the hair, the whirl of thy wonders watching,
Holdest the night in thy ancient right, mother divine, hyacinthine, with a girdle of beauty defended.

Sworded with fire, attracting desire, thy tenebrous kingdom thou keepest,
Starry sweet, with the moon at thy feet, now hidden now seen clouds between in the gloom and the drift of thy tresses.
Only to those whom thy fancy chose, thou heart-free, is it given to see thy witchcraft and feel thy caresses.
Open the gate where thy children wait in their world of a beauty undarkened.
There on a cloud victorious, proud, I have espied Maghavan ride when the armies of wind are behind him.
Food has been given for my tasting from heaven and fruit of immortal sweetness;
I have drunk wine of the kingdoms divine, heard the change of music strange from a lyre which our hands cannot master.
Doors have swung wide in the chambers of pride where the Gods reside and the Apsaras dance in their circles faster and faster.
And at the gates of the heavenly states thou art planted thy wand enchanted over the head of the Yogin waving.
From thee are the dream and the shadows that seem and the fugitive light that deludes us;
Thine is the shade in which visions are made; sped by thy hands from celestial lands come the souls that rejoice for ever.
Through thee we must pass in the mighty chase if we would climb out of Space and Time to the summit of our endeavour.

20

THE LIFE OF NATIONALISM

by

SRI AUROBINDO

(*This editorial article appeared in the "Bande Mataram,' the leading Nationalist daily journal of Calcutta, a few days after the memorable break-up of the Surat session of the Indian National Congress on the 27th December, 1907, owing to the opposi-*

tion of the Nationalist delegates led by Lokamanya Tilak to the election of Dr. Rash Behari Ghose as President, whose address, therefore could not be delivered. It cannot be said with any degree of certainty whether Sri Aurobindo, who was known to be the editor-in-chief of the journal at the time, wrote the article, or his assistant, Shyam Sunder Chakravarty, was the author of it. In any case, it must be pronounced to be a masterpiece of literary and political eloquence.)

For all great movements, for all ideas that have a destiny before them, there are four seasons of life-development. There is first a season of secret or quasi-secret growth when the world knows nothing of this momentous birth which time has engendered, when the peoples of the earth persist in the old order of things with the settled conviction that that order has yet many centuries of life before it, when Krishna is growing from infancy to youth in Gokul among the obscure and the despised and the weak ones of the earth and Kamsa knows not his enemy and, however he may be troubled by vague apprehensions and old prophecies and new presentiments, yet on the whole comforts himself with the thought of his great and invincible power and his mighty allies and by long impunity has almost come to think himself immortal. Then there comes the leaping of the great name to light, the sudden coming from Gokul to Mathura, the amazement, alarm and fury of the doomed powers and greatnesses, the delight of the oppressed who waited for a deliverer, the guile and violence of the tyrant and his frantic attempts to reverse the decrees of fate and slay the young deity,—as if that godhead could pass from the world with its work undone. This is the second period, of emergence, of the struggle of the idea to live, of furious persecution of miraculous persistence and survival, when the old world looks with alarm and horror on this new and portentous force, and in the midst of wild worship and enthusiasm, of fierce hatred and frantic persecution, of bitter denunciation and angry dispargement, assisted by its friends, still better assisted by its foes, the new idea, fed with the blood of its children, thriving on torture, magnified by martyrdom, aggrandized by defeat, increases and lifts its head higher and higher into the heavens and spreads its arms wider and wider to embrace the earth until the

world is full of its indomitable presence and loud with the clamour of its million voices and powers and dominations are crushed between its fingers or hasten to make peace and composition with it that they may be allowed to live. That is its third period, the season of triumph when the tyrant meets face to face the man of his own blood and sprung from the seed of his own fostering who is to destroy him, and in the moment when he thinks to slay his enemy feels the grasp of the avenger on his hair and the sword of doom in his heart. Last is the season of rule and fulfilment, the life of Krishna at Dwaraka, when the victorious idea lives out its potent and unhindered existence, works its will with a world which has become in its hands as clay in the hands of the potter, creates what it has to create, teaches what it has to teach, until its own time comes and with the arrow of Age, the hunter, in its heel it gives up its body and returns to the great source of all power and energy from which it came.

But in its second period, the season of ordeal and persecution, only the children of grace for whom the gospel is preached are able to see that vision of its glory. The world admires and hates and doubts, but will not believe. The enemies of the idea have sworn to give it short shrift. They promulgate and ordinance to the effect that it shall not dare to live, and pass a law that it shall be dumb on pain of imprisonment and death, and add a bye-law that whoever has power and authority in any part of the land shall seek out the first-born and the young children of the idea and put them to the sword. As in the early days of the Christian Church, so always zealous persecutors carry on an inquisition in house and school and market to know who favour the new doctrine; they "breathe out threatenings and slaughters against the disciples of the Lord" and "make havoc of the Church entering into every house and hailing men and women commit them to prison." The instruments of death are furbished up, the rack and thumbscrew and old engines of torture which had been rusting in the lumber-room of the past are brought out, and the gallows is made ready and the scaffold raised. Even of the nation to which the gospel is preached, the rich men and the high-priests and pandits and people of weight and authority receive its doctrine with anger, fear and contempt — anger, because it threatens their position of comfortable authority amongst men; fear, because they see it grow with an inexplicable portentous rapidity and know

that its advent means a time of upheaval, turmoil and bloodshed very disturbing to the digestions, property and peace of mind of the wealthy and "enlightened few;" contempt, because its enthusiasms are unintelligible to their worldly wisdom, its gigantic promises incredible to their cautious scepticism and its inspired teachings an offence and a scandal to their narrow systems of expediency and pedantic wisdom of the schools. They condemn it, therefore, as a violent and pernicious madness, belittle it as a troublesome, but insignificant sect, get their learned men to argue it or their jesters to ridicule it out of existence, or even accuse its apostles before the tribunal of alien ruler, a Pontius Pilate, a Felix or a Festus, as "pestilent fellows and movers of sedition throughout the nation." But in spite of all and largely because of all the persecution, denunciation and dispargement, the idea gathers strength and increases; there are strange and great conversions, baptisms of whole multitudes and eager embracings of martyrdom, and the reasonings of the wise and learned are no more heeded and the prisons of the ruler overflow to no purpose and the gallows bears its ghastly burden fruitlessly and the sword of the powerful drips blood in vain. For the idea is God's deputy and life and death, victory and defeat, joy and suffering have become its servants and cannot help ministering to its divine purpose.

The idea of Indian Nationalism is in the second season of its life history. The moderate legend of its origin is that it was the child of Lord Curzon begotten upon despair and brought safely to birth by the skilful midwifery of Sir Bamfylde. Nationalism was never a gospel of despair nor did it owe its birth to oppression. It is no true account of it to say that because Lord Curzon favoured reaction, a section of the Congress party lost faith in England and turned Extremist, and it is vain political trickery to tell the bureaucrats in their councils that it was their frown which created Extremism and the renewal of their smiles will kill it. The fixed illusion of these moderate gospellers is that the national life of India is merely a fluid mirror reflecting the moods of the bureaucracy, sunny and serene when they are in a good humour and stormy and troubled when they are out of temper, that it can have no independent existence, no self-determined character of its own which the favour of the bureaucracy cannot influence and its anger cannot disturb. But Nationalism

was born of persecution and cannot be killed by the cessation of persecution. Long before the advent of Curzonism and Fullerism, while the Congress was beslavering the present absolutist bureaucracy with fulsome praise as a good and beneficent government marred by a few serious defects, while it was singing hymns of loyalty and descanting on the blessings of British rule, Nationalism was already born and a slowly-growing force. It was not born and did not grow in the Congress Pandal, nor in the Bombay Presidency Association, nor in the councils of the wise economists and learned reformers, nor in the brains of the Mehtas and Gokhales, nor in the tongues of the Surendranaths and Lalmohuns, nor under the hat and coat of the denationalised ape of English speech and manners. It was born like Krishna in the prison-house, in the hearts of men to whom India under the good and beneficient government of absolutism seemed an intolerable dungeon, to whom the blessings of an alien despotic rule were hardly more acceptable than the plagues of Egypt, who regarded the comfort, safety and ease of the *Pax Britannica*, — an ease and safety not earned by our own efforts and vigilance but purchased by the slow loss of every element of manhood and every field of independent activity among us,—as more fatal to the life of the people than the Poosta of the Mughals, with whom a few seats in the Council or on the Bench and right of entry into the Civil Service and a free Press and platform could not weigh against the starvation of the rack-rented millions, the drain of our life-blood, the atrophy of our energies and the disintegration of our national character and ideals; who looked beyond the temporary ease and opportunities of a few merchants, clerks and successful professional men to the lasting pauperism and degradation of a great and ancient people. And Nationalism grew as Krishna grew who ripened to strength and knowledge, not in the courts of princes and the schools of the Brahmins but in the obscure and despised homes of the poor and ignorant. In the cave of the Sanyasin, under the garb of the Fakir, in the hearts of young men and boys many of whom could not speak a word of English but all could work and dare and sacrifice for the Mother, in the life of men of education and parts who had received the *mantra* and put from them the desire of wealth and honours to teach and labour so that the good religion might

spread, there Nationalism grew slowly to its strength and unheeded and unnoticed, until in its good time it came to Bengal, the destined place of its self-manifestation and for three years, unheeded and unnoticed, spread over the country gathering in every place the few who were capable of the vision and waiting for the time that would surely come when oppression would begin in earnest and the people look round them for some way of deliverance.

For that an absolute rule will one day begin to coerce and trample on the subject population is an inevitable law of nature which none can escape. The master with full power of life and death over his servant can only be gracious so long as he is either afraid of his slave or else sure that the slave will continue willing, obedient and humble in his servitude and not transgress the limits of the freedom allowed him by his master. But if the serf begins to assert himself, to insist on the indulgence conceded to him as on a right, to rebel against occasional harshnesses, to wag his tongue with too insolent a licence and disobey imperative orders, then it is not in human nature for the master to refrain from calling for the scourge and the fetters. And if the slave resists the application of the scourge and the imposition of the fetters, it becomes a matter of life and death for the master to enforce his orders and put down the mutiny. Oppression was, therefore, inevitable, and oppression was necessary that the people as a whole might be disposed to accept Nationalism, but Nationalism was not born of oppression. The oppressions and onslaughters committed by Kamsa upon the Yadavas did not give birth to Krishna but they were needed that the people of Mathura might look for the deliverer and accept him when he came. To hope that conciliation will kill Nationalism is to mistake entirely the birth, nature and working of the new force, nor will either the debating skill of Mr. Gokhale nor all Dr. Ghose's army of literary quotations and allusions convince Englishmen that any such hope can be admitted for a moment. For Englishmen are political animals with centuries of political experience in their blood, and though they possess little logic and less wisdom, yet in such matters they have an instinct which is often surer than reason or logic. They know that what is belittled as Extremism is really Nationalism and Nationalism has never been killed by conciliation; concessions it will only take as new weapons in its fight

for complete victory and unabridged dominion. We desire our countrymen on their side to cultivate a corresponding instinct and cherish an invincible faith. There are some who fear that conciliation or policy may unstring the new movement and others who fear that persecution may crush it. Let them have a robuster faith in the destinies of their race. As neither the milk of Putana nor the hoofs of the demon could destroy the infant Krishna, so neither Kamsa's wiles nor his *vishakanyas* nor his mad elephants nor his wrestlers could kill Krishna revealed in Mathura, so neither a revival of Riponism nor the poison of discord sown by bureaucratic allurements, nor Fullerism plus hooliganism nor prosecution under cover of legal statutes can slay Nationalism now that it has entered the arena. Nationalism is an *avatar* and cannot be slain. Nationalism is a divinely appointed *shakti* of the Eternal and must do its God-given work before it returns to the bosom of the Universal Energy from which it came.

21

"THIS, THIS IS LIFE"

by

SWAMI RAM TIRTH

(Swami Ram Tirth, who had a distinguished career in the Punjab as an educationist, renounced the world early to become a Sannyasin and before he passed away in 1906 had earned an enduring name for himself as a powerful writer, speaker and mystic poet-philosopher.)

This, this is life; this, this is immortality.
This is to live and move as Power, Shakti.
That splits pillars with glances.

Such can say

The world turns aside
To make room for me;
I come, blazing Light;
And the shadows must flee.

O mountains, Beware!
Come not in my way;
Your ribs will be shattered
And tattered today.

O kings and commanders!
My fanciful toys!
Here's Deluge of Fire,
Line clear! my boys!

I hitch to my chariot
The Fates and the Gods
With thunder of cannon
Proclaim it abroad:

Shake! Shake off delusion!.
Wake! Wake up! Be free,
Liberty! Liberty!
Liberty!

22

INDIA'S RIGHT TO SELF-GOVERNMENT

by

M. A. JINNAH

[*Mr. Mahomed Ali Jinnah was a valiant fighter in the ranks of the Indian National Congress and a firm believer in Hindu-Moslem Unity before he broke away from the Congress in the thirties and later, in his new role as Quaid-Azam, became primarily responsible for the partition of the country and the setting up of Pakistan. At the All-India Moslem League session held at Calcutta in December 1917, in moving the resolution in support of the joint Congress-League demand for the establishment of complete responsible government in the country he made this speech.*]

This is the most important resolution of all except the one which related to the release of Mr. Mahomed Ali and Mr.

Shawkat Ali. The resolution says, in the first instance, that we want Responsible Government to be established in this country within a period, the time limit of which was to be fixed in the statute. I will explain to you what this means. We all know that His Majesty's Government made a pronouncement on the 20th of August. It was the first time in the history of India that the British Government has definitely and clearly declared that the goal of British Rule in this country is to establish Responsible Government (*"Hear", "Hear"*). But as against that we had got the pronouncement that it would have to be achieved by substantial stages, and substantial steps in that direction would be taken as soon as possible. What we wish to express in this resolution is this, that whatever those stages might be, after substantial steps were taken in that direction, the achievement of complete responsible self-government must be within the time limit which must be fixed in the statute itself. We might ask why we state this. I want to explain to you why we state that. We state that because we do not wish that the matter should be left to the caprice or the will of the Government, but we want it in their statute. The second part of the resolution is that towards that goal a definite step should be taken and that step is embodied in the resolution that was passed at the joint meeting of the Congress and the Muslim League. That scheme had been criticised. Many faults have been pointed out by our opponents — many defects have been pointed out to us by our opponents. I wish — to say this — and I believe I am expressing the views of the people of India — before them. The first question I wish to put before our opponents is this. Is India to be governed for the good of her people or not? I take it that no honest man, be he an Englishman or any other, would dare say that India is not to be governed for the good of the people in the first and primary instance. If the proposition is sound, then the next proposition is this. If India is to be governed for the good of the people, who is to govern India? Certainly no class, no section, no community, but the people of this country. (*"Hear", "Hear"*). I recognize ungrudgingly that the British nation has contributed towards what modern India is. But I refuse — and I emphatically refuse — to say that, therefore, the English people should have the monopoly of power here. (*"Hear", "Hear"*).

It is said that we are going on at a tremendous speed, that we are in a minority and the Government of this country might afterwards become a Hindu Government. I want to give an answer to this. I particularly wish to address my Mahomedan friends on this point. Do you think, in the first instance, as to whether it is possible that the government of this country could become a Hindu Government? Do you think that Government could be conducted by ballot boxes? Do you think that because the Hindus are in the majority, therefore they could carry on a measure, in the Legislative Assembly, and there is an end of it? If seventy millions of Mussalmen do not approve of a measure, which is carried by a ballot box, do you think that it could be enforced and administered in this country? *(Cries of "No, No").* Do you think that the Hindu statesmen, with their intellect, with their past history, would ever think of — when they get self-government — enforcing a measure by ballot box? *(Cries of "No, No").* Then what is there to fear? *(Cries of "Nothing").* Therefore, I say to my Moslem friends not to fear. This is a bogey, which is put before you by your enemies *(Cries of "Hear", "Hear")* to frighten you, to scare you away from the co-operation with the Hindus which is essential for the establishment of self-government. *(Cries of "Hear", "Hear").* If this country is not to be governed by the Hindus, let me tell you in the same spirit, it was not to be governed by the Mahomedans either and certainly not by the English. *(Cries of "Certainly not").* It is to be governed by the people *(Cries of "Hear", "Hear")* and the sons of this country *(Cries of "Hear", "Hear"),* and I, standing here — I believe that I am voicing the feeling of the whole of India — say that what we demand is the immediate transfer of the substantial power of Government of this country *(Cries of "Hear", "Hear")* and that is the principal demand of our scheme of reform.

Do not our opponents understand this? Are they so dull? Are they so foolish? Do they not understand this demand? Our demand is this: "You have monopoly in this country in the government of this country. You have monopoly in this country in the army. You have monopoly in the commerce of this country. We are not going to submit to any of these three monopolies. You have enjoyed them for the last 150 years, but we are tired of it *(Cries of "Hear", "Hear")*." Believe me, our opponents perfectly well understand us, but, as it is said, none are so blind as those

who won't see. That is their position. They won't see. But fortunately for us — I am very glad to say that the British statesmen have realized the position and the Cabinet has made a pronouncement and they have sent Mr. Montague, Secretary of State for India, to this country with a view that he should see for himself what the position is. Mr. Montague is amongst us and I believe I am expressing the universal feeling of the people of this country when I say this: We have great faith in him (*Cries of "Hear", "Hear"*) and we trust and hope that he will not fail. All that we can say now to the Government is this — when I say Government I do not mean the bureaucratic Government, but I mean His Majesty's Government in England — that we have, after deliberate, careful consideration, with all the intelligence and skill that we could possess, produced a scheme and, mind you, do not say that this is a perfect scheme, but then I challenge any one who can produce a perfect scheme. We say here are our proposals and up to the present moment in this country there is nobody, no association and no individual that has produced a different scheme except Mr. Curtis. I will say what I have got to say with regard to Mr. Curtis' scheme. So far as His Majesty's Government is concerned, I feel this. These are my proposals. At the present moment I have no reason of any kind whatsoever to deviate from this proposal a hair's breadth, because I believe in them. Will you produce what is your proposal? Will you tell me what you are going to do as a substantial step, or substantial steps towards establishing the complete responsible government in this country and if Mr. Montague — it is no use of my saying it, but I must say it because I am dealing with the subject, we are fortunate because Mr. Montague is one of the ablest statesmen of England today — publishes his proposals and when he will publish his proposals, as he must, because that has been promised by that famous announcement, and if those proposals are more substantial or more in the interest of my country, I can give an assurance to Mr. Montague and to His Majesty's Government that we are not so foolish as not to accept something of which we are convinced that it is better. But give me your proposal. Give me time to consider and I shall then decide. As far as I know and I believe it is correct — Mr. Montague will probably make his pronouncement before May or before the end of May. (*Cries of "Hear", "Hear"*).

The question that I want you to consider today is a very important one. We are passing this resolution, namely that these are our claims of reforms which we want. But when these proposals are published we must be ready, we must be prepared, at that moment to consider those proposals and I want to make before you — as I said in the Indian National Congress that the Indian National Congress should hold a special session to consider these proposals — the same suggestion, which I hope and trust you will approve of, namely that we also ought to call a special session of the All-India Moslim League to consider those proposals. After we have considered those proposals and we shall do so most willingly in cônsultation with the Indian National Congress, and if ever that moment arise, as I hope it will, that these two bodies call their special meetings and we come to an agreement that this is what we want, this is what we agree upon — then, after that I take it that the Hindus and Mahomedans as one nation will make that demand and there will be no going back from it. ("*Hear*", "*Hear*"). If you think that you are going to get political freedom or political liberty without some sacrifice, I think you are mistaken. ("*Hear*", "*Hear*"). You must remember that there are so many forces working, so many conflicting elements that exist. You must remember that the success or the failure with regard to your demand will depend entirely upon yourself, and the question is what you are capable of doing.

I say you must make up your mind — you must determine that you will not be satisfied you will never be satisfied with any proposal that the Government may publish, unless and until two definite proposals are embodied in those proposals: the first, which is the most potent and which is the only test of power, is the power of the purse. We want financial control and we want control over the executive. The next thing that I want to say is this. I think I have told you that our opponents understand us. But if they do not understand us, I will put before them once more very shortly what we want. The first thing that I want is that all sinister race distinctions should be abolished. It is a stain on our statute books that there should be race distintcions in the eyes of law and justice. That must be abolished instantaneously. ("*Hear*", "*Hear*"). The second thing I want our opponents clearly to understand is that all coercing measures, which have found their place in the statute books, should be repealed instantaneously.

(*"Hear", "Hear"*). The British Government, or no Government in this world, except people to be loyal to that Government when that Government treats one subject differently from another subject of its. The European in this country is not only treated differently by the executive, but by the law of the land. (*Cries of "Shame"!*). Does any Government expect that these men, whose history is as great as that of any other nation, whose literature is as noble as that of any other nations in the world, with proper opportunities, and proper education, do not feel the distinctions which are galling in this country at every step? Do they expect the people to remain loyal to this Government where they feel the distinction in every branch, in every walk of life?

The second point that I mention is about the coercive measures. Only take the history of this country of the last twenty years or so. Let us ask this question — what has been the cause of these coercive measures such as the Press Act? The people of this country have been loyal — the people of this country have always been satisfied notwithstanding the many disabilities, many disadvantages and ill-treatments. What is the cause of this? The cause of it — you know it, I know it and the Government knows it — is that the people of India resent the continual slavish conditions which prevail in this country. Instead of Government meeting the complaints of the people, what do they do in this country? They want to muzzle you. They say, we pass the Press Act. If you write anything, we will, they say, strangle you. They have passed the Seditious Meetings Act to stop meetings of the people. Is this really the method by which you can continue governing people? (*Cries of "Certainly not"*). It is possible for any statue to destroy the soul of the people? (*Cries of "No, No"*) Instead of meeting the grievances of the people, instead of trying to remedy the defects, they go on passing statutes. I say this is a short sighted, mistaken policy — it is a blunder and the sooner you realized it the better for you. The next thing that we want is not a few posts. It is not only judgeship and membership of the executive councils, what we want is not that we should be sent there as elected members to advise Government, but we want to have our finger in the pie and very much so. We say, transfer the monopoly of power which you have denied to us hitherto — which you denied to me and my own

country. You have no right to do so. Do not put forward arguments which are untruthful — "that you are trustees of the masses". (*"Hear", "Hear"*). Do not put forward arguments that in the interest of the masses the transfer should not be effected. I say it is an untruthful argument. (*A cry: "Quite untrue"*). They know it. Whom do you believe are the people who say that? Lord Sydenham. What did Lord Sydenham say? He remarked the other day, "We are the trustees of the masses". (*A cry: "He is not still the Governor of Bombay and still, is he the trustee?"*) You are only a few discontended educated people and you want to establish oligarchy in this country. You do not care for your people at all. But Lord Sydenham sitting in London does. As soon as his five years were over — after taking a very fat salary, for five years — he has become trustee of the masses, having gone to England and is now looking after the masses from there and has become President of the Association. And what is that Association? Other minor trustees, who came here temporarily exiled from their hearth and home, came here, which is a terrible country, put up with all sorts of inconveniences in the ball rooms (*laughter*), in the clubs which are palatially furnished, in the tennis courts (*laughter*) which must be attended to at 4 o'clock (*laughter*), are the members of the Association and, if you please, they are drawing a handsome pension, a good many of them, from here (*Laughter*). I know that there is a certain amount of humbug in the clubs, but there must be a limit to it. I think I have done with this question of transfer and I sincerely trust and hope that the press, who are represented here, will convey (our viewpoint) to our opponents, who have not understood us up to the present. If this power is transferred there is one thing which I must tell you. I see so many of merchants here and I want to say a few words to them. I hope that will carry them to their fellow merchants. We have been carrying on this agitation certainly for 32 years. Since the Indian National Congress came into existence — and of course, our merchants, wealthy people and landed proprietors — I am very glad to see one of their noble examples here — never took any interest in it. They never bothered their heads. But I speak to the merchants of India, who are the greatest opponents of our demands today — the commercial community. Have you realized that? And why? Because

with their hoarded capital — which they say that they have invested here, not more than four millions all told, they have exploded the commerce and industry of this country. I see that somebody is not quite convinced there — he is shaking his head. Have you any doubt? Any one of you? (*Cries of "No, No"*). Do you not think that it is high time that you do your duty and rally round our force, come round the men who have fought that battle more in the interest of commerce and industry remembering that commerce and industry is the backbone of a nation or a country. I do not care for Government posts. I ask my Mahomedan friends, particularly in Bengal. I notice that in Bengal there is no commerce and industry is the backbone of a nation or a country. with the Mahomedans coming from the other parts — very few in this part. It is much more important to pay attention to that. I say that when I have an opporunity given to me in the Government of my country. I have sufficiently shown that — I have publicly shown and repeatedly shown by resolutions which we have passed year after year in the Indian National Congress what are the measures and what are the grievances that require our attention and we say, pay your attention to the masses and our grievances.

Now with regard to Mr. Curtis' scheme. Mr. Curtis has put forward a scheme. All that I can point out to you at the present moment, because I do not wish to go into the details of it — probably I shall when I meet Mr. Curtis myself — is that that scheme is on the face of it one which no self-respecting nation or people can accept (*"Hear, Hear"*). What does he say? He says this. He is going to establish responsible government by compartments, that is to say, one compartment bureaucratic government, another compartment responsible government, and the compartment which will be responsible government will be the minor department with some trifling things, such as roads, bridges, drains. He says you shall have complete responsible government established with regard to this department Now responsible government, if it has any meaning, means this, that the executive is liable to be removed by the vote of the legislative or impliedly by the electorate. We shall elect our minister or ministers who will be in charge of that department. This minister in charge of the minor departments will be elected by whom? By the representative Government? I will take the Imperial Council of India first.

When we have elected these ministers of ours and when we have placed them in charge of those departments and when you have gone through that experience, says Mr. Curtis, then you will be judged — by whom? by the bureaucracy; — whether your power should not be cancelled (laughter) or whether you may be given a little more. I refuse to be judged by the bureaucracy when I sent the best intellect of my country to the Legislative Council, I refuse to be judged by anybody, much less by the bureaucracy and I refuse that scheme because to my mind it is childish.

23

OUR GOD-ORDAINED DUTY

by

HIS HOLINESS JAGADGURU SHANKARACHARYA OF PURI

[*The late Sri Shankaracharya Sri Bharati Krishna Tirtha Swamiji of Govardhan Math, Puri was a philosopher of Socratic wisdom with sound knowledge of the times he lived. His Holiness was arrested for alleged conspiracy to seduce soldiers from their allegiance to the British Raj. The defence he put up in the famous Karachi Conspiracy Trial of 1921 before the trial judge remains a classic:*]

The only thing which, as a matter of fact, we have ever done and shall ever do in all our public lectures and our private discourses, has been to impress, on our hearers, the clamant and paramount necessity for the *complete* spiritualisation of the *daily* life in *all* its activities. If it be a crime to say (as Nelson did) that every man should do his Dharma (Duty), we must certainly plead absolutely guilty to that charge and pride ourselves too thereupon. In fact, this is our only function as Jagadguru Shankaracharya, not merely to *expect* people (as England, according to Nelson, does) to do their *Duty*, but also to incite them thereto. All people, even the most wordly, have this elementary human right of preaching Truth and Duty as the predominant factors in all life; but a Sanyasi who has renounced the world, who owes no

allegiance to anything worldly, who is bound only by and to Dharma, who has to practise it during all the waking hours of his life and who, particularly as a Jagadguru, has no other function than the preaching of Dharma to all according to their "Adhikara" such an individual has not merely the right, privilege or prerogative but the *binding duty* and *unshirkable responsibility* of incessantly preaching Dharma as his only task in life. And as, according to the dictates of the Hindu, Islamic, Hebrew, Christian, Parsi and other religions, Dharma is as illimitable in its jurisdiction as God Himself, we have the Duty of preaching Dharma to the world in all the aspects of life (not excluding even the "secular.") If and when earnest and enquiring souls seek our spiritual guidance on a political, social, industrial, economic or other so-called "temporal" question, we can no more shirk our Duty of honestly and conscientiously enunciating, interpreting, preaching, adumbrating and even inciting to the practice of the Dharma on such a question, than we can with regard to purely ceremonial matters relating to prayers, worship, marriage, funeral obsequies and so forth. An Acharya has, in fact been defined in our Sacred Literature as one whose only business it is to practise his own personal and individual Dharma and, by every means in his power, *make* others practise theirs.

From this point of view, no department of life is too sacrosanct to escape *our* jurisdiction and we are therefore called upon to shoulder the (often unpleasant) task of preaching the Raj Dharma and the Praja-Dharma. Unfortunately, to many people all the wide world over, fulsome flattery is more acceptable than wholesome advice; and if, therefore, in the conscientious performance of our Dharma of Dharmopadesh without any regard to personalities, races and feelings but solely as our unshirkable religious Duty, we give offence to the Raj or the Praja or even both and are called upon to bear the consequences thereof in the shape of personal suffering, we ought to and do take it all cheerfully as *part of the game!*

Unswerving allegiance to Dharma and Truth has always in sacred as well as in profane history entailed enormous suffering and claimed terrible sacrifices. The true man of God has always had to suffer indescribable torture, not merely at the hands of

godless worldly officials but even alas! at those of really godless official "Ecclesiastics!" Oh! what hideous crimes and fell atrocities have not been perpetrated against really inoffensive people in the sacred names of Peace and Order on the one hand and of God and Religion on the other...

...By our placing of Dharma thus on the highest pedestal, we come into conflict with a Government that places crooked diplomacy above straight forward Dharma, and selfish policy above impartial Justice, and if we find ourselves clapped into Jail in consequence thereof, even then we have absolutely nothing to regret. Surely prison life *earned as the Wages of Dharma* is no disgrace. Sacred History tells us that Lord Sri Krishna (whom millions of devout Hindus worship even today) was born in jail and was concealed, so to say, in Gokul for years from the tyrant Kamsa; that Adi Shri 1108 Shankaracharya (our own Spiritual Progenitor) stood thrice in deadly peril on account of His Dharmic teachings and was rescued twice by His disciple Shri Shri 1108 Padmapada Acharya and once by direct divine interposition; that the Holy Prophet of Arabia similarly underwent enormous persecution; that Joseph, the favourite son of Israel, was imprisoned for refusing to commit adultery with Potiphar's wife; that the Hebrews under Aaron and Moses were oppressed by the Egyptians for desiring to perform a religious sacrifice in the wilderness to their Jehovah; that John the Baptist was imprisoned and beheaded for condemning the Tetrarch Herod's incest with his own brother Philip's wife Herodias; that Jesus Christ, the Prince of Peace (the supposed "Lord, Master" and Saviour of the Western world today) was first concealed in Egypt for years from Herod and was finally condemned to Pontius Pilate to wear the crown of thorns and bear the Cross of shame on Calvary as a traitor of Rome, simply because He preached to the Jews the Kingdom of God; and that, as for the Jews (to which Europe-persecuted unhappy Eastern race, England's present Viceroy and the Secretary of State for India both belong) the stoning and otherwise maltreating and murdering of the Prophets of Jehovah was almost the daily routine pastime and recreation of later-day Israel and (according to the heart-rending but bootless lamentations of Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezkiel, Daniel, Hosea, Joel, Amos, Obadiah, Jonah, Micah, Nahum, Habukkuk, Zephaniah, Haggai, Zechariah and Malachi — the four major and 12 minor prophets of Israel) was

solely responsible for the political annihilation and final scattering up of Jehova's own *chosen* people. There is nothing therefore to be ashamed of in prison life or any so-called "punishment" meted out by bloated temporal might to humble Spiritual Right!

Even from the worldly standpoint of public reputation and disgrace (which a Sanyasi, however, has no business to worry about) we notice that Lala Harkishinlal who was condemned as a traitor to the Queen and had his entire property confiscated under the Chelmsford-O'Dwyer administration, is now the trusted minister of the Punjab under the Reading-Maclaglan rule and Lord Reading is inexpressibly enamoured of and publicly eulogises his brilliant sense of humour and that, in spite of Mrs. Besant's denunciations of Mr. Gandhi and the Non-co-operation programme of the Congress with greater virulence than the Government's, we here (in the Karachi Central Jail) have been having the instructive and interesting experience that, since our committal to the Sessions even Nationalist papers of the ultra Non-co-operationist type of the "Bombay Chronicle" are being allowed to us but poor Mrs. Besant's "New India" alone is bracketed with Mr. Gandhi's "Young India" and proscribed. With such experiences (especially like Lala Harkishinlal's) about the value to be attached to the encomiums or the prosecutions emanating from our Imperial and Provincial Governments, we wonder if there is today even a single benighted soul in all India (or elsewhere) who will infer credit or discredit to us merely from any such action on the part of such an utterly discredited and disreputable administration.

No one compelled us to do the saffron robe of Sanyas. On the other hand, it was we that voluntarily sought it and — after 16 years of weary longing — finally accepted the longed life of Renunciation. And the heart and the quintessence of Renunciation consist in the performance of our allotted Dharma in absolute disregard of happiness and misery, profit and loss, victory and defeat. At the time of taking Sanyas, we (Sanyasis) with appropriate Mantras full of deep spiritual import and beauty — formally renounce the whole world (including father and mother, wife and children, land and lucre and even temporal governments and National Congresses) and we swear eternal and indivisible allegiance to our only Lord and Master, to wit the "Everlasting

Yea" of Carlyle. And so, in accordance with that pledge of Sanyas, we have no option but to speak out the truth and preach the Dharma without fear or favour.

And as for the loss of personal liberty which prison life entails, we believe in the Vedantic teaching that correct knowledge of and undeviating adherence to the Truth alone leads to final Liberation. The Lord Jesus Christ too said (St. John's Gospel VIII 32). 'Ye shall know the Truth and Truth shall make you free.' And so, as Tiresias and the blind Greek Seer (in Sophoclese's Drama) said to (king) Oedipus Tyrannus of Thebes, we have in us the strength of Truth which has *already* given us the highest and truest liberty conceivable, whatever may be our petty physical restrictions of the moment. And, after all, is not this world itself a huge prison and our bodies the prison's cells which our Divine Spirits are all locked up in and restricted by? Well and truly did the poet sing,—

'Stone walls do not a prison make

'Nor iron bars a cage.'

Many people may look askance at this doctrine of Truth and Sanyas as being of the obstinate and fanatical nature of Mediaeval Ecclesiasticism which during the reign of King Henry the II (of Anjou) in England cost that so-called "turbulent priest" St. Thomas a Becket of Canterbury his life and put him to suffering at the hands of cruel assassins. But we need only answer and say that, to those who have realised that ineffable and inexhaustible joy which is the inherent internal characteristic of the Soul, which does not and cannot need any sort of external enjoyment for its upkeep and maintenance, and whose incomparable and imperishable Effulgence no external pains ever avail to cloud off — to us, hatred, and fear and sorrow and worry and even doubt are utterly and in the very nature of things ABSOLUTELY IMPOSSIBLE.

If then we should and do speak the Truth and preach the Dharma as a Religious Duty of ours which we cannot possibly shirk, what should be and are our frame of mind and our object therein? Our frame of mind is one of absolutely dispassionate performance of Duty and our object is merely the lasting uplift of all concerned and *particularly those whom we condemn*. Or, in other words, it is all Love and no hatred. Just as a parent or a doctor advises a child or a patient what to do and what to shun,

not because of hatred, but solely because of Love, and just as the Prophets of Israel spoke with their hearts bleeding at the criminal and suicidal follies of Israel and solely for the uplift of Israel; and particularly as the Prophet Samuel in the very act of denouncing and rejecting King Saul as ordered by Jehovah is pathetically said to have 'mourned' long for Saul; so too have we this unpleasant duty of preaching the Raj Dharma and the Praja Dharma to the Raj and the Praja *for their own good.* As the Apostle puts it 'Whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth' and we too have to follow God's example and method and whom we love, we have to rebuke! Personally it makes no difference to us in the least and yet it is our bounden duty to remind all, *for their own sakes* of the terrible words 'Vengeance is mine' said the Lord, and rescue them, if we can, from the coming, nay imminent, consuming wrath of God.

We remember today, quite vividly the touching incident at the Benares Session of the Indian National Congress in December 1905 wherein, after the deliberations were all over and the usual vote of thanks to the President (the late Mr. Gokhale) had been spoken on by some Indian speakers, the late Miss Margaret Noble rose to thank Mr. Gokhale, *not* (as the others had done) for his great political services to India, but for his still greater Spiritual services to England in trying to make England just and thus *saving her from herself.* For as the Tamil poet pithily puts it '*It is the tears of the oppressed not* the hostile armies *that undermine the throne of mighty monarchs.*' And so, Miss Noble regarded Mr. Gokhale as really a greater benefactor to England than to India. It is in this spirit and with this outlook that we who place Dharma and Justice above diplomacy and state-craft have got to and do labour.

If, however, the patient or the child will not merely refuse to profit by the salutary — though perhaps, often times, (physically or mentally) bitter medicine or advice of the doctor or the parent, but will even assault the latter therefore, it is no disgrace to the latter but untold suffering to the former, that will really ensue therefrom. And so, even as Amaziah the officially appointed 'High Priest' of Bethal (the House of God) himself endeavoured and also instigated Jeroboam II (the foolish son of Joash and King of Israel) to gag Amos the true Prophet of Jehovah from carrying Jahova's message of uplift to the king and to the people,

and it all turned ultimately detrimental not to Amos the stern Truth speaker but to Jeroboam the momentary-pleasure-seeker and to Amaziah the false praise giver; so too is self-advertised and officially favoured 'religious' individuals and 'mandals' in India (whom we need not name here) will not merely wink or connive at ignorant blunders of the Raj or the Praja or both (which will be bad enough, in all conscience) but, like Amaziah or Caiaphas, fawn on, flatter and instigate either against those whose only function is the preaching of Dharma as commanded by the Lord Almighty, surely it cannot hurt the latter but will only recoil boomerang-like and redound to the infinite and irrevocable injury of the flattering instigator and the duped instigated. Nor can we, any more than the prophet Amos, refrain on any such account or at any body's bidding, from our God-ordained Duty of Dharmopadesha!

In his subsequent address to the Jury His Holiness disparaged the utter bankruptcy with regard to relevant evidence against him before the Court. Decrying the unscrupulously libellous allegation that the Swamiji was not the Jagadguru Shankaracharya of the Sharada Peeth but only an "Impostor", His Holiness thundered:

As a general rule, the blustering bully is really at heart a craven coward, and so it is that we find this blustering Government first arresting us and then cowardly stooping (1) to the suppression (as long as possible) of the news of our arrest, (2) to the hoodwinking of the public on the matter by including us (in the Bombay Government "Communique") under the heading "others" after the Ali Brothers, (3) to describing us, in our warrant and elsewhere (when the name had at last to be published and could be concealed no longer), as "Venkatram alias Bharti Krishna Teerth" without the term Shankaracharya; thereby deliberately cheating the hundreds if not thousands of Hindus and others who know and venerate us as Shankaracharya but have never even heard our correct name, (4) to the issuing of an official communique from Simla describing us as "a Hindu who calls himself Shri Shankaracharya" (as though Hinduism were imcompatible with and a disqualification for the Shankaracharyaship) and thus, by suppressing our name alone, keeping up the mystification of the public as to our actual personality and correct identity, (5) to the publishing at Bombay of an official communique by the official Fabricator and/or Propagator of Misinformation

ironically or euphemistically termed the "Director of Information", to the absurd effect that, whereas there were rumours about the Shankaracharya of the Sharada Peeth having been arrested and taken to Karachi for trial "The person actually arrested is one Venkataram alias Bharati Krishna Teerth who has assumed that title" (6) to the publication of the same story stuff in the "Sindh official Gazette" from Government House, Karachi on 23-9-1921 as Press Note No. 828; and (7) to the issuing of a circular to the Karachi public in similar terms by Mr. W. W. Smart, the smart District Magistrate of Karachi, all harmoniously woven together so as to make truth and Dharma smart and bleed under the iron rods of Falsehood and Adharma. Here again we wonder if all this crooked and elaborate hoodwinking campaign really succeeded in throwing dust even into one individual's eye or was, in reality, utterly wasted.

The veriest Tyro in Indian Religious technique knows that, while an English Commoner on being raised to the peerage has the liberty to and does often voluntarily, *assume* a new name; a Hindu on entering Holy Orders, has not the liberty to but must — necessarily and as a religious rule — discard the old name, and, not *assume* but *accept* the name newly conferred on him by his Guru (Spiritual Preceptor), in accordance with the rules elaborately laid down for this purpose in the Hindu-scriptures. Thus, whereas Sir Rufus Isaac had the liberty to and actually did *assume* the name Lord Reading, Prof Venkata Raman Shastri Saraswati — on taking Sanyas (which, however, was on the 4th of July 1919 and not somewhere in 1916 as a lying message of the Associated Press gravely announced) — had not the liberty to assume but had perforce to and did therefore accept the new name Swami Shri Bharati Krishna Teerth bestowed on him by His Guru. Under these circumstances, it must be obvious that to speak of us as "one Venkataram alias Bharati Krishna Teerth, a Hindu who calls himself (or has assumed the title) Shri Shankaracharya" is no less reprehensible than to speak of "one Rufus alias Reading, a Jew who calls himself (or has assumed the title) Viceroy of India". And yet, such is the exact and mathematically identical course pursued by the supposed responsible and dignified "Government" of India and Bombay in our case. And to speak of us (as several prosecution witnesses and even Mr. Elphinston did) as "Venkataram" (which was not even our Pur-

vashram name but an old family pet name of our childhood) can only be compared to the describing of Mr. T. G. Elphinston as Tommy! And, as in duty bound, the "Daily Gazette" and other Anglo-Indian newspapers have all faithfully published all such inane rot with the big-type scare-heading "Aliases of an arrested Man" and so on, all insiduously calculated to bias against us the minds of the people on the one hand and of the poor magistrates and judges who — whether Indian or non-Indian by birth — live, move and have their being in Government communique and Anglo-Indian newspapers.

If the Government had itself really believed this nauseating nonsense and gratuitous fiction about our being an "Impostor" or if it had been an honest and manly Government, it should and would have openly prosecuted us for cheating, false personfication etc., and not dealt us this dastardly stab from behind in connection with another charge altogether.

The worst part of this infamous conduct and conspiracy is yet to be laid bare. Not content with issuing these communiques and circulars with a view to cheat the public and to prejudice the Courts, the Government has also approached the Courts directly and sought to influence them. The aforementioned lying Press Note No. 828 of the "Sind Official Gazette' denying our Shankaracharyaship was sent in to and finds a place in the records of the committing magistrate as special Exhibit B. in the case. And to make assurances doubly sure, there is also a telegram from the Assistant Commissioner of Sind against us to the Court through the District Magistrate of Karachi.

24

AWAKE !

by

SAROJINI NAIDU

[*This song, which was dedicated by the poetess to Mr. M. A. Jinnah, who was a leading member of the Indian National Congress in the days of the Home Rule agitation, was recited at the session of the Congress in 1915.*]

Waken, O Mother! thy children implore thee,
Who kneel in thy presence to serve and adore thee!
The night is aflush with a dream of the morrow,
Why still dost thou sleep in thy bondage of sorrow?
Awaken and sever the woes that enthral us,
And hallow our hands for the triumphs that call us.

* * *

Are we not thine, O Belov'd, to inherit
The manifold pride and power of thy spirit?
Ne'er shall we fail thee, forsake thee or falter,
Whose hearts are thy home and thy shield and thine altar.
Lo! we would thrill the high stars with thy story,
And set thee again in the forefront of glory.

* * *

Hindus: Mother! the flowers of our worship have crowned thee!
Parsees: Mother! the flame of our hope shall surround thee!
Mussulmans: Mother! the sword of our love shall defend thee!
Christians: Mother! the song of our faith shall attend thee!
Hearken! O queen and O goddess, we hail thee!

25

THE BATTLE OF FREEDOM IS OVER

by

SAROJINI NAIDU

[*Broadcast from Delhi station of the A.I.R. by Shrimati Sarojini Naidu, India's foremost poetess and past-President of the Congress, on 15th August, 1947*).

Oh, world of free nations, on this day of our freedom, we greet you. Oh, world of nations not yet free, on the day of our freedom we pray for your freedom in the future.

Ours has been an epic struggle, covering many years and costing many lives. It has been a struggle, a dramatic struggle. It has been a struggle of heroes chiefly anonymous in their millions.

It has been a struggle of women transformed into strength and power like the Kali, the goddess of strength they worship. It has been a struggle of youth suddenly transfigured into power itself, sacrifice and ideals. It has been a struggle of young men and old men, of rich and poor, the literate, the illiterate, the stricken, the outcast, the leper and the saint. It has been the only revolution in the whole history of the world that has been without bloodshed; and for this we thank one man, one tiny person, who on this day that he has brought to us, is somewhere remote in a little far-off corner of India, wiping the tears of those who feel themselves exiled from our midst. Mahatma Gandhi, our prophet of non-violence, our general of victory, he taught us a new way of deliverance from evil. He had no device of his banner excepting non-violence. He had no weapons for his legions excepting self-sacrifice and suffering. We marched to the tune of faith and hope and charity that forgives all sins of trespassers that ruined our country through the ages. We have to thank him, our leader, whose life is immutable, immortal, in the love of his countrymen, whose days are imperishable, who has created a new civilization for the world to be based in the years to come, of his gospel of love, truth and non-violence.

But we wish to offer today our thanks to the men and women of all races who have striven for India's freedom, the scholars of Europe who restored to us our pride and ancient culture, to the antiquarian and the archaelogist who has discovered for us our own ruined cities, to the missionaries of all countries who chose the life of poverty in far-off villages and served the poor and the needy and the desolate. To all we owe thanks.

Today I remember those abroad who were the pioneers of our dream of freedom, men who are exiles if they are alive, forgotten if they are dead, who never sought nor received recognition nor reward, only privation, persecution and death. But all these today are immortal in our minds. We thank the Englishmen who were our friends, though many Englishmen were our enemies, not personal enemies but the victims themselves of a system of iniquitous imperialism. But those Englishmen who served us, become part of our Indian history, part of our struggle for India's independence. And it sems somehow poetical, it seems somehow romantic, it seems somehow logical that the great grandson of Queen Victoria, Louis Mountbatten, should have,

by grace and generosity, dissolved the empire that Disraeli built for her. All of them we thank.

The battle of freedom is over. The struggle for peace begins. And my country, my India, that has never excluded friend or foe from her hospitality, my India that has taken knowledge from all over the world, that has offered knowledge and wisdom to the world, once more will she stand in the forefront of the world civilization, once more will she bring the message of peace, once more will she carry her lamp into the darkness of strife and struggle and hatred; and the nations of the world who are free, nations of the world who are not free, we pledge you our comradeship, our fellowship, our understanding, our love. Let us move together towards the great world fellowship of which we dream. Let us work together for the peace that will never be ended. Let us work for justice, for equity, for human rights but no privileges, for human duties but no perogatives, let us to follow citizens of a great free world of which our ancestors dreamed and for which we have striven. Men and women together, men and women of a common humanity, let no religion, no community, no text, no tongues divide us, for ours is a common destiny. Ours is a common purpose. Ours is a common wish and ambition to rebuild this broken world into the image of our heart's desire. And which country but India can take the lead in restoring the world to its pristine glory. We who have been the dreamers of dreams, the seers of visions, the creators of wisdom, the followers of renunciation, we, who have given the heroes of the independence struggle for India, we have rung through the whole gamut of the world's adventures, of the world's emotions. We are the wise. We are reborn today of the crucible of your sufferings.

Nations of the world, I greet you in the name of India, my mother, my mother whose home has a roof of snow, whose walls are of living seas, whose doors are always open to you. Do you seek peace or wisdom, do you seek love and understanding, come to us. Come to us in faith, come to us in hope, come to us believing that all gifts are ours to give. Today, in the name of India, I give for the whole world the freedom of this India that had never died in the past that shall be indestructible in the future and shall lead the world to ultimate peace.

26

PRACTICAL PHILOSOPHY

by

SIR C. P. RAMASWAMI AIYAR

[*From a broadcast by Sachivottama Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar, the then Dewan of Travancore, from the Madras centre of the All India Radio on 31st December, 1940.*]

The present is one of those occasions when the world seems to be on tip-toe awaiting the zero-hour, a moment when history may alter its course in the direction of a fundamental change in the ordering of the world's affairs, comparable with the moment when, as the Biblical legend has it, the sun and the moon stood still for the sake of Joshua. There is a shiver of expectation as of a swimmer taking breath before making his dive. It is no wonder that things are in this posture because it must be conceded that the results of the victorious march of science of which so much was said and dreamt half a century ago and of the expectations that the values of life and of philosophy would be remodelled on strictly scientific and mathematical bases have belied all hopes.

The positive sciences and their innumerable applications to practical purposes have, no doubt, annihilated time and distance and familiarised humanity with new labour-saving contrivances. On the other hand, they have incalculably multiplied the means at the disposal of man to molest and to destroy his fellow-man and his works. In the region of philosophy, speculation has made a full circle and through dogmatic belief and half-acknowledged doubt and atheism and agnosticism has arrived in the writings of Einstein, Jeans and Eddington at what is hardly distinguishable from pure mysticism.

It would not be an exaggeration to say that the regeneration of mankind through scientific achievement is no longer an article of belief and the collapse of material prosperity and of a society based on capitalism, financial centralisation and planning for huge correlated industries has become manifest. The war in its progress has wrought material havoc and destroyed old landmarks and

centres of busy life and culture; but it has done something even more basic. It has made it impossible for society in the future to be reshaped on the foundations regarded as impregnable in the Victorian and Edwardian Eras. It is difficult to conceive of land or raw material, capital or wealth being hereafter concentrated, monopolised and used by individuals or groups or for the benefit of a class. Where such capital and wealth have not been utterly destroyed, they will progressively go into the hands of the State and we are almost back again in many lands to society as was conceived by Hobbs in his Leviathan. In some parts of the world steps have already been taken to nationalise industry, capital, labour, finance and the education of the people. Such nationalisation has occurred both under political systems termed popular and those which are clearly oligarchical or autocratic in regime. In short, life has assumed a new tempo and a new significance which would repay investigation. It is not, therefore, inappropriate to deal with the problem of the scope and outlook of philosophical speculation as it is being transformed under our eyes, not by way of abstract enquiry but as a guide for conduct and as a beacon-light for humanity's progress in the immediate future. This is why I have gladly accepted the kind invitation of the All India Radio to place a few thoughts before the public for their consideration. None of them are new but some of them may perhaps stimulate enquiry.

If one reviews the past, say of England, and goes no further back than the 18th century, the characteristic as well as the consolation of the "gentleman class" as it was then called, was its sense of leisure and its relative contentment. Not for nothing did Austin Dobson sing:

> *"Doubtless you*
> *With too serene a conscience drew*
> *Your easy breath and slumbered through,*
> *The gravest issue; But we, to whom our age allows*
> *Scare space to wipe our weary brows,*
> *Look down upon your narrow house,*
> *Old friend, and miss you!"*

On the contrary, at this moment our efforts and the results that we achieve seem to be best summarised by George Meredith when he laments:

"Ah, what a dusty answer gets the soul
When hot for certainties in this our life!
In tragic hints here see what ever-more
Moves dark as yonder midnight ocean's force,
Thundering like ramping hosts of warrior horse,
To throw that faint thin line upon the shore!"

In other words, much of what we do and strive for appears to be insignificant, vague and purposeless.

Humanity is, in general, conditioned by its wants. If these remain unsatisfied, people turn impatient. If they are satisfied, people seem to remain unaffected thereby. This probably is the reason why so many competing religions and sects and philosophies are claiming to make an appeal to the understanding and conscience of a troubled generation.

The truth of the matter is, however, that the spirit of sect and bigotry is everywhere present and our life and our conversation are hollow and ineffectual. Surface meets surface as Thoreau asserted in his famous essay on "Life Without Principle". Journalism, the wireless, the gramaphone and the cinema symbolise the pace at which things now move which, in turn, has led to the habit of surveying only the headlines of life and to what has been aptly described as the macadamisation of mind, its foundation being broken into fragments for the wheels of present-day civilisation to travel over.

What is the remedy? I conceive it to be neither more nor less than a new alertness and wariness and devotion to reconsecrate ourselves to tasks that are appropriate to the dignity and the solidarity of our race. Even the facts of science may dust the mind by their dryness unless they are effaced each morning, in the language of the American philosopher, and rendered fertile by the dews of fresh and living truth. To achieve this does not involve belief in any dogma or particular creed. It only requires some specific ideals and the discipline to work for if not to reach them. After much discussion over his own punishment and the

possibility of life after death, Socrates is made by Plato to say that we should participate in certain disciplines and virtues in the present life notwithstanding that one is not assured of the future and its potentialities. In the language of Plato's Phaedo: "To affirm, indeed, that these things subsist exactly as I have described them, is not the province of a man endued with intellect. But to assert that either these or certain particulars of this kind take place, with respect to our souls and their habitations—since our souls appear to be immortal—this is, I think, becoming, and deserves to be hazarded by him who believes in its reality. It is appropriate that a man should be confident about his soul and should earnestly apply himself to disciplines." This attitude towards life has been a consistent characteristic of the wise man through all the ages even although it is recognised that speculations on things that lie beyond us too often leave the mind, as the wise consort of Pericles is reported to have said to the lassitude of disappointment.

Thinkers have never admitted that the business of philosophy is only to examine and estimate all those things which come within the cognisance of the understanding. In ultimate analysis and having realised to the full the implications and the dangers "of inditing tribal lays; And every single one of them is right." souls and having at the same time divested ourselves of those mysterious terrors and those flattering and pleasant dreams which once warned or lured humanity away from or towards particular courses of conduct, we find it our urgent duty now to rebuild a new edifice of thought and hope in which we may dwell as a refuge from the outer and inner perils of the world.

What are the foundations on which such a structure can be raised? The foremost is this, namely, that no man or class of men has or can have a monopoly of truth or a patent regimen for salvation. "There are nine and ninety ways," sang Kipling "of inditing tribal lays; And every single one of them is right." In other words, the traditions, the heredities, the histories and temperaments of men and races necessarily result in different ways of approach to life's problems and the condition of philosophy and its fruit are alike the recognition of this truth. If the seeker is earnest, the divergencies of the paths are immaterial; and India need not be reminded of what the Lord Sri Krishna

asserted when he promised that every one who, following his own chosen path, had the same mental urge and underwent the same discipline would arrive at the same goal, namely, the object of man's eternal quest. The quality of charity and tolerance, the principle of live and let live, is to my mind, the fundamental accompaniment of true philosophy; and the preciousness of this Gospel is emphasised by contemporary history. The lack of it led to the often purposeless cleavages of the Buddhist and the Hindu sects, to the schisms and disputations of Christian churches and groups from the 3rd to the 17th Century with their terrible toll of life and knowledge, to the cleavage in the Islamic world and to the multiplication of dispensations which have done more than any secular war, to destroy the bodies and brutalise the souls of countless generations of men. Though it is too much to assert with the great writer who said that there was only one Christian and he died on the Cross, there has been very little practice of Christian principles by the nations who have led the van in the mediaeval or the modern world. A similar statement can be made of most formal religions but it can be averred that the one system which has adhered most clearly though, alas, not continuously to this ideal is the Hindu civilisation.

यं शैवाः समुपासते शिव इति ब्रह्मेति वेदान्तिनः
बौद्धा बुद्ध इति प्रमाणपटवः कर्तेति नैयायिकाः ।
अर्हन्नित्यथ जैनशासनरताः कर्तेति मीमांसकाः
सोयं नो विदधातु वाञ्छितफलं त्रैलोक्यनाथो हरिः ॥

This poem which only reiterates the ideal of the Gita is not a mere aspiration but has been happily exemplified in India in the treatment of Muslims, Parsis, Jews, Christians and all religious minorities until political currents and cross-currents served to muddy the stream of life. In my humble view, the *sine qua non* for a harmonious development of human civilisation is the recapturing of what I may call this characteristic Hindu conception. Not otherwise than by its fullest expansion would there be found any scope for that development of personality and that mutual honour and respect of which a merely political democracy is a shadow and man be a simulacrum. Recent communications to India by some Members of Parliament indeed disclose the

bases of such an arithmetical democracy are now being re-examined.

Granted the existence and practice of this attribute and virtue, we must nevertheless realise that it is the Infinite for which mankind hungers and as has been admirably expressed by Havelock Ellis, we ride gladly on every little wave that promises to bear us towards it. The expansion or aspiration of the whole soul which, in some cases, bears the form of philosophy and in others that of formalised religion, has been often a force on the side of cruelty and repression. But it must not be ignored that only in the strength of this expansion or aspiration could men have acted and suffered so much torture as they have done in the service of religion. When I talk of philosophy or religion in this connection, the words are used in no narrow or restrictive sense. The liberation of impulses recognised as religion is often concerned with art and its reaction not only on the creative artist but those who have trained themselves to appreciate its import. Perfect art, whether it be embodied in a poem or picture, a statue or a piece of music brings us to the presence of the Infinite. Whether we confront temples or pyramids, images or frescoes, marmoreal prose or haunting melody, the effect of mystery and ecstasy is the same. This manifestation of the Infinite took the form of beautiful representations of man and woman in Greek Art. In Europe, it took the shape of Gothic and other cathedrals. In India, architecture and symbolic sculpture, daring speculation and infinitely refined music took us above and beyond ourselves. It is noteworthy that significant art even when it deals with commonplace subjects as in the Dutch paintings, can bring us close to the edge of the world. But perhaps it is music that has the most specific religious appeal. In the words of a great writer, there is no other art that tells us such forgotten secrets about ourselves. "Oh, what is this that knows the road I came by?" hymns a poet. It was this realisation of the significance of art that made Keats affirm "Beauty is truth, truth beauty; This is all ye know and all ye need to know" on earth. This kinship of the beauty of things with the innate mystery of things is what has resulted in the Song of Solomon and the Gita Govinda.

Philosophy at its highest as conceived of by Sankara, Plato or Kant has a similar appeal. No two philosophies can be alike

because no two minds are alike. But the attraction of philosophy is the same as that of a true work of art in as much as it is one of the beautiful dwellings which the human soul has erected for itself.

As a next step we come to a state of things in which not the beautiful alone but all things make an appeal to the spirit. The revelation made, for instance, by Walt Whitman of the essential sacredness of the common man and woman and of human personality is a striking though not a wholly new Gospel. It is one which the ancient Roman Emperor proclaimed in the words: "I do not regard as strange or foreign to myself anything that is human in as much as I am human". It was this vision of humanity and the realisation of the value and glory of each human soul that led to the renunciations of Buddha and of Christ.

A further step is the vision of a universal law, a discovery, in the language of a recent thinker, of the vastness but yet the homeliness of the world. No one, perhaps, has expressed it in literature more fully than Goethe and Wordsworth and Thoreau in his Essays wherein he has given an apt expression to the truly religious aspects of the world around us. Having made unique efforts to live close to nature and be self-sufficient unto himself, Thoreau declares, for instance, of the song of the American Wood Thrush that whenever a man hears it, he is young and nature is in her spring. Whenever he hears it, he adds there is a new world and the gates of heaven are not shut. When Wordsworth and Shelley sing of the rainbow and the skylark, the message is the same. The completest evolution, however, of this philosophic consciousness is evident from the emotion or the intuition of the union with the world where the limits of the individual seem to vanish and there is hardly an acceptance of an external will or conscience or being. Such a feeling has been differently expressed in various countries and by many seers. The Chinese philosopher, Laotse, describes it as emptiness meaning by it the eschewal of all aims that centred in one self. It is only by doing nothing, he states, that the Kingdom can be made one's own.

"The Upanishads and the Gita speak of Yoga, namely, the union of the individual with the Supreme. Four great aphorisms are the landmarks of the Hindu philosophy.

महावाक्यानि चत्वारि
विज्ञानं ब्रह्म अहं ब्रह्मास्मि
तत्त्वमसि अयमात्मा ब्रह्म

"The Absolute is wisdom. I am that Absolute. That thou art. The soul is Brahman." In these four ways is also expressed what the Buddha declared: "If I know that my own body is not mine and yet the Universe is mine and it is both mine and thine, no peril can happen." This also is the sense in which the Sufi describes the mystic union of the human bridegroom with the Divine Bride. The same thought occurs to the Roman Emperor. "Everything is harmonious with me that is harmonious with the Universe."

If these then be the aspects from which the ultimate problems of the Universe can be viewed, what is their relation to the world we live in and its ways? How are we to deal with the inevitable shortcomings and fallings away from the ideal which seem to be inseparable from human existence and effort? The difficulty of philosophy is not so much in its enunciation of principle but in the daily application of those principles to human life and to human conscience. No one has approached this dilemma with deeper insight than that great visionary and poet, Robert Browning :

Not on the vulgar mass
Called "work", must sentence pass,
Things done, that took the eye and had the price;
O'er which, from level stand,
The low world laid its hand,
Found straightway to its mind, could value in a trice:
But all, the world's coarse thumb
And finger failed to plumb,
So passed in making up the main account;
All instincts immature,
All purposes unsure,
That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the man's amount:
Thoughts hardly to be packed
Into a narrow act,
Fancies that broke through language and escaped:

All I could never be,
All, men ignored in me,
This, I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher shaped.

More definite and more practical than Robert Browning's is the message conveyed and the light shed upon the path in three passages from the Taittiriya and the Svetasvatara Upanishads which I shall freely translate:

१. सत्यान्न प्रमदितव्यं धर्मान्न प्रमदितव्यं
कुशलान्न प्रमदितव्यं भूत्यै न प्रमदितव्यं
स्वाध्यायप्रवचनाभ्यां न प्रमदितव्यम ।।

२. सह नाववतु सह नौ भुनक्तु
सह वीर्यं करवावहै
तेजस्विनावधीतमस्तु मा विद्विषावहै ।।

३. स एकोऽवर्णः बहुधा शक्तियोगात्
वर्णाननेकान् निहितान् दधाति ।।
विचैति चान्ते विश्वमादौ सदेव
स नो बुद्ध्या शुभया संयुनक्तु ।।

1. Swerve not from truth, swerve not from Dharma, swerve not from prudence, self-protection and the path of worldly prosperity. Swerve not also from constant reading and teaching. May we be supported and cherished and may we obtain sustenance in comradeship and be full of courage, may our studies be fruitful and may there be no mutual hatred.

2. He who is alone and without distinctions who nevertheless creates diversities for specific purposes and annihilates them ultimately, he in whom the worlds are absorbed, let Him grant us true discernment.

The aim and end of philosophy is thus seen to be the attainment of true discernment—critical and awake though fully responsive to the inescapable wonder and the sacred mystery enveloping all things and events, small and great.

These unforgettable exhortations do not ignore the practical aspects of existence but seek in harmonious combination the

maintenance of a life of thought and of culture with that never ending quest of what is beyond manifested being without which true philosophy would be meaningless.

27

WHAT IS FREEDOM ?

by

C. RAJAGOPALACHARI

(From the address of Dr. C. Rajagopalachari, Ex-Governor-General of India and Ex-Prime Minister of Madras, at a meeting held under the auspices of the Jamshedpur Literary Society on 21st November, 1946.)

You have all been hearing the slogan of freedom. Some of you may even have been disappointed already in this connection. We thought we would be free, but we find that instead of being free, we are in a mess. That seems to be the present position. Is this what is called freedom ? That is the question which especially women and children put to themselves, because they seem to be in a worse position these days than grown-up men and have most cause to be anxious. They naturally ask themselves : "What is freedom and what is it that has come now ?" We thought freedom would be a cow, but it has turned out to be a bull. We have not got milk out of it. Actually, it has begun to use its horns rather than give us any milk. Yes, I must admit that we are all entitled to be disappointed. While we fight for something, we concentrate on its good and pleasant aspects. But after we are in it, we see that it is a mixture of good and evil. If you turn over the pages of our scriptures, you will find something which perhaps we can understand in the light of current events. Before our present experience, we might easily have thought life to be a mystic formula. We now see the reality of it. Everything is a mixture of both good and evil. When we see a solid, we see only one aspect of it at one time—the flat aspect. That does not tell us the whole truth. We have to go round it

to see the whole of it. Similarly everything in life has only one aspect when you look at it superficially, but when you go round it, you will see what is behind. You cannot make a solid with only one surface. So also, at first sight Swaraj seems to us to be a plane surface. But it has got numerous other aspects, besides the one you see before you while you are fighting.

Take the recent World War. The fighting nations thought it was peace they were fighting for. They thought the world would be all beautiful as soon as they have won the war. But what has happened ? We find peace more difficult than war. It is easy to fight, it is easy to win a war, but it is difficult to rebuild after the war is over. And I think I tell the truth when I say that many people who fought and won this war, especially the leading people, must be mentally regretting now why they ever fought and won it. They must be feeling that they might have been happier if there had been no war, or at least, if they had not won the war and had to be responsible for peace.

We, in India, have now won the war against Britain. We have got our freedom. Do not believe anybody who says that we must go on struggling. That is like some sick people who want to go on taking medicine even though they are cured.

Some among the British too have a habit similar to that of the sick man. They are unable to realise that they have left everything to us. They want to go on thinking that it is not ended. They say among themselves "My dear man, how can we pack up ? It is not ended."

After a war is over, rebuilding is necessary. To rebuild is harder than fighting. Fighting the British is easy, but rebuilding is difficult. And to build up a fully responsible nation out of the confused mixture that we are, is far too difficult for words. England could build her Swaraj. Their only problem was the Scots and the Welsh. They fought some pitched battles, carried away some cattle, put them back and had some minor incidents. They won their struggle. After all, they were only a handful of people on either side. They are now one people and it is difficult to say who is Scotch and who is Welsh. These people could intermarry without any mental difficulties.

Here, in our country, if we wish to intermarry, many difficulties arise. First, it creates grave doubts in our own mind ;

then it leads to quarrels with your own people, community is up in arms. Each intermarriage is a political affair in this country. They say : "This man carried away our daughter." Thus the whole community claims fathership of the girl.

Let me tell you intermarriage is the only solution of all our difficulties. We want intermarriage to make the people biologically one. But it must not be brought about by force, by fraud, through fear or through deliberate political motives; it must come about through the ordinary motives of marriage, through love. Then alone will all distinctions in society disappear. But if, on the other hand, intermarriage is either a non-violent or a violent political objective, then it will all go wrong. Politics and family happiness do not mix. If we intermarry in the right spirit, we can look back later and laugh at all that is happening in the country now, just as the English and the Scotch people now laugh when you tell them that one of them had stolen the cattle of the other and these people went, robbed and murdered their brethren by way of revenge and retaliation.

Retaliation bodes no one any good. Come and let us be wise from now. God has given us a long stretch of time to get wise. The world will not come to an end quickly. Scientists will tell you that we are going to pass through some millions of years more. But in order to get wise, we must open out our hearts a bit. In every walk of life, you have a duty in this respect. Meet people, talk to them and discuss things with them. Do not use these occasions for airing falsehoods, for airing stories in which you yourselves do not believe. Speak the truth on those occasions as you feel. Tell one another that the doctrine of retaliation is insanity and we should not encourage it. I am speaking of this, as Bihar is one of the provinces that has been the victim of this awful tragedy and this thought is uppermost in me at present.

Remember, we are making a gigantic experiment. We are tackling a very tough problem. We are creating a nation, not of 4 million, not of 40 million, but of 400 million people, a mighty experiment. The number of men and women concerned is by itself something which makes Swaraj here a Himalayan affair. If successful, it should be put on the top of the Himalayas for the whole world to see; it should be so grand.

Numbers apart, look at the variety of people. Do we differ from one another only as the Welsh differ from the English or the English from the Scotch ? No, our differences are much greater, because even now, we do not intermarry. And before intermarriage we want Swaraj. It is said that we are not the people who have come to India during the last 2,000 or 3,000 years and settled down here. This is hardly correct. We are a people made up of different kinds of people who came from all quarters of the world into this beautiful land, many thousands of years ago, some earlier, some later, and have all lived here many thousands of years and lived in comparative peace. Now we have grown separate. Our task is to bring them together.

An Asoka or Akbar or Haider or Shivaji — one man ruling with a strong army — can bring about unity and rule the country well. We do not want any kings; we want a republic. We want all of us to be kings: all of us to vote and govern the country under the aegis of the British army, but vote and govern the country ourselves. If you take into consideration the numerous differences and the vast numbers of which we are comprised, no other experiment in the world, past or present, can equal the experiment that we have undertaken. If we succeed, there will be no parallel to that triumph which would establish not a process of rule through force but real democratic rule through the mutual consent of the various peoples who have lived in this country as nationals, in spite of differences of language, religion, creed, manners and dress.

Our political experiment is really like melting iron and metals and pouring them into a crucible and making an alloy, an alloy which can stand wear and tear. It is not like the chinaware that other people have turned out in their countries. Their democracies were easy to make—like plastics. But we are dealing with metals. If we succeed, others,* Smuts included, will have to come and see how we have done it and learn and go back. If we fail, it will be no shame. But if we must fail, we must fail doing it. It will help the future generations to continue the experiment.

Let us then try to build up the nation which is more difficult than sending the British away. Incidentally, unless we send the Britisher away, we will not be able to make this experiment.

It is no use making an experiment under an umbrella, no use making it under wrong conditions. Every Scientist knows it ; we do not need a doctor of science to tell us that. Under wrong conditions, we do not arrive at the truth. We arrive at an illusion. If the British depart, leaving us to make our experiment under scientific conditions, there may be explosions, we may break a tumbler or a glass-tube, even burn our fingers ; but we will be travelling in the right direction. Let us therefore be hopeful.

The building will, of course, take some time. Ours is a big edifice. A man may build a hut in a month, but we want to build a palace of ferro-concrete. We have only acquired the land, as Sir Jehangir Ghandy has acquired the land for the laboratory. It was easy. We applied under the Land Acquisition Act, to the British Parliament, the Cabinet Mission, and have secured the site. The problem now is construction. Swaraj is merely the construction and fabrication of the building. After that will come the question of happiness and prosperity, for all. That will be the actual factory work inside the building.

For the building itself, we want some beams, some girders and other structural materials and we must bring them together. But wagons are wanting, there is lack of railway communication. Jinnah will not come here; Gandhi cannot go there ; Jawaharlal is entrenched here ; Vallabhbhai Patel is sulking there. That is the difficulty. Yet they must be brought together. That is the problem.

Some of you may think and even charge the national leaders with too much softness. 'They talked so strongly before, but they are soft now. They have become moderate, they have become far too accommodating. Where is the strength of the "Iron Man" ? '," All these questions I have heard, although they are only whispered. But it is wrong to make these charges. The business that we were doing then is different from the business we are doing now. Supposing you are laying a foundation. You employ certain kinds of implements and suitable engineers for this purpose and the job is done. The same engineers may have to do the superstructure. But that would be a different kind of work.

Do not charge the engineers with being lukewarm. They have not forgotten their duty. They are only too conscious of it and they are, every moment straining their strength because they know that otherwise the building will tumble down. Therefore, my friends, I want you to be patient with our leaders ; I want you to understand them properly. They are old people. They are not likely to change in the latter days of their life. They are the same people as they were before. Their character has been set. But they have a different kind of work to do now and because you young people are not yet fit for this work, they are doing it.

In revolutions generally and in revolutions of the nature that we are dealing with, there is a time lag between one generation and another. In England, you will find that when an elder politician gets to the age of 80, another man of 70 is ready to take his place and a third man at 50 is also getting ready. Thus, there is a gradual rise of political wisdom and maturity. But in our country on account of the peculiar character of the struggle, the same set of people who worked in my early days are continuing still. They are still digging, hammering, fighting. We do not have a fresh set of young engineers to take our places in the struggle.

Also, we do not want to waste too many as cannon fodder., What is the good of pitching everyone in the struggle ? We spare the students in the colleges and men in the professions. Scientists, doctors, lawyers, they are all at their posts. A few of us who have spent more than 50 years or nearly 50 years struggling are still engaged in the preliminary construction. The site has been acquired, the foundations are nearly ready. The Constituent Assembly will meet on December 9th. That is settled. Invitations have been issued for December the 9th and therefore none need ask : "Will there be a Constituent Assembly ?" "True, invitations have been issued ; but will the delegates really come ? And even if they do come, what guarantee is there that they will sit down to business ? They may not agree : they may stage a walk-out." These are idle speculations.

I have been hearing reference to the Interim National Government. That is only the beginning. The Interim Government is a temporary affair. By name, it is interim, and in fact,

it is interim. The more important thing is the Constituent Assembly which has been convened. All the members have been elected on a proportional basis not through parties but through universal statutory legislatures. This must be clearly understood. Parties may elect people—and they may be very important people—but such elections have no statutory character. In the present instance, elected legislatures have elected representatives on a proportional basis, who have been asked to come on the 9th December to devise a constitution for this country of 400 million people to whom Britain has decided to leave the responsibility of governing itself.

The Himalayan task has thus begun. Democracy cannot be built, as bargains are made in the bazaar, where each party tries to exploit the other. We will have to develop a spirit of mutual accommodation, of mutual reasonableness on one side and of a true sense of justice on the other. England, America and other countries have built democracies in their own ways, but here, in our country, we have set out to do something more remarkable, something far grander and bigger. Let us forget the religion and language of the community to which we belong and remember only that we enter the Constituent Assembly as representatives of India.

28

MY HINDUSTHAN

by

VIRENDRANATH CHATTOPADHYAYA

(The late Shri Virendranath Chattopadhyaya, Bar-at-Law, who lived first in England and later in France, Germany and Switzerland as a political exile, was a gifted brother of the late Smt. Sarojini Naidu, and remained a bitter enemy of British rule in India to the end of his life.]

Mother of men that once were free,
Oh Hindusthan! My Hindusthan!
What grief hath now befallen thee,
Oh Hindusthan! My Hindusthan!

Traitors have sold thee to the foe,
And brought upon thee shame and woe,
Yes, thine own sons have laid thee low,
Oh Hindusthan! My Hindusthan!

Gone are thy sages, famed of yore,
Oh Hindusthan! My Hindusthan!
Gone, too, thy race of warriors bold,
Oh Hindusthan! My Hindusthan!

Gone are thy fields of waving corn,
Nothing grows now but weed and thorn,
And one but hungering slaves are born,
Oh Hindusthan! My Hindusthan!

Place in my hands thy magic sword
Oh Hindusthan! My Hindusthan!
And I will slay the Saxon horde,
Oh Hindusthan! My Hindusthan!

I ask of thee no earthly meed
But just the strength to do the deed,
To wrench thee from their cruel greed,
Oh Hindusthan! My Hindusthan!

Nay, give me strength to slay but one
Oh Hindusthan! My Hindusthan!
Straightway my duty shall be done
Oh Hindusthan! My Hindusthan!

I crave more gold nor marble bust,
But with my blood to cleanse thy dust
Polluted by the alien's lust
Oh Hindusthan! My Hindusthan!

Despair not of my little worth,
Oh Hindusthan! My Hindusthan!
Was it not thou that gave me birth?
Oh Hindusthan! My Hindusthan!

I crave nor gold nor marble bust,
But with my blood to cleanse thy dust,
Polluted by the alien's lust,
Oh Hindusthan! My Hindusthan!

My love for thee a quenchless flame
Will cleanse me from all sin and shame,
And make me worthy of thy name,
Oh Hindusthan! My Hindusthan!

Mine not the wish to see thee free,
I only long to die and be
Foundation of thy liberty,
Oh Hindusthan! My Hindusthan!

Call me to sleep on thy pure breast,
Oh Hindusthan! My Hindusthan!
For there alone is peace and rest,
Oh Hindusthan! My Hindusthan!

Take now my soul, all, all is thine,
To die for thee is joy divine;
I grudge thee nothing, Country Mine,
Oh Hindusthan! My Hindusthan!

Bear me a thousand times again,
A thousand times my blood I'll drain,
Till thou art rescued from thy pain,
Oh Hindusthan! My Hindusthan!

And when the war is fought and won,
Oh Hindusthan! My Hindusthan!
And risen is thy glorious son,
Oh Hindusthan!

29

MESSAGE TO YOUTH

by

JUSTICE P. R. DAS

[*Justice Prafulla Ranjan Das, Bar-at-Law, is a distinguished Judge of the Patna High Court. The following is a report of his address to the Bihar Youth Conference held at Patna in August 1941.*]

Youths of Bihar, I can think of no more inspiring messages to the cultural section of this conference. We hear of different

Cultures today — Hindu culture, Muslim culture, German culture certainly, and even of Bengali culture. I do not for a moment admit that there exists a partition wall between different cultures. For myself I have never been able to understand what is meant by Hindu culture and what is meant by Muslim culture. I agree with Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru that the day of even national cultures is rapidly passing and that the world is becoming one cultural unit. It is for you to bring about that desired end by refusing to recognise barriers between community and community, between nation and nation. There are certainly many differences between the traditional Hindu and Muslim philosophies of life, but, as Pandit Nehru has said, these differences are hardly noticeable when both of them are compared to the modern scientific and industrial outlook on life. If culture means pride in the past achievements, whether of the Islamic races or of the Hindus, that is a common and precious heritage for all of us in India. It is one thing to cling to your language, to your religion, to your traditions, it is another thing to say that; those represent your culture and that such a culture stands apart from any other culture. Gentlemen, I have often tried to think whether my view of life, my attitude towards poetry, art and music is essentially different from that of any of my Muslim friends, I confess that I have discovered no difference yet. Gentlemen, we are as much in need of assimilating the alleged Muslim culture as the Muslims are in need of assimilating the alleged Hindu culture. They are two aspects of the same picture.

I have often pictured to myself a garden with different manifestations of Divinity in the form of different flowers. The growth of each flower must necessarily be on its own line, a rose does not grow as does a lily, not a lily as does a rose I ask myself, does not the essential unity of the garden depend on the beauty of each flower. If you, by sheer folly, obstruct the growth of one, you destroy the beauty and the harmony and the essential unity of the garden. This is the whole philosophy of nationalism and ultimately of humanity. This is the meaning of the much abused word "culture". Each component part of humanity must express itself, develop itself and realize itself so that humanity may express itself, develop itself and realize itself. Any weakness in any component part must necessarily affect the picture of humanity as a whole.

I will read to you a passage from a very well-known poem of Browning,

"Not that, amassing flowers,
"Youth sighed 'which rose make ours,
Which lily leave and then at best recall?'
"Not that, admiring stars,
"It yearned 'Nor Jove, nor Mars;
"Mine be some figured flame which blends, transcends them all!"

Here we have the essence of what youth should strive for in a single stanza. I am in a garden of beautiful flowers. How am I to choose one rather than the other! They are all beautiful, though necessarily the growth and development of one is different from the other.

But there is the solution—"Mine be some figured flame that blends, transcends them all". If only we could combine all the different cultures and not only combine but produce something which would transcend them all, what a wonderful possession will be ours.

This is the message which I would like to give to the Youths of Bihar. Do not attempt to destroy anything. Everything is beautiful in God's beautiful world. Life is a great adventure. Make it as joyous as possible by trying to understand each other's point of view. A rose does not deny the lily, nor the lily the rose. So why should a Hindu deny a Moslem, or a Moslem a Hindu? Once we understand that the history and civilization of the Moslems is part of the history and civilization of the world, we have gone a long way in solving the problem. I am not concerned with the political aspects of the question, but only with the cultural aspect of it. I plead with you for the recognition of one essential fact, that culture is culture though there are and must necessarily be different aspects of it.

Is the world becoming one cultural unit as Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru dreamt in his prison? The recent events in Europe give us no hope at all. But there is work for the youths of the world who may force their decision upon their elders.

The Muslim law-giver who stressed on his young followers the necessity of raising two blades of grass where only one grew before, in essence laid the foundation of that wonderful youth movement which with its thousand fold achievements led to what Christian writers have described as the Pagan Renaissance. Thus the history of civilisation is really the history of youth. Civilisation has been described as the process by which the man's thoughts and interests transcend the bounds of time and space. In the animal kingdom, man is the only creature that concerns itself not only with the present but also with the past and the future, not only with the tiny space which he himself occupies but with the large world outside himself. This process has not been completed either for mankind or for any single human being. As between man and man there has ever been and will always be some who do not or cannot look beyond the now and here, while there will be others with a much wider vision ranging beyond the immediate and the present. Youth is the time when man's outstanding effort will burst through the restraint of the swaddling clothes, the period of existence into ever-widening freedom of occupation and interest embracing larger and larger extents of time and space.

The youth movement of modern times is but the natural development of the process of human expansion which goes by the name of culture. In the nineteenth century there arose organisations of youth in which, naturally, we find reflections of accepted religious ideals of social values of the times and of the countries where they started. The Young Men's and the Young Women's Christian Association are example of this movement. In India too, earnest young men organised themselves into bands for the reform of religion, and society; but it was not till after the horrors of the last great war that young men all over the world realised that if the world was to be rid of the menace of war and the spectre of communal and international hatred it was up to them to make war impossible. I remember, gentlemen, the enthusiasm and hope raised by the movement; how it spread all over the world, how even in Germany, yes, in Germany, young men were singing:—

"We are advancing to a field,
"Where we shall conquer Hate;

"Though all the world in wonder stares,
"Our zeal shall not abate,
"Our shield and buckler, Love; Our sword
"Our will for sacrifice, outpoured,
"We have had enough of old time tricks,
Enough—then let them be!
"If thou in God, my brother art
"That shall we now soon see
"O stranger, hast thou any woe
"Will help thee, and we swear it so.
"We questioned not the guilt and right;
"We should but reconcile,
"Shall we upon the coming race
"A weight of war high pile?
"We're breaking forth; the hour is made,
"Our Europe's spirit call for aid."

That was seventeen years ago; even as late as August 1938, delegations of youth from fifty-three countries and there were none from Germany and Italy—present at the Second World Youth Congress, held at Vassar College, New York, concluded this solemn agreement:

Article I.—"We swear to develop a spirit of fraternity and collaboration between the youth of all nations, to help unite the youth of our own nations and to work for unity with young people of all the other countries, without distinction, under the leadership of World Youth Congress Movement.

Article II.—"We solemnly condemn any war of aggression directed against political independence or the territorial or administrative integrity of a state.

Article III.—"We pledge ourselves to do all in our power to guarantee that the youth of our countries never participate in any war of aggression against other states.

Article IV.—"We agree to bring pressure to bear, whenever the circumstances arise, upon our respective authorities to take the necessary concerted action, to prevent aggression and to bring

it to an end. to give effective assistance to the victims of treaty-violations and aggressions and to refrain from participating in any aggression whether in the form of supply of essential war materials or of financial assistance.

Article V.—"We solemnly declare that the bombardment of open towns and civilian populations constitutes a violation of the canons of humanity and the rule of conduct among nations and undertake to mobilise forces of world opinion to condemn any such action and to give aid for the relief of the victims.

Article VI.—"We, recognizing that there can be no permanent peace without justice between nations and within nations or without their recognition of the right to self-determination of countries and colonies seeking their freedom, undertake in a peaceful manner to set right injustices against peoples regardless of race, creed or opinion to establish political and social justice within our own countries and advocate that international machinery be immediately instituted to solve difference between nations in a peaceful way".

This was early in August 1938, and soon Europe was writhing in agony to satisfy the ambition of one man. Racial pride, racial arrogance—this is the marching cry of the German youths of today; and against that the youths of the rest of the world must stand to save civilisation from utter ruins.

But we — what is our position? We are divided amongst ourselves; and we are told that until we compose our differences we are of little account in the Commonwealth of Nations called the British Empire. Our duties are assigned to as by the Ruling power; our wills are made for us by the same Ruling power. It is not realized that the weakness of India must have its effect on the stability of the British Empire itself. If there was trust and confidence in us, would there be any doubt as to the result of the War? An English friend of mine, held in high esteem in Calcutta, wrote to me the other day, "Oh, if we had two million well-equipped Indian soldiers in the battle-field today!" But no, we are told, compose your differences. Meanwhile all culture and civilisation are being swept away.

But why should we not compose our differences? Let the politicians fight, if they must. Let them carry on their interminable arguments about percentage of seats in Legislature. Let

them pretend, if they like, that Hinduism is in danger or Islam is in danger, but you, the Youths of Bihar, have the power, in league with the youths of the rest of India, to impose your will upon the politicians who may be interested to keep us apart. Why should you not, Hindu and Muslim youths, enter into a solemn covenant that, while retaining your language, your religion, your traditions and expressing your determination to resist any attempt on any encroachment on your precious heritage? You are determined to form one nation one federated nation, if you like, — but still one nation, so far as the outside world is concerned. I do not delude myself into thinking that we are yet a nation. That delusion will take us nowhere. We have many difficulties to surmount. The race sentiment is one of the elements which go to make the national sentiment. But ethnologically we are many races. The ethnologist will probably say that there are no pure races today; and the classic example of a nationality comprising people of several races is the Swiss who, though a distinct nationality, are ethnologically French, German and Italian. Then there is the language difficulty; but then the Swiss speak German, French and Italian; and the Belgians speak Flemish and French. The Americans speak many different languages, besides the American language. Then there is the religious difficulty. The communal life of the nationalities of antiquity centred round religious customs, practices and ceremonies; but Englishmen, Germans, Italians and most of the large nationalities of Europe can no longer boast of any religious unity.

Yes, gentlemen, we have many difficulties in our way; but it is for youth to surmount difficulties. We have, after all, a common homeland, and for centuries we have lived a continuous life in this India of ours. As a unifying factor the importance of a common homeland cannot be over-estimated. One may turn to Mazzini for an illustration. He appealed to Italians to love their fatherland as the cradle of their nationality, the altar and patrimony of all Italians.

"Love your country", he said, "your country is the land where your parents sleep, where is spoken that language in which the chosen of your heart blushingly whispered the first word of love; it is the home that God has given you, that by striving to perfect yourselves therein, you may be prepared to

ascend to Him. It is your name, your glory, your sign among the people. Give it your thought, your counsels, your blood. Raise it up, great and beautiful as it was foretold by our great men, and see that you leave it uncontaminated by any trace of falsehood or of servitude or dismemberment.

"Love your country. Our country is our home, the house that God has given us, placing therein a numerous family that loves us and whom we love; a family with whom we love; a family with whom we sympathize more readily; and whom we understand more quickly than we do others; and which from its being centred round a given spot and from the homogeneous nature of its elements is adapted to a special branch of activity.

"Our country is our common workshop whence the product of our activity is sent forth for the benefit of the whole world, wherein the implements and tools of labour we can most usefully employ are gathered together."

Another prophet of nationalism conveyed the same thought in other words, "Where God's sun first shone upon you and the stars of the heavens first gave you light, there is your Fatherland. And though it be bare stones and barren islands and poverty and toil that live there with you, yet must you always love that land. Freedom is where you may live according to the laws and customs of your fathers and where no foreign master will order you and drive you."

There is no doubt whatever that the possession of a common homeland, and that at least is our possession, is the most potent factor in the development and ultimate realisation of a common nationality. Who can forget the words coming down through the corridors of time, "if I forget thee, O, Jerusalem, may my right hand forget its cunning?"

Nearly all national anthems and patriotic songs symbolize nationality in terms of the national homeland. How can they fail to stir you, Youths of Bihar, whether these national anthems are written by Rabindranath or by Iqbal?

But the most potent factor in developing the idea of a nationality is the will to be a nation; and this is the field which the Youths of India may cultivate to bring about the desired

end. Do not dwell on the differences that exist between community and community; rather stress the points of agreement and declare in no unequivocal voice that you are determined to be a nation. The value of national consciousness was appreciated fully by the group of nationalist leaders who set themselves to recreate the Italian Nationality, as can be seen from their strenuous efforts to stir up the national consciousness of their compatriots. This was typified by the form of oath administered by them to persons joining their nationalist organisation, Young Italy: "In the name of God and of Italy, in the name of all the martyrs of the holy Italian cause who have fallen beneath foreign and domestic tyranny, by the duties which bind me to the land wherein God has placed me and to the brothers whom God has given me, by the love innate in all men I bear to the country that gave my mother birth and will be the home of my children, by the hatred innate in all men I bear to evil, injustice, usurpation and arbitrary rule, by the blush that rises to my brow when I stand before the citizens of other lands who know that I have no rights of citizenship, no country and no national flag, by the memory of our former greatness and of our present degradation, by the tears of Italian mothers for their sons dead on the scaffold, in prison or in exile, by the sufferings of the millions, I—believing in the mission entrusted by God to Italy, and the duty of every Italian to strive to attempt its fulfilment—swear to dedicate myself to the endeavour to constitute Italy one free, independent, republican nation".

I suggest this form of oath with necessary alterations to the Youths of Bihar, who have met in conference today. Your cultural unity is impossible unless you bring about a national unity; and there are many authorities who regard "the will to be a nation" as the principal element of nationality.

I fear that I have taken too much of your time already. I wish to impress upon you that you have a sacred duty to perform. Your cultural conference is of no use at all unless you resolve to be a cultural unit and it is quite impossible for you to be a cultural unit unless you devise means to be a national unit. There are undoubtedly difficulties in your way; but we have at least a common home-land and, as I have said, the wili to be a nation is the most potent factor in developing the idea

of a nationality. We older men may quarrel amongst ourselves and raise the false cry "Hinduism is in danger." "Islam is in danger"; but it is for you to convince your elders that neither is in danger, provided there is a national consciousness. This India of ours must be a land where, to quote the words of Rabindranath:

"Where the heart is without fear and the head is held high;
"Where knowledge is free;
"Where the land has not been broken up into fragments by narrow domestic walls;
"Where words come out from the depth of truth;
"Where tireless striving stretches its arms towards protection;
"Where the clear stream of reason has not lost its way into dreary sand of dead habit;
"Where the mind is led forward into ever-widening thought and action."

BANDE MATARAM

30

A CALL TO INDIAN YOUTH

by

DR. RAJENDRA PRASAD

(Dr. Rajendra Prasad, President of the Indian Republic, in his Convocation address to the Allahabad University of 12th December 1947, gave a stirring call to young India to go ahead in the battle-scarred world with a mission of moral rearmament.)

The epoch in which you are stepping forward to bear the burden of your life is a sacred and glorious one. The century old chains of slavery have been broken. The night of sorrow and suffering has come to an end. The age of frustration and humiliation is ending. The glorious sun of liberty is shining on

the horizon giving new life and light to men and women, aged and children, rich and poor of this ancient land. The spirit of India is rising again from its age-long slumber, and a new life is pulsating in the body of the mother. Once again is beginning the epoch of new hopes and fresh aspirations, and once again joy and exhilaration is in the hearts of the people.

It is in such a dawn of Hope that you are to take charge of your destiny. The burden of your responsibilities is great, and it has been made heavier by the freedom of your country. You have not to justify your capacity to be free in the eyes of the Make and the world—a world that is neither narrow nor small, but which leaps over the narrow boundaries of your village and town, province and country and is spread over the whole globe.

You need all the wisdom and courage to have a complete understanding of the nature of the modern world— an understanding without which you cannot take a single step towards the goal of self-fulfilment and success.

It is a world of multitudinous colours, and shades. But there is neither time nor necessity to study all these facts. It appears to me however, absolutely necessary to draw your attention on this occasion to certain fundamental aspects of the world you are about to enter.

The chief peculiarity of the modern world, a peculiarity to which none can remain indifferent or blind, is the great mastery over nature which man possesses today. Man was a plaything of nature for ages. His helplessness and indigence in those epochs knew no bounds. Life was a burden for him and the world a prison. It was but natural that the deepest wish of his life was to escape from this prison to a land where there was neither scarcity nor sickness neither sorrow nor suffering.

The ruling passion of his life was the attainment of this heaven. It is no doubt true that even then he knew that he had to suffer the agonies of death before he could enter this land of hopes, but the mere faith of reaching it sustained him in the struggles and sorrows of his life on earth.

Today, however, this position exists no more. Now nature is the slave instead of being the Lord, of man. He is today

neither helpless nor feeble nor even without means. Science has given him the master key that unlocks the doors of the most guarded treasure houses of nature, and the magic secret which secures him the arms and armour of Gods.

The economic dreams embodied in the symbols of Kama Dhenu and Kalpa Taru are being made possible realisation in the day-to-day world by the discoveries of modern Science. The mastery of the Sea which the Gods and the Asuras succeeded in achieving only once is now an ordinary fact of human life.

The means of Production and commerce which man possesses today are so many and so effective that no one in this vast world need remain without food, clothes and shelter. If these means were properly utilised it is certain that poverty would disappear for good from the world. The fact is that the heaven of human dreams has now come very near the frontiers of Reality, and it is possible for every man to enjoy the pleasures of Paradise on this earth and in his earthly existence.

Another peculiarity of the modern world is essential unity of all nations of the world. The highest ideal of ancient ages was that the individual must treat himself as a citizen of the world with as great obligations to all men as he had towards the members of his family. But in the modern world the acceptance of this ideal has become the first duty of the civilised man —a duty which he must accept if the modern world is to survive. This has become unavoidable and inevitable on account of the conquest of distance which science has made possible for man. The Chinese wall of Distance which divided man from man, country from country and nation from nation exists no more.

The annihilation of Distance has been so great that today the different nations constitute but sections of one indivisible humanity, and the different countries but the several wards of the Great City the one world. The peace and prosperity, the culture and civilisation, the health and the wealth, the happiness and joy of this great city are indivisible, and integral. Each part of this great city depends for its life and living on the other parts. In other words the world is one, and its peace and prosperity are one and indivisible.

The third great fact of the modern world is the Conquest of Time which man has achieved. One year of his life is equal

to ten of his ancestors in point of achievement. He covers distances and completes assignments with a speed greater than that of the storm itself.

But what a cruel irony of fate it is that man with all this power of Gods, has neither serenity of spirit nor security of his life. It appears as if this very power has become his great enemy and destroyer. Today we find all the symptoms of this destruction—the struggle and strife, scarcity and starvation, homelessness and epidemics.

Today in Europe and Asia alike there are millions upon millions of men and women who do not get a square meal to satisfy their hunger and not a strip of cloth to cover their nakedness. There are many others who have only the stones for their pillows and the streets for their beds. Alas! such is also the case with many people in our country as well.

It is no doubt true that we are free today but we neither have prosperity nor security. It is our great misfortune that our country has been divided, and it has been our sorrow to see the uprooting with cruel and savage hands millions of human beings from the land of their ancestors. Cruelty and barbarism have had an awful dance in one part of the country and in another the Indian Paradise, even today savage events are taking place.

The query rises in the mind why all this exists? What for people take to loot and exploitation when everyone has plenty and more to live in comfort and luxury. Why is it that there is enmity between individuals, nations and states? Is it because man is mad? Is it because he lacks like the wild animals of the forest the sense to distinguish between good and bad? But it cannot be so. Man is neither mad nor senseless.

The question remains—why, then, all this meaningless struggle and strife? This is the great question of the modern world—the question which demands a solution from each one of you. I believe that this struggle arises because man has forgotten his soul in the struggle to conquer nature, has thrown morality overboard in the striving to a mass wealth, and has banished love and sympathy in the effort to acquire power.

I admit that conquest of nature is not an evil in itself. On the contrary, the truth is that man is unable to respond to the call of the spirit in the absence of mastery over nature. But when the struggle to master nature becomes the sole occupation of man's life it is then that it becomes a limitless evil.

Knowledge is for life, not life for knowledge. In other words, knowledge is a mere instrument which is of use to the spirit in the striving for self-realization. In the language of the mundane world we can say that knowledge is the instrument with which life can be made full of truth, beauty and good. But if knowledge becomes itself the goal, it leads to death and darkness.

It was this truth which was proclaimed by the *Ishopanishad* which says that mere ignorance and mere knowledge take man to a land of utter, impenetrable and blinding darkness. It proclaims the great truth that spiritual vision alone can lead to true salvation.

Even a single glance at the condition in which the world finds itself today proves conclusively the truth of this statement. Science has divorced itself today from Morality. The sole occupation of the scientist is the study of the underlying relations of the different objects and aspects of nature.

The man of science does not concern himself with the question whether his discoveries are being put to a good or an evil use. The consequence of this view of his mission is that the scientist is ready to sell his talents for a few coins of gold and silver without pausing for a moment to consider the consequences, good or evil, that such a course involves to the spirit of man. The results of this amoral attitude of science are staring you in the face.

Today the discoveries of science are being utilised by honest people and criminals alike for the promotion of their interests and the attainment of their ends—and what is more reprehensible is that the Thugs, the criminals, the unscrupulous are making more gains by the use of science than the others.

The greatest triumph of modern science, the atom bomb will always be associated in the minds of man with the dying wall of the thousands of innocent men and women whose life

was suddenly brought to an end by its first effective use in the world.

Today there is not a single spot in the world which has not witnessed the cruel destruction of human life and the degradation of the human life and the degradation of the human spirit by the arms and the instruments given to man by modern science.

There is no sphere of life in which the spirit of man has not been crucified with the aid of these instruments. Man is exploiting and crucifying man with the machines and arms that science has invented. The truth is that this amoral knowledge has taken man to the land of darkness in which he cannot even see his own astreched hand. Had not the pride of scientific achievements blinded men and nations could it have been possible that every nation, knowing full well the destructive potentialities of the Atom Bomb, would still have continued to spend billions on the manufacture of these bombs—and this when millions are facing the slow agony of starvation.

The sages of our land had for this very reason emphatically declared that self-conquest is the supreme triumph of man. More than two thousand years ago it was again in our country that the great Emperor Asoka renounced all conquest except the *Dhamma Vijaya.*

Mahatma Gandhi has been giving again this ancient message to the people of India and the world. It may have been that we whose eyes have been dazzled by the glitter of the modern civilisation may have failed to perceive the glory of *Dhamma Vijaya* (the triumph of the moral law).

Again it may well have been that our ears, deafened as they probably are by the maddening noise of the modern machines, may have not responded to the music of the Moral Law. But the truth remains that the peoples of the world, as our own people have to dedicate themselves to the achievement of the total victory of moral law in human life. Man must do this and that also very soon, for if he does not wake up in time disaster and death will overtake him. But I have faith in the human spirit and I believe that he will yet realise the tragic potentialities of the amoral civilisation of modern times.

The struggle against and triumph over the inanimate and heartless nature makes man also unresponsive to the eternal verities. It is thus but inevitable that in that civilisation there be no place for catholicity and humanity. Man can exist in it only as a cog in a vast machine. Machine far from being the instrument of man becomes his sovereign master. You will find this truth by surveying the great nations which are the best representatives of the civilisation. You may search but you will search in vain, to find a single institution in those countries which has been created purely out of a spirit of humanity of abiding love of service. There suspicion reigns, the suspicion of man, the suspicion of nations. Every institution is dominated by either a political or an economic dictatorship.

But such a dominant position was never given to the material world by our civilisation. It recognised the importance of the world, but only as a means for the self-realization of the human spirit. It never accepted that the spirit of man was an insignificant element of nature or that the spirit was the slave of environment. It was the recognition of the primacy of the human spirit that made the Hindu treat the master of kingdoms as an inferior to the conqueror of the self. It was this realisation that gave more importance to the cog of the Sanyasin in comparison to the golden thrones and sceptres of the Kings. To the Hindu the Moral Law was far above the law of the state.

The world stands in need of the readoption of this faith in the supremacy of the Moral Law above all the rules of commerce and state. It must take to the path of self-conquest.

A glance on the importance of the economic prosperity and organisation in the life of man would also help in the proper appreciation of the significance of this principle of self-conquest. Many people in modern science believe that all human relations are but a reflection of the economic structure and relations of men in any historic epoch. No one can deny the importance of bread and butter, clothing and housing in the life of the individuals and the groups.

But it does not appear to be true that economic considerations play the dominant role in determining human relations. It appears to me that this view is based on the negation of the human spirit. It may have posessed some truth if man had

been, like the beasts of the forest, a mere animal driven by instincts and possessing no power to choose his course of action.

But man is not a beast. He differs from it in possessing two qualities--one the creative impulse and the other the notion of morality. It is evident from human activities that man is not satisfied by what is given to him by nature. He seeks to reshape and recreate nature in order to make a world which satisfies his spiritual craving. In other words he seeks to remodel the world so as to make it True, Beautiful, and Good.

It is this creative urge that takes him out of himself to weave his life and mind with these of the others. The Great Society is rooted in the creative impulse and the Moral Law, which rule the life of the individual. He would have had no urge to weave himself with others in the absence of the former and his social bond would but prove chains of sand in the absence of the latter.

It is, therefore, clear that the foundations of human societies are moral and aesthetic rather than economical in character. Economic effort and acquisition are but the means through spirit and realisation, but they do not constitute the end of life itself.

The world is facing a great disaster because it has forgotten this great truth. It is a tragedy that man worships mammon today as the presiding deity of his life. The consequence of this mammon worship is that man has been degraded into a commodity capable of sale and purchase. Such has been the degradation of the human spirit that while one class of men seeks to purchase others to labour for itself another class of men seeks violently to expropriate the former and establish its dictatorship.

The same mad lust for power is to be found in the political sphere. People see power for its own sake and not for the realisation of their *Atman*. Power is a means of life, not its end. But when it is accepted as an end in itself, than man may become a successful tiger but he can never attain the status of a true man.

We are witnessing in our unhappy country the disastrous consequences of this lust for power. Hundreds of thousands of men and women have been uprooted from their ancestral homes. Men have reached the lowest depths of animality. It is this lust

for power that keeps the nations enemies of one another. No state can tolerate being less powerful than any other and race for power, therefore, goes on. But this involves the degradation of the human spirit and the destruction of human values. If you turn the pages of recent history you will find written on each page the worship of power and the faith in the Atom Bomb and the Big Navy.

This is the picture of the world you are about to enter. You are educated and full of youth and enthusiasm. It is your paramount duty to bring back man from this path of destruction and to make him tread the path of fulfilment. This path lies in the revival of the ancient culture of India. It is a path of self conquest, of service, and of renunciation. What is this conquest of self that I am asking you to undertake ? I am not going to propound to you any abstruse philosophical proposition. I shall consider briefly the social aspects of this problem.

I have already stated that two special attributes distinguish man from the rest of the animals. These are, one the creative urge and second the moral will. Man has become the crown of creation on account of these attributes. It is in the complete fulfilment of these attributes that I consider the victory of the human spirit lies. If the nature of the creative urge is analysed it would be found that it takes man away from ugliness, disharmony, cruelty and hardness of heart. The tenderness and the sympathy of the artist vibrate in its bosom.

It is, thus, rooted in the great principle of Ahimsa, the principle which unites all Beings into a cosmic whole. The moral will again is an aspect of Ahimsa.

Ahimsa does not mean merely non-destruction or non-killing of life. Ahimsa signifies the ideal of accepting or doing nothing but what promotes the realisation of the Good, the Beautiful, and the Truth. The *Ishopanishad* describes this truth by saying that all that is in the universe is of God and one must enjoy only what one is given (for the realisation of the self) without casting envious eyes on what others have.

This, in my opinion, gives a good idea of what the Ahimsa is. Man has to accept what the Lord offers him not as a means for gratification but for self-realisation. He must not look beyond the performance of his duty nor must he desire anything

more than what is absolutely necessary for his performance. He must not grumble about the superior means, if any which others may be enjoying. Each one must dedicate himself to the duty of making the life of every individual human being True, Good and Beautiful.

The path of self conquest (*Atma Vijaya*) is thus one of service and sacrifice, of co-operation and creation. There is not the least place in it for national, racial, and individual jealousies and bitternesses.

Gandhiji has adopted this path of moral conquest in the political sphere: and he has extended a free and open invitation to every individual and nation to adopt this part. Often people think that it is only the Mahatmas who can dare to tread this path. But this belief is based on the erroneous idea that one requires super-human power and divine qualities to tread on it.

The fact, however, is that every one can tread this path. The learned and the rustic, the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the aged and the young, men and women—any one of them with the heart of men can travel on it.

What is required is only Faith. When man forgets his true self, when he begins to attach greater importance to external trappings than to his inner-self, when he forgets the difference between himself and the beast, it is then that this path appears to him to be leading into wilderness. Such an opinion about the futility of this path is now being expressed in the India of To-day.

It is now said that the path suggested by Gandhiji has no use under the present conditions. It is asserted that the sword alone can solve the problems of present-day India. But I submit that this is a profound error—an error which shall lead us to the land which the Upanishad says is covered with blinding darkness. This is not a mere flight of imagination but the truth and nothing but the truth. Do not forget that the roots of whatever power and beauty there is in human life consist of the creative urge and the moral will that is, of Ahimsa. Remember that the tiger has remained behind man in the evolution of life, notwithstanding its sharper claws and greater physical strength than those of man, simply because it lacked the moral and creative activities of man. It, no doubt, does happen sometimes that the tiger

triumphs over man, but in the history of life tiger is an insignificant creature in comparison to man. Similarly it is possible that the tyrant, who puts his faith in the sword may some time succeed in massacring those who believe in Ahimsa ; but in the end the victory shall be of non-violence for it is but another name of humility.

Remember also that even the sword gains its effectiveness from the co-operation of men, and this, in its turn, is rooted in the creative urge and the moral will of man. The foundation of society and of state is, thus, Ahimsa and only Ahimsa—and not the sword and the gun. If, therefore, the state and the society are to be kept in existence it is essential to embrace and follow the principle of Ahimsa. It was the realisation of this truth that led Asoka engrave on rocks that moral conquest was the only lasting and true conquest.

The modern notion of citizenship also points towards the same truth. It is said to-day that the world is in turmoil because the people are not living upto the principle of citizenship. The principle of citizenship demands that every citizen must fulfil his duties without worry about his rights as these will automatically flow from the performance of duties.

It is the primary duty of the citizen to serve and support the state by every possible means. He must obey the laws, honestly pay the taxes, take part in essential services, scrupulously use the powers of his office within their due limits, and be ready to contribute his life, money, and judgment to the service of the nation at a time of emergency.

These duties of citizenship flow from the faith that each individual has the moral claim to his fulfilment with the help of the state. In other words, the principles of citizenship is rooted in the moral will of man. But this principle of citizenship is much narrower in its application than that of Ahimsa. It seeks to confine the moral will within the narrow limits of the territorial State. It seeks to create the feeling of brother-hood among the nationals of a state but keeps wide the psychological gulf between the nationals of one state and those of the others. This psychological gulf proves a barrier in the world of to-day, as it always did in the world of bye-gone days, to the assent of man to his rightful moral throne. It makes man half-man and

half-tiger. This man-tiger often reveals that the tiger in it is more powerful than the man. Man will be truly human, the truth shall triumph in the world, and peace and prosperity shall reign there only when man puts faith in himself and fulfils his mission or creation.

The battle-scarred world calls you—you. who have been given the vision of truth and humanity by this great university—to enter the moral struggle for bringing man to the path of immortality. Your youth, your education, your ideals shall have fulfilment only when you respond to this call. Your country calls you to revive the ancient culture—tht culture which accepted as its heroes — Dedhichi, Shivi, Harish Chandra, Ram and Bharat. Your countrymen expect you to crown your toils by taking the life giving Ganges of Ahimsa to the thirsty soil of their hearts. Your past, your future, you present—all challenge you to go forward on the straight and wide highway of Dharma. Step forward for in this journey lies the fulfilment of life and the glory of your spirit.

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VIKRAMADITYA: OUR PILLAR OF FIRE

by

DR. K. M. MUNSHI

(Address delivered by Dr. K. M. Munshi, Founder of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay, and ex-Governor of Uttara Pradesh, at the biennial celebrations in honour of Vikramaditya the Great, the Founder of the Saka Era, at Kanpur on 9th December, 1943.)

I thank you for the honour you have done me by asking me to preside over the biennial celebrations in your City in honour of Vikramaditya the national hero of India.

I will not go into the vexed question of his identity. The questions whether he rescued Aryavarta from the barbarians two thousand years ago, or whether he rooted out the Kshatraps fifteen hundred years ago, I leave to learned scholars. To me, to you, and to the whole of India Vikramaditya is not a dead conqueror, but

a living hero. In him we live and he lives in us. Who has not heard and admired that comrade of Kalidasa and the patron of the nine literary gems? Which is the child in India for the last many centuries whose budding imagination has not been haunted by the friend of Vetal, who brought on his shoulders the elusive corpse, which talked and talked and wanted an answer? Who has not yearned for the day when that mighty ruler would go about once again in our cities in disguise to learn and redress our grievances? Have not generations lived in the hope of seeing once more the *paradukhabhanjan* who will live but to relieve our misery? Of all the heroes known to our history and mythology Vikramaditya is the only mortal whom popular suffrage of centuries has enthroned side by side with Sri Ramachandra and Sri Krishna in the national pantheon.

His name in our history had the charm which Cæsar's (Kaiser, Tsar and Cæsar) had in Europe. Kings aspiring to greatness have coveted to higher title than his name. Many rulers like Siddharaja Jayasimha of Gujarat spent their life in imitating his exploits. Was it not the inspiration of the title of Vikramaditya which he bore that urged that last Hindu ruler of Delhi to go forth to fight the foreigner who sought to enslave the Motherland?

What is it that on this two thousandth year of the Samvant Era makes the whole of India celebrate this national festival? What is the psychological urge that has driven us to this re-apotheosis of un unforgettable hero?

To us, who are in bondage to a foreign master, Vikramaditya is not a historic memory nor a mere name of pride. He is something more. He is the symbol of Indian unity; the Chakravarti who stands for the aspiration of our nation. To us he stands for two thousand years of national memories: for all which we take pride in in the past, yearn for in the present and look forward to in the future; for that greatness which is born of a fusion of political power, national independence, social harmony and cultural magnificence.

I invite you to look back for a moment to the glorious race memories from which this apotheosis of Vikramaditya springs.

In the dawn of history the foundation of the world's civilisation was laid on the banks of the Sindhu and the Narmada. When the rest of it was just emerging from the Stone Age we

had the city state and the trade organisation, the potter's wheel and the carver's knife, artistic metallurgy and exquisite seal cutting, baths and public buildings, geometry, star-reading, magic formulas and writing tablets. We had the worship of the Mother and Pasupati, Lord Siva. With that little icon of Pasupati buried for six thousand years in the sands of the Indus Valley begins the unbroken thread of our life which at present is seen in its luxuriance in Amarnath in Kashmir and Rameshwar at Cape Comorin, in the million temples where today the Nandi kneels to his master, the god of gods, Mahadeva.

We passed on the torch of civilisation to Sumer; Sumer passed it on to Babylonia and Syria; from thence it was passed on to the West.

Let me turn back to India.

Life grows fuller, richer and nobler. The banks of the Saraswati are studded with the asramas of Vasista and Visvamitra, Bhrgu and Angira, the founders of Dharma. From there radiates a culture purified by the noble grandeur of men who lived in God. Times change. Divodasa destroys the fortresses of Sambara. Visvamitra fights Vasistha and out of a conflict of races is born a hierarchy of castes on the the basis of culture.

This wonderful social synthesis—*Varnashramadharma*— provided an interdependence of social groups, the steel frame which buttressed the social order and Dharma itself. We have been taught not to see for us. But for it we could not have offered resistance against the insidious advance of cultural disintegration which Europe carries into the alien peoples whom she wants to exploit and enslave.

Again the scene changes.

Parasurama, the son of a Rishi, leads the Aryans to the Narmada—the first among those who destroyed those who threatened Dharma. Rishis follow in the wake of his conquering hosts and from Varanasi in the east to Brugukaccha in the south are chanted Vedic mantras of eternal beauty. Out of this conflict associated with the name of Parasurama is born an age of power and culture which transmutes alien people into members of an organic society.

The scene again shifts.

We build up the tradition of the first all-India Chakravarti Bharat, the son of Dushyanta, the grandson of Visvamitra, the Emperor who gave his name to the land, Bharatavarsha. At Hastinapur,—at Asandivat to be accurate,— the empire of Kuru-Panchalas is founded which slowly spreads out from Takshashila near Peshawar to the frontiers of Bengal. And there arises in our midst two mighty men, worshipped as God Himself descended on earth. One is Vyas, the first among the Prophets who have taught Dharma. The second is Sri Krishna, the lover, the statesman, the warrior, to whom India offers its united homage as the majestic representative of India's power of which Dharma is the source. He has come, so that the enemies of Dharma may be uprooted. He has come, for Dharma has to be re-established. And again on the battle of Kurukshetra, meet the kings ruling over India north of the Krishna. In that mighty conflict in which Sri Krishna supports Dharma, an all-India consciousness is evolved.

Round the conception of the Chakravarti were woven two great ideas. The Chakravarti is the suzerain of India. He is also the upholder of Dharma. The concept of a conquering hero of the Aryans is thus converted into the idea of an all-India emperor upholding Arya Dharma.

Jarasandha, the Asura of Magadha, was vanquished by Sri Krishna; his country was absorbed in Aryavarta. But vanquished Magadha conquered her conquerors. The Shishunagas (c 700 B.C.) were the next Chakravartis of India. Buddha contributed not a little to the idea of an all controlling personality which represented Dharma, though his influence, unlike Krishna's was divorced from political power. Imperial power was forged on a country-wide scale when Chandragupta Maurya (A.D. c 25-301) the Chakravarti and Kautilya the architect of a mighty political fabric, combined to materialise the conception that India, one in culture, was also one in politics. But when Chandragupta's grandson Asoka came to the throne of Pataliputra India's dream was realised. The Chakra of power and the Chakra of Dharma were wielded by a single hand. This dream, so wonderfully realised, thenceforth became one of the fundamental ideas of our ancient culture. In the national mind, all-India political power came to be indissolubly wedded to Dharma as the end and aim of corporate life. The mind became ready to receive the seed of the Vikramaditya idea.

The glorious empire of Magadha which Shishunaga founded continued till 79 B.C. giving India the unity of social organisation and cultural outlook. But the power of Magadha declined. The Barbarians—the Bactio-Greeks, the Parthians, 'Yuech-chis—broke into India. Then came this mighty Vikramaditya. No details of his exploits have come down to us. But he drove out, repressed, absorbed the Barbarians—a mighty feat which in the national mind of India came to be carved in letters of undying fire.

Parasurama was divine: he destroyed the enemies of Dharma; but was too fierce to be loved. Sri Krishna was divine too; he stood for Dharma; but he wore no crown. Asoka upheld Dharma but inherited an empire already rendered safe. But this Vikramaditya became dearer, for he was human. He drove out the Barbarians; he founded a political power of strength; he inspired literature and art; he protected the Dharma; above all he looked after the needy and the distressed. He was a wonderful composite of the shining memories of Parasurama and Sri Krishna, of Buddha and Asoka; infinitely nearer to us by his more human and therefore endearing light.

Vikramaditya henceforth became the beloved of the nation.

The Empire of the Satavahanas succeeded the Empire of Magadha. The heart of Aryavarta, on account of barbarian inroads, was shifted to the banks of Godavari. From Paithan on the Godavari, which was then India's capital, the Satavahanas waged a holy war of Dharma. Satakarni I, the founder of the line, is also considered to be the original Vikramaditya; any way he had the 'Vikram' touch.

Gautamiputra Satakarni (c A.D. 106-130) like a second Parasurama, destroyed the Saka, Yavana, Pahlava and the Kashtriyas. He was the flaming sword of Arya Dharma. His decisive victories added a fresh zest to the absorptive genius of our culture. The barbarians who were fighting it themselves soon became its ardent followers. Rudradaman (A.D. 130-150) the son of the foreigner Cashtan became the upholder of Dharma; while the Kushan conqueror Kanishka was another, a devout Buddhist, the most powerful instrument of spreading Mahayana Buddhism in Asia. His grandson Vasudeva (c 152-175) was a Saiva, and a patron of Indian culture.

The author of *Matsya Purana,* writing perhaps at Nasik, is unhappy. In the north, the kings are 'contemptible and irascible'. But he sees the rise of Dharma in Magadha. Chandragupta I in 320 A.D. founds the Empide of the Guptas. His son Samudragupta (A.D. 330-380) one of the most brilliant conquerors in history, subdues most of the kings in the country in a whirlwind campaign; restores Dharma in Aryavarta; performs an Asvamedha; and assumes the title of Dharmaditya. His younger son Chandragupta Vikramaditya, (380-415 A.D.), the original Vikramaditya, according to one view, annexes Western India; transfers the capital to Ujjayini; is the friend of the original Kalidasa. India reaches its height under him. His son and grandson (415-467 A.D.) maintain the empire and uphold the Dharma.

The age of the Imperial Guptas is reckoned the Golden Age of India. Life and culture, science and letters flourished as never before. The administrative system — which practically continued till the British conquered India — became a part of life's structure. Smrtis became the common law; Bhagwat Dharma, a national church; Puranas, the universal educative agency.

Five generations of emperors in one family became defenders of the faith, of whom the greatest was Vikramaditya. Of them Vikramaditya was the symbol of India, free and strong, the homeland of culture and of righteousness.

The irruptions of the Hunas began about 475 A.D. In c 500 A.D. Tormana occupied Malva. But by 533 A.D. a mighty warrior Yasodharman had risen in Malva. He rallied the national forces of Aryavarta and broke the Hunas. This great Yasodharman as a liberator of the land is sometimes identified with Vikramaditya.

In c 550 A.D. Isanavarman the Maukhari founded the power of Kanauja, which was soon to be the capital of Aryavarta. It soon passed out of his son's hands into those of Sri Harsha the Puspabhuti, who came to the throne of imperial Kanauja in 606 A.D. and became the Emperor of Uttarapatha (North). The Deccan carried forward the imperial tradition of Satavahanas and Pulakesi the Chalukya of Vatapi rightfully came to be called the ' Emperor of Dakshinapatha '. Sri Harsa was a true successor of the imperial Guptas. Tolerant, learned, of unblemished

character and imbued with noble ideals, he raised the Empire to the height of power and culture.

He died in 647 A.D.: political confusion followed. But by 700 A.D. Gurjaradesa had come into great prominence. Its warrior clans, from 550 A.D., had already been forging ahead under the lead of the Pratiharas.

In c 735 A.D. the Arabs invade India, possibly through Kacch and Kathiawar. Nagabhata of the Pratihara dynasty, possibly ruling at Srimala, rises in a mighty defiance; drives back the invaders; and establishes himself at Ujjain. He claims descent from Lakshmana, the brother of Sri Ramachandra, and is compared with Narayana rising from the primæval waters. His epic resistance sends back the Arab, sadder and wiser. His descendants grow in power; wage wars against the Rashtrakutas of Karnataka and the Palas of Bengal; and ultimately capture the imperial capital, Kanauja. Nagabhata II (800-834 A.D.) becomes the greatest emperor in India of the day.

His grandson Mihira Bhoja whose records are still being pieced together, one of the greatest kings of all time, revives the memories of Vikramaditya. From 836 A.D. to 888 A.D. he rules the Empire of Gujaradesa; recaptures Sindh and re-converts the people from Islam; supports the Brahmana Shahi king of Kabul engaged in resisting Islamic aggression; holds in abeyance the Rashtrakutas in the south. His sway extends from Punjab to East Bengal. He claims to be an Iksvaku; is the defender of Dharma; as the rival of Sri Rama is reckoned not a mortal but a god. The Arab travellers attest to the might of this B'urah of Juzr, the Adivaraha of Gurjara. They describe him as their bitterest enemy. He is in fact and spirit what his son Mahipala (914-94 A.D.) is described by the poet Raja-Sekhara: 'The Maharajadhiraja of Aryavarta'.

Our historians have still to tell us about this period. For about 200 years India saw the revival of its best traditions. It was the age of Sankara and Vacaspatimisra; of Medhatithi and Devala; of Magha and Rajasekhara.

When Sabaktagin and his son Sultan Mahmud of Ghazni, one of the greatest military geniuses in history, invaded India, the Brahmana Sahi kings of Afganistan and Punjab, father, son and grandson, Jayapala, Anandapala and Trilocanapala, as the

guardians of India's gates, resisted foreign aggression. In a gesture of sublime dedication they sacrificed themselves and their people to save their honour, their Dharma and their Motherland. These Vikramadityas of frustrated destiny 'who were never slow in doing what was good and right' hoisted the proud banner of the ideal over a humiliated land. Only after 22 years Mahmud could subjugate Punjab. Then he sacked Kanauja in 1922 A.D. and destroyed the magnificence which emperors from Shri Harsa to Mihira Bhoja had built up.

The shadow emperor -- a contemptible relic of the *Raghu-kula-bhu Chakravartis*, — the world's suzerain of the divine line of Ikshvakus -- accepted the vassalage of the Turkish raider, and was slain by the proud Vidyadhara Chandella (c A.D. 1009-1050) his feudatory, for the crime of selling his honour to save his skin.

In the meantime Bhoja the Magnificent (1010-1054 A.D.) the descendant of one of the Paramara heirarchs of Gurjaradesa had waxed into a great ruler. And when in 1024 A.D. Mahmud marched on Gujarata, Bhoja led a confederate army, trapped the Sultan into Kathiawar and forced him to a disastrous retreat through the burning desert of Kaccha. Between 1020 and 1044 A.D. Bhoja was the greatest emperor in the land with power and magnificence, so much Vikrama-like that his memories and associations have been inextricably mixed up with Vikramaditya himself. A poet, a patron of learning, a builder of great imagination, a conqueror, and a philosopher— he was one of the greatest of those who were ever called to the throne. And throughout life he had as his associates Rajendra and Rajaraja Chola, two great emperors of Tanjore whose sway extended over the whole of the country south of Krishna, the East Coast, Ceylon, Java and Sumatra.

This period came to an end when Mahomed of Ghura in 1175 A. D. began his plundering adventures against India. Indian rulers had so far waged wars according to well regulated canons of Dharma. Shrines, women and children, Brahmanas and cows, even towns and villages had always been immune from war-like attention. An enemy was not to be killed except in battle; and his women and children were as sacrosanct as one's own. The Central Asian raiders, anxious to plunder and des-

troy, knew no such limitations. Simply they flung themselves, thirty of blood and booty, on their victims. The Indian rulers were no match for such antagonists — not in strength, of which there was plenty, but in culture, or rather in want of it.

When Mahmud of Ghazna was destroying Anandapala and his people ruthlessly he was faced by a danger on the Central Asian front of his empire. Anandapala according to Alberuni sent him a message — "You are in difficulties, therefore I won't fight you. I will send 5000 men to your help. Go and defeat Ilak Khan. When you come back, we shall fight." Mahmud declared a truce; accepted 5000 men; defeated Ilak Khan; returned and destroyed Anandapala. What sublime sense of fair-play! And how idiotic against a ruthless foe!

Another instance. From 1193 A.D. Aibak and his successors destroyed holy places. Thousands of shrines were deserted. Mosques rose in their places. In 1264 A.D. Arjunadeva the Vaghela king of Patan issued a grant to a Muslim to guarantee lands dedicated to a mosque in Prabhasa Patna, with the blessings of the religious head of the shrine of Sommath!

We had no knowledge of the world outside India. We heeded not what Madhatithi had written in the time of Mihira Bhoja, — "Never respect the difficulties of the enemy." We forgot the advice of Sri Krishna that such fainthearted considerations were 'un-Aryan, heaven-barring, disgraceful'. We went under, for we were too humane.

From 1200 A.D. began a period of stern residence. The Sultanate of Delhi was a raiding camp, wherefrom ambitious Turkish and Afghan military leaders with the help of trans-frontier mercenaries swept over a civilized country in search of loot, regardless of humanity. The court chronicles of the Sultanate naturally do not present the other side of the picture. It was a picture of resistance which was being offered day after day to these freebooters: of men who flung away life to preserve their freedom; of women who courted fire to escape dishonour; of children who filled wells to escape slavery. This vast movement segregated the Muslim chiefs into the narrowest bounds of political action; stiffened bonds and hardened customs to save the social organisation; and gave birth to cultural agencies like the Bhakti should in order to preserve Dharma.

Many were the Vikramadityas of frustrated destiny who fought and died in thousand ways so that Dharma might live. Their epic is still to be written. Of them all the first was the brilliant and impetuous Prithviraja; the type and model of all later resisters. The first centre of resistance was Ranthambhor which year after year rose in defiance till it was wiped off : the noblest, was Chitore which again and again sent its young men to die that Dharma might live. The last great resister of the period was Hemu, Vikramaditya, who in 1556 A.D. fought Behramkhan to the last breath of his life.

This titanic resistance resulted in blunting the fury of aggression, of creating a synthesis. Hindus and Muslims reconciled themselves to each other. Slowly religious differences ceased to count; tolerance and mutual adjustments followed. Akbar, the real founder of the Moghul Empire which was essentially Indian, placed himself at the head of the synthesis. A generous man, a tolerant ruler, a far-sighted statesman, an unrivalled warrior and a great empire-builder, reared a superstructure on the united strength of Hindus and Muslims. He created a new India, an India of toleration and mutual understanding. He gave the country the peace it wanted. The generous hearted Indian adopted him as their own : a kind of Vikramaditya by adoption.

Against Akbar stood the lone figure of Pratap, the proud heir to Chitore's undying glory, refusing to bend his knee to one whom he called the 'Turk'. He was built of the stuff of which the heroes of the unattainable are made. He was an ideal in flesh and blood. He died, but is an immortal; a Vikramaditya of frustrated destiny, stronger than death itself.

But Aurangazeb undermined the synthetic empire. Sivaji in the south and the Sikh Gurus in the north, the standard bearers of Dharma, rose in revolt. The resistance which had been blunted by the broad statesmanship of Akbar now gained a new edge; and when Aurangazeb died the Moghul Empire was dissolved in 1707 A.D. On the ruins of that empire rose the Empire of the Maharattas. Sivaji Maharaja had revived the spirit of Vikramaditya.

In the meantime the Europeans came to the country to trade by guile and remained to rule by force. They hired Indian

mercenaries: bribed or pampered effete or selfish rulers. Against this foreign penetration, many were the heroes who battled fiercely in defence of their land. They failed; the imperial power of Poona, before it could consolidate itself, dissolved under the pressure of internal dissension and external aggression. The British won the battle of Kirkee in 1818, and the last of the Indian empires collapsed. Foreigners came to dominate the land. When the last armed attempt at regaining independence met with failure in 1857, the country lay prostrate before its foreign conquerors.

We were in advance of the world physically, morally, mentally; but we lacked the art of organised destruction.

We were vanquished. We were disarmed. Our proud traditions of heroism were broken, obliterated. We have now been bearing the badge of slavery in the land of our birth. Vikramaditya alone has remained with us, the lodestar of our desires, —Vikramaditya, the quintessence of the power, the culture and the culture and the freedom which are ours by right.

Let us examine what brings us together in the name of Vikramaditya. It is not a mere matter of glorifying the past; nor of enjoying the present. The urge behind the celebrations is the upsurgence of a subconscious national motive. In the apotheosis of this hero we seek the unabashed expression of our supreme desire. In it, we stand as what we are — the heirs to immortal greatness. Our country is in distress, but that does not frighten us. Our educational background would make of us spineless intellectuals; we refuse to be such. In these celebrations we are alive with the passions of a living, quivering faith. We stand up as men true to the genius of the land. And as we look back with pride upon the golden age of a departed Vikramaditya, so do we look forward to the greater age of a future Vikramaditya.

Of the millions in this land the vast majority is knit together by race and traditions; by the bonds of language and literature; by the closely woven texture of our social organisation. They are compact with the unity which Vikramaditya symbolizes today. Why of all people in the world should we alone be apologetic or be ashamed of the motive? Vikramaditya is an impelling conception and therefore a living faith. It is a faith of

political power, strong and overarching, unsubjected to foreign power, emanating from and resting on our own strength; a faith inspired and supported by the genius of our own social order, and literary and æsthetic heritage; a faith which is founded on Dharma.

I want you to be under no illusion when I use the word Dharma. The Dharma of which Vikramaditya is the 'embodiment is not a religion, not 'Hinduism' as we are taught to call it. Not caste system as we know it; nor cheap communal arrogance. It is a way of living. It is culture in its most comprehensive meaning. It is the overarching law of life. It consists of rituals and myths; of modes of life and canons of conduct; of tradition and outlook; of wealth of language and literature; of a theory of life and a social organisation; and of living ideals: all which were moulded by the genius of our race and land. The belief in the Vedas as the ultimate source of Dharma gives to our people to whatever race they belong, a conscious unity of life and history. The mythology which surrounds it embraces the sacred legends of rivers, mountains and cities, of heroes and sages, human and divine. The social organisation as shaped by it is based on family life dominated by patriarchal tradition, affording shelter to every needy, helpless member; imposing, as a corollary, a strict regard to feminine virtue, so essential to preserve the purity of race and culture. This social order is not based on class war, but an inalienable interdependence of social groups; on a hierarchy arranged according to the degree of culture attained by each.

In its changeless essentials Dharma is the Law, the Word, and the Mother. All conduct is to be regulated by one unchanging law based on the absolute ethical values of Non-violence, Truth, Non-stealing, Non-waste and Non-possession; to be inspired by a faith in human endeavour as self-discipline, leading man out of his limitations to become 'The Supreme' in this life.

The Word is the literary heritage for which Samskrit stands. It is the vehicle of Dharma conveying it from age to age. The shrine of our past, it is the strength of our present and the inspiration of our future.

And its base is the living conception of the Mother — the holy Aryavarta, — the Bharata Mata, our hope and solace in this world and the next, inspiring an abiding veneration for those who lived and died so that She may live, free, great and eternal.

Round this Dharma, as its guide, upholder, and protector, has been woven over conception of Vikramaditya.

Let us not therefore feel hesitant about what is our hearts' desire. We may be circumscribed. We may feel it to be a dream, though cherished. But let us be honest to ourselves. Dreams are greater part of us than the words we speak or the deeds we do. We desire, we yearn for, a Vikramaditya ; for, he represents the only condition under which we may attain the full stature, when the Motherland is a national home of power and culture by the right of our own strength.

Vikramaditya is our Pillar of Fire, leading us on from bondage to the Land of Promise.

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A MAGI FROM ARABIA

by

M. ASAF ALI

Maulana Abul Kalam Azad is a descendant of Sheikh Jamaluddin, a profound scholar and an erudite doctor of divinity, who like many another savant of the Near East was attracted to India by the intellectual atmosphere of Akbar's court. His impeccable integrity was recognized by the great Emperor himself and he was held in very high esteem by Mirza Aziz Kokaltash, Akbar's foster brother and many other nobles at the Moghal court. He was one of the few who declined to sign the manifesto drawn up by the worldly wise divines of Akbar's time endorsing Akbar's claim to be the founder of *Din-i-Ilahi* or the new divine religion.

Both from the grandmother and the grandfather's side the Maulana can trace his ancestry to well-known doctors of divinity and men of widely respected saintliness. His mother came of a leading family of Medina. Among his ancestors there were leading theologians who, from time to time, had to quit the country to seek refuge in Arabia to preserve the integrity of their views against the imperial will. His father too had to leave India after the Revolution of 1857 and lived in Arabia for serveral years. At the invitation of Sultan Abdul Hamid Khan he went over to Constantinople where he lived for three years. In 1872 he conceived the idea of repairing Nahr-i-Zubaida of Mecca, one of the water courses named after the famous Queen Zubaida. More than 11 lakhs of rupees were collected through his efforts for this purpose. Finally in 1907 he came to Calcutta at the invitation of his numerous devotees and settled there. Several of his works were printed in Egypt and are still looked upon as a worthy contribution to theological discussion.

Maulana Abul Kalam Azad, originally named Ahmad, was born in Mecca in September 1888. He was also called Firoz Bakht by his father, and spent his childhood in Mecca and Medina where his father's house was a great centre of learning. He received his early education under his father's guidance and has also been to the world famous university of Al Azhar in Cairo. He brought out his first production at the age of 15. This was a monthly literary magazine called the 'Lisanul Sidq', which was greatly appreciated by the poet Hali. In 1904, Hali met Abul Kalam and finding him only a youth of 16 refused to believe that he was the editor. His incredulity over, he remained one of the warmest admirers of Abul Kalam for the rest of his life. When he was only 14, the Maulana entered into correspondence with Maulana Shibli and also contributed some articles to the Makhzan of Lahore. In 1904, he had occasion to meet Maulana Shibli in Bombay and Shibli spoke very highly of Abul Kalam's contribution, but under the impression that he was speaking to Abul Kalam's son ! Newab Monsinul Mulk always used to address Abul Kalam as "Young in years but old in learning."

His conscious political life can be definitely traced back to 1912 when he began to give expression to his mature thoughts in his journal 'Alhilal', which was the first of its kind in India

and which at the time compared favourably with the standard journals of the West in respect of form and substance. Not only thought but in expression he struck an original line of advance and founded a style in Urdu writing which has influenced numerous writers during the last 30 years. He was convinced that a revolution in Muslim thought was urgently called for and 'Alhilal' was the medium through which he wanted to achieve his end. It was about this time that he began to publish, along with political essays a series of discourses on religious subjects which fired educated minds dissatisfied with stagnant dogmatism with a new enthusiasm. He laid the foundation of a new school of rational criticism and discussion in theological controversy. Like the Poet Iqbal, he set most of the educated Muslims of India thinking about the fundamental and vital problems of life. The popularity which 'Alhilal' achieved among the Indian Muslims within two or trhee months of its appearance was phenomenal. It became an organ of advanced political thought and rational religious instruction no less than a model of dignified and persuasive literature. Up to this day its old copies are treasured by their possessors. Hitherto, both in religion and in politics the educated Muslims of the day used to look upon the Aligarh school of thought as the final source of guidance. As every one familiar with Muslim political thought in India is aware after having attended the Congress once, Sir Syed Ahmad Khan concentrated on Muslim education and drew the Muslims away from politics. In 1906 under official guidance, the Muslim League came to be founded as the organs of Muslim political opinion. The aim of the League as declared then was to foster loyalty to the British Crown, and British officials used to look upon the League as an instrument of their political policy. Even the famous *Comrade*, which the late Maulana Mohammad Ali had founded in Calcutta in 1911, in its earlier phases drew its inspiration from the Aligarh school of thought. Abul Kalam Azad initiated a vigorous campaign against this school of thought in his journal and invited the Muslims to co-operate with the Congress in liberating the country from foreign domination. The politicians of the old school of thought were startled. Even Maulana Mohammad Ali in the beginning showed a marked tendency to counteract the effect which the 'Alhilal' was producing among the Indian Muslims. The 'Alhilal' gradually but steadily made its way into the

hearts of progressive Muslims and the stagnant waters of orthodoxy and indifference was stirred to their very depth.

From the day of its appearance in 1912 to the day it ceased publication in 1915 under the Defence of India Act the 'Alhilal' exercised a powerful influence among the Indian Muslims, and up to this day neither in form nor substance has it been surpassed, though many efforts have been made by several aspirants to reproduce its excellence. At last the Government snuffed it out of existence in 1915. Abul Kalam's irrepressible genius, however, blossomed out in the Albalagh which he brought out after the cessation of the 'Alhilal'. It had scarcely been in existence for a few months when in April 1916, the Government of Bengal externed him from that province. The Punjab, the U.P., Bombay and other Governments had already declared him an unwelcome guest, and he was constrained to remove himself to Ranchi where he was interned five months after his arrival there. He was released in 1920. When he emerged from his internment (he was the last of those who had been interned during the Great War to be released), he was hailed by the united body of Muslim theologians of India as a clear thinker who had earned the right to be respected.

He met Mahatma Gandhi in 1921, since when he has continued to be one of the staunchest supporters of the non-violent school of thought. In 1924 he decided to divide his residence between Delhi and Calcutta, to resume his literary activities and to conclude and publish his translation and commentary of the Quran, at a printing house established for the purpose in Delhi, but the stress of multifarious activities compelled him to return to and stay in Calcutta. His translation of the Quran and his commentary is one of his most popular works. His association with the Working Committee of the A.-I.C.C. is nearly as old as the Committe itself; but his connection with the League as also of many other nationalist Muslims ceased when its affairs passed into the hands of a group who began to use it as an instrument for reactionary purposes.

By nature, he is one of those who long to take a back seat and shrink from demonstrative situations. He is indisputably one of the greatest orators of Urdu, whose speeches attract record audiences but his innate disinclination to face crowds leads

him to decline most requests to address big gatherings. This unconquerable shyness of Maulana Azad is almost invariably misunderstood by superficial observers as overweening pride or a pose of superiority. He has a sensitive soul, and is one of the acutest of observers, whose intelligence is sharp and whose cerebrations are quick as light. He is a shrewd judge of men, but he seldom permits himself to be read easily. In congenial company he is a sparkling conversationalist with a rare sense of humour. When not in his element, he is capable of almost oppressive reticence. He can be devastating in debate and convincing in discussion for he makes apt use of the enormous storehouse of his erudition.

His habits are astonishingly regular. He invariably rises at 5 in the morning. Soon after dawn, the stream of visitors begin to pour in, if he is on tour, and till mid-day he has to disentangle public and personal skeins which a variety of known and unknown persons bring to him. Sometimes, people bring him subtle religious problems to solve and curious doubts to dispel which he does with a patience surprising in one so sensitive. He is nothing, but obliging and polite even to his traducers and it is doubtful whether any one has seen him in a temper. He loves a Turkish bath after a heavy day or a long journey, and although he quickly withdraws into himself in what may be described as the company of the "smart set," he flourishes in the company of select friends. Occasional outings with such friends are his only escapes from the "madding crowd". His personal belongings abound in the latest books English and Oriental, and journals from the Near East and Egypt. He dresses and lives simply but loves neatness. His reticence about himself is the despair of his friends who can scarcely succeed in drawing anything of a personal nature out of him.

It is difficult to compress all one can say about him into a brief sketch. He is a man of rare gifts whose towering personality cannot be dwarfed by the others' political prejudices whether born of ignorance or of malice. In non-Muslim circles, he is better known by his political association than by the still greater qualities which lend to his personality a stature, rarely achieved in the intellectual world. He yearns and longs to find

the time to give himself an opportunity for intellectual work, but the urgency of the political call is so clearly concrete to his mind and the need of the millions so intensely felt by him that he would rather sacrifice the dearest desire of his heart than ignore this call. None who knows him can resist the chirman of his personality. To know him is to love and respect and admire him.

33

SCIENCE AND RELIGION

by

DR. S. RADHAKRISHNAN

(While there can be no incompatibility between the findings of science and the doctrines of religion, because their common goal is the search of truth, men have to take care that science does not end in Hiroshimas and Nagasakis, and religion in wars and inquisitions, said Dr. Radhakrishnan the philosopher-statesman, in his Convocation address at the Centenary of the Madras University on 29th January, 1957. The following is the concluding portion of the address.)

The stories of our past remind us of the spiritual qualities of freedom, honour, brotherhood and goodwill which made us united and go forth sharing our riches with neighbouring peoples. We prospered through the centuries when these qualities moved us and we declined when they were drowned by the afraid and the arrogant, who filled our minds with doubts and fear, and blinded our vision with clouds of illwill. If we retain the pioneering, adventurous and enterprising spirit as also the faith and the idealism that made us do great things, in the early centuries, if we shake off the prejudices which divide us from one another, there is no valid cause for fear. We are not the helpless tools of impersonal forces which we do not understand and cannot control. We can take a hand in shaping the future of things.

There are different views of history, that it is cyclical, that it is linear, that it is spiral. The Greeks though that history was a cyclical movement governed by impersonal laws. With the preacher of Ecclesiastes, 'the thing that has been is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done' and there is no new thing under the sun. The Jews, the Christians and the Muslims held that it was the unfolding of a cosmic pattern, an act of God beginning at the creation and destined to end in the last judgment, that the last day of reckoning would read what the first day of creation wrote. The Chinese held that history was a continuous series of variations on a common theme. History, according to the spiral view, moves on with dips and loops blind alleys and setbacks, to a higher purpose. Many of us under the sway of the scientific spirit are inclined to a historical determinism. Still others feel that history is a chaotic, disorderly flux, that caprice is king. There is another view which regards history as the outcome of our ideals and ideas, hopes and fears, ambitions and policies. It is produced by a combination of many causes, some necessary, some accidental. The force of the human spirit is an essential factor. There is a fundamental distinction between men and things. We cannot force men to do what we want. In the last resort they may prefer death to conformity. There is an element of indeterminacy in human nature. It has boundless possibilities. The great leaders, Socrates, the Buddha, Christ bring something new and inaugurate fresh stages in the development of man ; *raja kalasya karanam*. Man has a real role in the making of history. He can make a choice from a number of alternative developments. What we will do here and now will make a difference to the future. In human life freedom and necessity are bound together. They condition one another. So also in history. There is nothing inevitable. When things happen, they may be related to the past ; till they happen, we could not have foreseen them. One age does not follow another in normal succession but sometimes saps the bond of continuity and founds a new order of things. We have both continuity and innovation in history. We cannot neglect and deal only with the laws of history. The spirit bloweth where it listeth. The study of man in society cannot become an exact science. Man is the future of man. It is through the efforts of individual men that we can re-make our future.

If the world is disorderly and unstable, it reflects the state of our minds. We are a generation not in revolt but in retreat. It is true that all generations have passed through doubt and uncertainty. It is said that man's trouble started when the first man met the second. Other generations may have seen darker times, more perilous periods than this. In our age the pace of events has speeded up and relatively leisurely times have given way to periods of swift change. We live in a world of bewilderment and moral wandering. The practical results in medicine, engineering, industry, agriculture and warfare are so spectacular that we seem to believe that these feats of scientists will advance our happiness but they have given us alarm and we live in a state of disharmony, transition, paradox, uncertainty.

The main cause of our malaise is our uprootedness. We are detatched from our spiritual foundations which give us poise and balance. Many of us have lost our historical roots and become exiles from our past. Things nearest to us in time are not nearest to us in spirit. The froth on the surface of history does not count so much as the deep underlying currents. It is these that have given us strength and vitality, that have enabled us to live all these centuries. If we lose confidence in ourselves, we cannot retain the confidence of others. We need a renewal of human nature, a creative transformation which will lift us out of fear and suffering, out of despondency and helplessness, which will set us to work bravely for the new world. New men are needed for the new world.' This new world is deeply concerned with science and technology. We are inclined to regard even arts and literary criticism as sciences. Some philosophers wish to confine philosophy to logical analysis. Some look upon religion as an illusion. Such a scientific orientation is likely to upset the values of civilization.

There is, however, no incompatibility between the findings of science and the doctrines of religion. The search of truth is their common goal though they have different ways of approach to it. Since God is Truth, *satya-svarupa*, the quest of truth is the quest of God. Man who makes the machine is greater than the machine. He who splits the atom is greater than the atom. Science does not suggest the omnipotence of matter. It suggests the supremacy of men, which inspires and guides them in this quest is divine. The word *Brahman* connotes both the truth which is

sougth and the spirit in us which seeks it. A scientific view of the world reveals to us a central mystery which is not disclosed to scientific observation. Our attitude to it should be one of piety, humility and adoration. We must acknowledge that truth belongs to God and ideas belong to men. The poison of intolerance is inconsistant with the mystery of God. Too much blood has been unnecessarily and unjustly shed in the name of religious doctrine. The different religions are great spiritual achievements of man and we should take pride not in one special production of mankind but in all, for all are fellow-pilgrims treading our way to the truth in every great faith. *Tirukkural* is claimed by the followers of Jainism, Buddhism and Hinduism and teaches a universal humanism. True religion requires us to extend our sympathy even to those who do not belong to our group. Religious pride may make us hold that true religion is our own, that 'we are the people, and wisdom shall die with us.'[1]

Science enlarges our concepts of God and religion saves science from going astray. Religion should not end in wars and inquisitions nor science in Hiroshimas and Nagasakis. It is said that a man without religion is like a horse without a bridle. We need the discipline of religion to civilize our nature, to restrain the greed, the callousness and the brutality in us. Religion, however, should not be interpreted in a narrow, sectarian, dogmatic sense but in the broad sense indicated by our seers and *bhaktas*, the *nayanars*, the *alvars* and the *acharyas*. They are united in telling us that we will not be able to create an ordered society unless we learn to master ourselves. In the disordered and bewildered world in which we live, we must learn to live by the values the religious thinkers set before us. We can have peace only if we have the courage of renunciation. Through illness, poverty, or death we begin to feel that the world is not made for us. However beautiful our dreams may be, circumstances may forbid them. In such situations courage is what we need most.

The purpose of religion is not merely to change the opinions of men but to change the lives of men. We must make clean the heart within us. In *vicara* we accept the religious demands; in

[1] *John, XII.* 2.

acara we ignore them. Theoretical knowledge of the ultimate truth is not enough—*vakyarthajnanamatrat na amrtam*. 'Not everyone that saith unto me, "Lord Lord", shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven but he does the Will of my Father which is in heaven,' said Jesus. We will be judged not by our words but by our actions, not by resounding declarations but by our deeds. An English poet wrote :

> *Knowledge we ask not — knowledge thou hast lent*
> *But Lord, the will — there lies our bitter need.*
> *Grant us to build, above the deep intent*
> *The deed, the deed.*

The function of a religious man is to disturb, his duty is to wake up the sleepers, to shake the pillars of orthodoxy. He is at once the product and the preceptor of his time. When we listen to him we are troubled and made unsure of our accepted habits. He draws our attention to the distance between our professions and our practices.

We are victims of social divisions and disagreements. However earnest we may be in our intentions, there is not yet that emotional integration among our peoples. Caste divisions, class consciousness still dominate us.

Religion is not reserved for philosophers and theologicians. It is intenedd for the ordinary man also. In a world dangerously distracted and troubled, even ordinary men require a sense of the sacred. The *bhakti* cult is the most popular in South India. Even today we find devotees go from place to place, chanting on their way to temples, pouring out their hearts before the deity. 'Oh God destroy the me in me and stand thou in my stead. Oh God, all that is mine is thine.' True giving is a giving of oneself. The essence of life for Muhammad was Islam or surrender to the will of God. All religions emphasize the importance of prayer. Muhammad valued it above all else. He enjoined it on his followers five times a day and turned the world into a prayer-hall. The *bhaktas* who have made the literature of their age have sung of God as *daridra-narayana*. God has no wants, yet He clothes Himself in human need that we may serve Him. He has no hunger and yet He comes asking for bread that we may offer Him. He comes in the guise of a beggar that we may bestow.

Jesus said : 'I was hungry and you fed me. I was naked and you clothed me. I was thirsty and you quenched my thirst.'

The bhakti movement demands democratic behaviour; *nasti tesu jati-vidya-rupa-kula-dhana-kriyadi-bhedah.* Among the devotees there is no distinction of caste, learning, beauty of form, clan, possessions, occupation, etc.[2] In our country man has become man's worst enemy for he is cut off from truth and the spirit in him is obscured. The advent of independence has led to a quickening of the national conscience against social injustice. There is a loosening of the bonds of caste and an attempt to give equal rights to all men and women.

In the light of the fundamental religion, the ups and downs of our political fortunes or the twists and turns of international relations should not disturb our poise and faith. We should not get excited. Whatever the provocation, we should not use angry words or adopt bitter attitudes. We should not waste our time thinking of the cards which we wish to hold. Our task is to play the hand which history has dealt and play it as well as we can. We must move onward in the stream whether we like it or not. If we do not recognise this forward-moving development, if we reject it and desire to go backward, we will be divided against ourselves and be torn between the two impulses, waste our strength and become split in our nature. We must march forward and feel that what is ahead of us is better than what is behind us. We may remember our yesterdays, but we will have to work for the tomorrows.

In this unquiet modern world which science and technology have compressed into a single neighbourhood, this University and others, by their united efforts may further the case of peace and understanding. A university is a fellowship, devout in its admiration of what has been achieved in the past, yet believing in the richness of the future which lies before us all, a fellowship which transcends all barriers of race and nation, of class and creed and yet honours the artistic and intellectual traditions of a variety of peoples. The scholars and scientists are not always immune to the political passions which infect their

[2] *Narada Bhakti Sutra,* 72.

countries. But in the pursuit of knowledge they, with their austerity and detachment, can rise above them and see in their political enemy their professional colleague. In the universities at least we must be able to lift our gaze above national interests and breathe the pure air of disinterested inquiry.

The leaders of every university must hold aloft the spirit of man. We need all our skill, fortitude and determination to shape the future along democratic lines not only of our country but of the world. If this University has faith and produces in the years to come men and women of learning and virtue, skill and judgment, piety and character, we will bear the intolerable, achieve the impossible and establish the reign of truth, justice and love on earth.

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END OF CENTURIES-OLD SLAVERY

by

ACHARYA KRIPALANI

(Text of the broadcast talk through the A.I.R. of Acharya J. B. Kripalani, a past-President of the Indian National Congress, leader of the Praja-Socialist Party and Member of Parliament at 2 p.m. on 15th August, 1947.)

The long-awaited day of India's freedom is come. Her centuries-old slavery has ended. The people's representatives are at last in the seats of the mighty. Those who were reviled and despised have come into their own. For this day our patriots through the last several decades worked and suffered. Many of them who fought for this day are not in our midst to rejoice with us. They suffered so that others may enjoy. They died so that others may live in peace, freedom and honour. To the memory of all those known and unknown patriots we pay our humble tribute of love and honour.

We are thankful that our leader in this righteous fight, the Father of our Nation, Mahatma Gandhi, under whose saintly

guidance we have lived to see this day, is yet in our midst. To him as a free people we pay our homage. He has written a new chapter in the history of the world, for he has led this nation to achieve by truth and non-violence what always was achieved through war and violence, through bloody revolution and its trail of misery and war. May he live long in our midst to guide us in the constructive tasks that lie ahead of us.

His and his nation's dream has not been completely fulfilled as often happens in human affairs: our achievement has fallen short of our goal. We wanted a free and united India. What we have got is a free India, divided and distracted. The result is that many of our countrymen whose hearts are lacerated at the division of the motherland are in mourning today. Our joy cannot therefore, be as complete as it would have been had India on this historic day remained one and undivided. May be that our suffering and sacrifice were not great enough for the double task of unity and freedom.

However we may not forget that the unity we had under the British rule was a unity in slavery. It was an artificial unity imposed from above by our masters who held both Hindus and Muslims in their iron grip. What we need is a free, spontaneous and organic unity -- unity not only of political institutions and laws imposed upon us by the foreigner but the unity of hearts of common purpose, common effort and a common goal. This can only be achieved by our own efforts and such efforts can fructify only when communities that have been kept apart by the foreigner are free to think and act independently.

Let us, therefore, not rest content with the liberty we have achieved today. Let us henceforward bend all our energies to the unification of this land of ours. In this task we shall need all the unidivided effort and devotion that we brought to the cause of freedom. Let us abandon all thoughts of ease, comfort and self and resume the path of sacrifice and suffering that has brought us where we are. This unity that we so ardently derive can only be achieved if we, who are privileged to be the citizens of the Indian Union, cease to think in communal terms. Let no citizen of the Indian Union think of himself as a Hindu, Muslim, Sikh, Christian or Parsi but as an Indian — Indian first and Indian last. Let him also not think in terms of retaliation

and reprisal. The two major communities have tried this long enough and today there is murder, loot and arson in many parts of India. We are as far from unity today as ever before. Let us, therefore, after this bitter experience change the methods that we have employed so far. May be, as in the case of our liberty so in the case of our unity the salvation lies, even as Mahatma Gandhi has indicated, through non-violence and truth.

Above all let us try try to make the Indian Union great and prosperous. If we in our portion of India are able to evolve a new order of society based on democracy and social justice, where all power and profit belong to where they should — to the workers in the field and factory — we would provide the greatest inducement to our seceding countrymen to rejoin us and work with us. This is also the way to preserve our new found liberty.

35

LAWYERS AND POLITICS

by

S. SATYAMURTI

[Speech made by the late Shri S. Satyamurti, well-known lawyer of Madras, and one-time Secretary of the Indian National Congress, at the social gathering of the Law College, Nagpur, in October, 1937.]

Mr. Vice-Chancellor, Mr. Principal, and Friends, — I am very glad to be here this evening. Your Principal said he thought he was young; I believe I am young. For a man is as old as he feels and a woman as old as she looks. (*Laughter*) I feel that living in India to-day, if you are privileged to play your humble part in the achievement of the freedom of the motherland, you can never grow old. I congratulate the Law College Union on its splendid year of activity on all fronts. I am glad you had those debates and you had those discussions.

I propose to speak to you, friends, a few words on Law and Politics. Some years ago I worshipped at the shrine of Law. But the call of the Congress and of the Civil Disobedience Movement has taken me along with many other fellow-workers to other fields. But my first love has remained fresh in my heart and in my head. I want you budding lawyers not to be apologetic about your profession or to feel ashamed of it. I know many people who do not know as much as they ought to, often speak sneeringly of Law and of Lawyers; but those very estimable ladies and gentlemen when they are in trouble, real or fancied, will fly to you for succour. Therefore take heart in what they do and not in what they say.

Lawyers form a very important and useful part of any modern civilized secular society. Society cannot get on without lawyers and Law. For what is Law? Law is, after all, the substitution of the judgment of trained judges in cases, civil and criminal, for physical force. Time was when might was right in individual law. Time is yet in international law might is right, but thank God except for a few countries, Fascist or Soviet, the rule of law is yet prevalent. Let us, therefore, be proud—truly proud—of the great profession to which we have the honour to belong.

Now the greatest subject of a modern civilized Government is the rule of law, namely, that no man shall be deprived of his liberty, of his property, or of his rights except by a due trial in a court of law with ample opportunities given to defend himself, and subject to appeals to the highest tribunal in the land. Now if you think of it, you will at once understand that this is the bottom-rock of modern civilized society. How is this law administered? You know, or you are being taught, this is being administered by judges. But what can judges do—even the most superior among them—unless they have the assistance of a well-trained efficient, honest, independent Bar? Ask any experienced judge, and he will tell you his success depends upon the excellence of the Bar which practises before him. Therefore it is right that you, who are being trained, that you who are trained to be lawyers should take to this profession with great gusto, and also equip yourselves to discharge your duties well and honestly and to the satisfaction of all concerned.

Next in importance to the rule of law is the art of legislation in modern countries. I have just come from our August strenuous Session of the Indian Legislative Assembly, where we were trying to place on the Statute Book an Insurance Bill. And I want to tell you, my friends, quite frankly that often sitting in the House taking part in the debate, doing my best in learning the sections. the clauses and the relevant matter day and night, I have often felt, believe me, that the Legislature is not as well equipped as it ought to be in dealing with a matter of this importance and difficulty. Legislation is a very difficult art. An easy solution is to leave it to experts; but experts cannot legislate for the excellent reason that in democracy legislation ought to be the expression of the will of the electorates. Therefore a happy synthesis has got to be found between the work of the expert as such and the work of the expert as such and the work of the ordinary legislator as such. If we can get that synthesis, we shall produce better and better and more and more satisfactory laws. I am anxious that you budding lawyers from now must take a keen interest in the art of legislation. Codes interpret laws, which are enacted by the legislatures. In the enactment of the laws which codes have got to interpret therefore, while you are to equip yourselves in the practice of law which is your main objective, please do not forget that an equally important and useful contribution can and ought to be made by you in the field of legislation. After all, legislation is not an easy art. An unhappy word, a misplaced phrase, an unnecessary clause here or there, may cause costly litigation, great harm to the interests concerned, and ultimately fresh legislation to right the wrongs that were inadvertently committed. I am therefore anxious that you should cultivate from now the art of studying legislation, how to make laws, and how afterwards to interpret them.

Then again, so far as lawyers are concerned, in this country I know that there is almost everywhere lawyers congregate for practice, over-crowding in the profession. No heroic remedy is possible. One remedy is possible; that is to say the banishment of the poverty from this country. If by and by, this country becomes more prosperous—I do not suggest therefore there ought to be more litigation—but undoubtedly there would be vast fields for the practice of law by the lawyers.

More than that, I want to suggest that the system of law and the system of trials as introduced into this country by England is perhaps more costly than our country can afford. England is a highly industrialised and a very rich country; and mostly she spends other people's money, and therefore, England can afford to have these costly systems of litigation. I think in our own country, except perhaps for very complicated cases, a cheaper, a simpler, and a more effective machinery for settlement of our disputes, civil and criminal will have to be evolved. And I think lawyers can play a great part in the evolution of that system.

That leads me on to the question of the limits of trial by jury in our country. Trial by jury rests on a well-known democratic conception. But whether that system may be introduced or continued in our country for all trials is a moot question. On the other hand, I believe that for our smaller civil and criminal disputes, the Village Panchayats, provided we can rid our villages of faction and of little-mindedness and pettiness, can serve the purpose. It is a difficult problem today as our villages stand at present, the village panchayats do not offer much scope for that pure unadulterated justice as between man and man which any democratic government is bound to offer to our citizens. But I see in the future a prospect of villages being left purified enough when we can get to serve on these village panchayats men and women of character, integrity and efficiency. When that time comes, these village panchayats will have to play a large part. But even then there will be various courts in this country, right up to the High Court, where our lawyers will have ample scope for the display of their talents. I have no magic wand with which I can abolish overcrowding in the Bar immediately. But I want to leave with you, if I may, a word of encouragement that things are not bound to be as there are today things are bound to improve, and you can look forward to the day when you will have a large and distinguished part to play both in the High Courts and in the public life of this country.

As regards High Courts and appeals, I have one word to say. The Federal Court has begun to function from the 1st of October. There are no cases yet before it. (Laughter). When the cases will come I do not know. They are drawing their salaries all right. (*Laughter*). But when the Federal Court does begin to function, I want to suggest to you that our self-respect demands that more

and more we should gradually abolish appeals to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. My friend, the Principal, had referred to the habit of his early times, of clients preferred an English to an Indian judge. That is the inferiority complex of a subject race. Thank God, thanks to Mahatma Gandhi, we are rearing a new generation of Indians, and I hope that that new generation, among whom I include you, will create public opinion against appeals to the Privy Council when we have got a Federal Court of our own.

That leads me on to the second part of my subject, Law and Politics. Politics is a game again at which people affect to laugh in their spare moments. It is perhaps the little-mindedness of man or perhaps his ingratitude or perhaps some cynical mischief in his making that he often criticizes those people who do the best for the society of which he is a member. Take India. You may affect to laugh at politicians to sneer at them, but where will India be but for the race for politicians who have laboured hard in order to see that our country marches forward on her path towards her freedom? Now I want you again, therefore, as young lawyers not to despise politics. I do not want you now to take part in politics. I think that when you are actually students you ought to take an active interest in politics, know the things, study them, have your own opinions, express them frankly and freely in your own debating societies and your own Union Societies; and if you are voters, I ask you to vote for Congress every time (*Cheers*). But excepting that kind of academic interest in politics and voting straight in elections, I am clearly of the opinion that it is not good either for politics, or for you or for the University that you should take an active part in politics. But this applies to normal times, when there are abnormal times, — there will be abnormal elections, I want to anticipate them today, but so far as the future is concerned I am very anxious that you lawyers should train yourselves from now to take your active part in politics. I have been in law for some time, I have been in politics for some time, and I hope you will remain in politics. But let me say this, from a long period of experience of political life both in the Legislatures and outside, I am clearly convinced, my friends, that a lawyer has got greater advantages to play a useful and effective part in politics than any other professional man. Politics is such that lawyers seem almost to be made for it. And

it is not a mere accident. I will give you my reasons. A teacher carries on his work magnificently to a class of students who wonder how his small head could carry all he knew; and therefore he happens unless he is a very exceptional man, a beginner in it —to become a machine which goes on for 20 years repeating at the same hour, at the same minute, the same lesson, until he becomes a law unto himself. The doctor again is a man who practises his art on the unfortunate patient who looks up to him sometimes in trembling, sometimes in hope, but often in fear lest something will happen to him. But look at the lawyer, young or old, who has to practise his profession in a public court of law open to the members and to the public. Presides over the court a judge often unsympathetic, always seemingly so, rarely very friendly, and anxious to pick holes in your argument to show how his knowledge of law is superior to yours. Then you will have on the other side an equally good, sometimes, a better, lawyer trying to pick holes in your argument, anxious to interrupt. The round you sit juniors and seniors who always make their impressions of your argument and the moment they come out into the corridors often in your hearing tell exactly what a great fool you are. And last but not least sit in our courts the clients on whose good favour you have got to live. Therefore, you can understand how day after day the lawyer's training gives him certain virtues which are essential in politics. The first virtue is that you must never allow yourself to be taken by surprise by the other side. Any successful lawyer knows that, if he goes to the Court with a case and he is taken by surprise by the judge or by the other side, he curses his fate that he did not prepare the case well. Believe me, the most successful lawyers are those who have never allowed themselves to be taken by surprise and they always know the strong points of the other side even more clearly than the strong points of their own side. Similarly a politician, for example, in the Assembly or elsewhere, has got to know very much about his facts, about his law, and about the manner of his presenting the same. Secondly, we have the public, which is generous, but which can sometimes be ungenerous, which is generally sympathetic but can occasionally be unsympathetic. And you can understand, therefore then how I am right in saying that lawyers by their very training are able and equipped more than the members of any other profession, to play a useful and great part in politics.

But at the same time I must tell you, young men, this: Even in free countries, politics has few rewards to offer to its worshippers; in a slave country fewer still. Even Ministerships are only six or seven in each province, and therefore, I am not inviting you to take part in politics by the offer of any immediate reward on the personal side. But I have no doubt in my own mind that it is not necessary for me to commend to you the need for the best men and best women in India to-day who should dedicate themselves to the extent to which they can for the service of the Motherland. In service, I include even Government service. But if you feel inclined to take part in politics I welcome you into that field. And I speak not as one who has made a success of politics. But I still feel that there is an attraction in political life. You feel that you are doing something to raise standards all around in your own country to bring her nearer to her goal and above all, if you are deeply interested in politics, you come into contact with some of the best men and best women India has produced. These are the rewards which a politician can offer to you and I assure you in advance that if you are a well-equipped lawyer, your place is ready waiting for you; only make yourselves certain that a slave country, I repeat, has no rewards to offer to politicians in the material sense. But it is a life well lived, at the end of which can honestly say to oneself: I have striven my best during my life to serve others; I have not harmed anybody. And if you want to lead such a life, I can offer you no greater field than the field of politics, which is really serving India to attain her freedom.

Friends, I have told you a few words on Law and Politics. I trust I have told you enough to show you how deeply interested I am in your welfare and in your future. I always feel happy to be in the company of young students. I am very glad to have been here this evening. I do hope that the few words I have ventured to utter to you will be with you and will light your path. Study them. Work hard; play your game; become good lawyers; practise well; and when opportunities come to you, do take your manful part in the politics of your country. The last note I want to conclude on is this: I will talk of Swaraj, because it is no

longer a matter of talk, it is coming to us; whether we like it or not it will come to us earlier than many people think. And when it does come, I am anxious to talk about how we shall govern ourselves. To-day I believe as that democracy is the best of human government.

As a student of political philosophy, I go further to say that if a state of humanity is brought where peace on earth and good-will to all men prevail both inside and outside the country, there is no need for Government. But I would rather have democracy than either Fascism or the Soviet Republic of Russia. Take it from me, friends, today there is no more liberty in Russia than in Germany or Italy. And today I feel that the best form of government for my country is democracy. India has a genius of her own. And I want democracy because I believe in human individual, and human personality, I believe in each man and each woman making his contribution to the progress of the whole nation. I do not want a nation of well fed, well clothed and well housed ones in the country. Perhaps a Hitler or a Mussolini or a Stalin would like to have them. I would rather therefore have a nation of four hundred millions of men and women each of whom would say: 'I am Indian; I contribute my best to the welfare and progress of my nation'. If that democracy is to survive amidst attacks of Fascism on the one hand or Soviet on the other, if India is to be developed as a race individually strong men and women, believe me, the secret of it lies in team work. I would still plead for democracy; it is because I believe lawyers instinctively build up democracy. But I welcome you to take your rightful part in politics.

Friends, I have done. I am not a pessimist. I am an optimist. I believe in the future of my country. I believe things in the world are shaping towards our freedom. I have every hope that while young students of the Nagpur Law College become full adult citizens of India, our India will be free (*Applause*). May it be given to you, my young friends, that in those full and free days of India, free, resurgent self-governing, you may play your parts worthily as free and honoured and respected citizens of free India (*Applause*).

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INDIA'S HISTORIC DESTINY

by

MAULANA ABUL KALAM AZAD

[*Concluding portion of the Presidential Address of the late Maulana Abul Kalam Azad at the session of the Indian National Congress held at Ramgarh in March 1940.*]

I am a Mussalman and am proud of that fact. Islam's splendid traditions of thirteen hundred years are my inheritance. I am unwilling to lose even the smallest part of this inheritance. The teaching and history of Islam, its arts and letters and civilisation are my wealth and my fortune. It is my duty to protect them.

As a Mussalman I have a special interest in Islamic religion and culture and I cannot tolerate any interference with them. But in addition to these sentiments, I have others also which the realities and conditions of my life have forced upon me. The spirit of Islam does not come in the way of these sentiments; it guides and helps me forward. I am proud of being an Indian. I am a part of the indivisible unity that is Indian nationality. I am indispensable to this noble edifice and without me this splendid structure of India is incomplete. I am an essential element which has gone to build India. I can never surrender this claim.

It was India's historic destiny that many human races and cultures and religions should flow to her, finding a home in her hospitable soil, and that many a caravan should find rest here. Even before the dawn of history, these caravans trekked into India and wave after wave of newcomers followed. This vast and fertile land gave welcome to all and took them to her bosom. One of the last of these caravans, following the footsteps of its predecessors, was that of the followers of Islam. This came here and settled here for good. This led to a meeting of the culture-currents of two different races. Like the Ganga and Jumna, they flowed for a while through separate courses, but nature's immutable law brought them together and joined them in a "sangam". This fusion was a notable event in history. Since then, destiny, in her own

hidden way, began to fashion a new India in place of the old. We brought our treasures with us, and India too was full of the riches of her own precious heritage. We gave our wealth to her and she unlocked the doors of her own treasures to us. We gave her, what she needed most, the most precious of gifts from Islam's treasury, the message of democracy and human equality.

Full eleven centuries have passed by since then. Islam has now as great a claim on the soil of India as Hinduism. If Hinduism has been the religion of the people here for several thousands of years, Islam also has been their religion for a thousand years. Just as a Hindu can say with pride that he is an Indian and follows Hinduism, so also we can say with equal pride that we are Indians and follow Islam. I shall enlarge this orbit still further. The Indian Christian is equally entitled to say with pride that he is an Indian and is following a religion of India, namely Christianity.

Eleven hundred years of common history have enriched India with our common achievements. Our languages, our poetry, our literature, our culture, our art, our dress, our manners and customs, the innumerable happenings of our daily life, everything bears the stamp of our joint endeavour. There is indeed no aspect of our life which has escaped this stamp. Our languages were different, but we grew to use a common language; our manners and customs were dissimilar, but they acted and reacted on each other and thus produced a new synthesis. Our old dress may be seen only in ancient pictures of by-gone days; no one wears it today. This joint wealth is the heritage of our common nationality and we do not want to leave it and go back to the time when this joint life had not begun. If there are any Hindus amongst us who desire to bring back the Hindu life of a thousand years ago and more, they dream, and such dreams are vain fantasies. So also if there are any Muslims who wish to revive their past civilization and culture, which they brought a thousand years ago from Iran and Central Asia, they dream also and the sooner they wake up the better. These are unnatural fancies which cannot take root in the soil of reality. I am one of those who believe that revival may be a necessity in a religion but in social matters it is a denial of progress.

This thousand years of our joint life has moulded us into a common nationality. This cannot be done artificially. Nature

does her fashioning through her hidden processes in the course of centuries. The cast has now been moulded and destiny has set her seal upon it. Whether we like it or not, we have now become an Indian nation, united and indivisible. No fantasy or artificial scheming to separate and divide can break this unity. We must accept the logic of fact and history and engage ourselves in the fashioning of our future destiny. The time of our trial is upon us. We have already focused the world's attention. Let us endeavour to prove ourselves worthy.

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"NOT I BUT BRITISH EMPIRE ON TRIAL"

by

PANDIT JAWAHARLAL NEHRU

[*Text of the written statement read out by Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru when he was tried in Gorakhpur Jail under the Defence of India Rules on 3rd November, 1940, for making "inflammatory speeches.*]

I have been told that the charge against me is based on the reports of three speeches I delivered in the Gorakhpur district early in October last. Copies of these reports, and in one case a translation into English, have been given to me. I have read these and I cannot congratulate the persons who were responsible for the reporting. These reports, though presumably taken down in shorthand, are scrappy and incomplete, confusing and often making little sense.

I am a lover of words and phrases and try to use them appropriately. Whatever my opinions might be, the words I use are meant to express them intelligibly and in ordered sequence. A reader of these reports will find little intelligence or sequence in them, and is likely to obtain an entirely distorted impression of what I actually said.

I make no complaint of this reporting and I do not suggest that deliberate distortions have been made. But I do want to make it clear that what I said was in many respects entirely different from what the jumbles of words in the reports would lead me to imagine. If this is so in the reporting of my speeches, when particular care is taken and the more qualified men are employed, I cease to wonder what happens when the speeches of others are reported by totally unqualified persons, and these are made the basis of charges in courts of law.

It is not my intention to give details of the many errors and mistakes in these reports. That would mean re-writing them completely. That would waste your time, Sir, and mine, and would serve little purpose. I am not here to defend myself, and perhaps what I say in this statement will make your task easier. I do not yet know the exact nature of the charge against me. I gather that it has something to do with the Defence of India Rules and that it relates to my references to the war and to the attempts being made to compel the people of India to take part in the war effort. If that is so, I shall gladly admit the charge. It is not necessary to go to garbled reports to find out what I or other Congressmen say in regard to India and the war. The Congress resolutions and statements, carefully and precisely worded, are there for all the world to know. By those resolutions and statements I stand, and I consider it my duty to take the message of the Congress to the people of India.

As a matter of fact, ever since the Congress came to the conclusion that, in order to give effect to the Congress policy, satyagraha or civil disobedience should be started, I have endeavoured to check myself in my utterances and to avoid what might be termed satyagraha. Such was the direction of our Chief, Mahatma Gandhi, who desired that the satyagraha should be confined to particular persons of his choice. One such person was selected and he expressed in public utterances the Congress attitude to the war, laying some emphasis on the Congress policy of non-violence. It was my good fortune to have been selected to follow him and to give expression to the Congress viewpoint, with perhaps greater emphasis on the political aspect. It had been decided that I should do so, after giving due notice to the authorities, from November 7 onwards, in the district of Allahabad. That

programme has been varied owing to my arrest and trial, and the opportunity to give frank and full expression to Congress policy in regard to the war has come to me earlier than I anticipated.

If I was chosen, or before me Shri Vinoba Bhave was chosen for this purpose, it was not to give expression to our individual views. We were symbols who spoke the mind of India in the name of India, or at any rate of a vast number of the people in India. As individuals we may have counted for little, but as such symbols and representatives of the Indian people, we counted for a great deal. In the name of those people we asserted their right to freedom and to decide for themselves what they should do and what they would not do; we challenged the right of any other authority, by whomsoever constituted, to deprive them of this right and to enforce its will upon them. No individual or group of individuals, not deriving authority from the Indian people and not responsible to them in any way should impose their will upon them and thrust the hundreds of millions of India, without any reference to them or their representatives, in a mighty war which was none of their seeking. It was amazing and full of significance that this should be done in the name of freedom and self-determination and democracy, for which, it was alleged, the war was being waged. We were slow in coming to our final conclusions; we hesitated and parleyed; we sought a way out honourable to all the parties concerned. We failed and the inevitable conclusion was forced upon us that so far as the British Government or their representatives in India were concerned, we were still looked upon as chattel to do their will and to continue to be exploited in their imperialist structure. That was a position which we could never tolerate, whatever the consequences.

There are very few persons in India, I suppose, whether they are Indians or Englishmen, who have for years past so consistently raised their voices against Fascism and Nazism as I have done. My whole nature rebelled against them and, on many an occasion, I vehemently criticised the pro-fascist and appeasement policy of the British Government. Ever since the invasion of Manchuria and subsequently in Abyssinia, Central Europe, Spain and China, I saw with pain and anguish how country after country was betrayed in the name of this appeasement and the lamps of liberty

were being put out I realised that imperialism could only function in this way; it had to appease its rival imperialisms, or else its own ideological foundations were weakened. It had to choose between this and liquidating itself in favour of democratic freedom. There was no middle way.

So long as appeasement applied to Manchuria, Abyssinia, Czechoslovakia, Spain and Albania, "to far-away countries about which few people had ever heard", as the then Prime Minister of England put it, it did not matter much and was faithfully pursued. But when it came nearer home and threatened the British Empire itself, the clash came and war began.

Again there were two alternatives before the British Government and each government engaged in the war—to continue to function in the old imperialist way or to end this in their own domains and become the leaders of the urge for freedom and revolutionary change the world over. They chose the former, though they talked still in terms of freedom and self-determination and democracy. But their conception of freedom was, even in words, limited to Europe, and evidently meant freedom to carry on with their empire in the old way. Not even peril and disaster have weakened their intention to hold on to their empire and to enforce their will upon subject peoples. In India we have had over a year of war government. The people's selected legislatures have been suspended and ignored and a greater and more widespread autocracy prevails here than anywhere else in the world. Recent measures have suppressed completely such limited freedom, as the press possessed, to give facts and opinions. If this is the prelude to the freedom that is promised us, or to the 'new order' about which so much is said, then we can well imagine what the later stages will be when England emerges as a full-blooded fascist State.

I am convinced that the large majority of the people of England are weary of empire and hunger for a real new order. But we have to deal not with them but with their Government and we have no doubt in our minds as to what that Government aims at. With that we have nothing in common and we shall resist it to the uttermost. We have therefore decided to be no parties to this imposed war and to declare this to the world. This war has

led already to widespread destruction and will lead to even greater horror and misery. With those who suffer we sympathise deeply and in all sincerity. But unless the war has a revolutionary aim of ending the present order and substituting something based on freedom and co-operation, it will lead to a continuation of wars and violence and uttermost destruction.

That is why we must dissociate ourselves from this war and advise our people to do likewise and not help in any way with money or men. That is our bounden duty. But even apart from this, the treatment accorded to the Indian people during the past year by the British authorities, the latter's attempts to encourage every disruptive and reactionary tendency, their forcible realisations of money for the war from even the poor of India, and their repeated affronts to Indian nationalism are such that we can never forget them or ignore them. No self-respecting people can tolerate such behaviour and the people of India have no intention of tolerating it.

I stand before you, Sir, as an individual being tried for certain offences against the State. You are a symbol of that State. But I am also something more than an individual—I too am a symbol at the present moment, a symbol of Indian nationalism, resolved to break away from the British Empire and achieve the independence of India. It is not me that you are seeking to judge and condemn, but rather the hundreds of millions of the people of India, and that is a large task even for a proud empire. Perhaps it may be that though I am standing before you on my trial, it is the British Empire itself that is on its trial before the bar of the world. There are more powerful forces at work in the world today than courts of law; there are elemental urges for freedom and food security which are moving vast masses of people and history is being moulded by them. The future recorder of this history might well say that in the hour of supreme trial, the Government of Britain and the people of Britain failed because they could not adapt themselves to a changing world. He may muse over the fate of empires which have always fallen because of this weakness, and call it destiny. Certain causes inevitably produce certain results. We know the causes; the results are following inexorably in their train.

It is a small matter what happens to me in this trial or subsequently. Individuals count for little; they come and go, as I shall go when my time is up. Seven times I have been tried and convicted by British authority in India and many years of my life lie buried within prison walls. An eighth time or a ninth, and few more years, make little difference. But it is no small matter what happens to India and her millions of sons and daughters. That is the issue before me and that ultimately is the issue before you. Sir, if the British Government imagines that it can continue to exploit them and play about with them against their will, as it has done for so long in the past, then it is grievously mistaken. It has misjudged their present temper and read history in vain.

I should like to add that I am happy to be tried in Gorakhpur. The peasantry of Gorakhpur is the poorest and the most long-suffering in my province. I am glad that it was my visit to the Gorakhpur District and my attempt to serve its people, that has led to this trial.

I thank you, Sir, for your courtesy.

38

A LIGHT UNTO OUR PATH

by

R. R. SRESHTA

(Poet, scholar and critic, Prof. R. R. Sreshta was formerly Head of the Department of English, Lucknow University.)

'The splendour of a spirit without blame'

— Swinburne

They wait for him, a yearning multitude,
With upturned faces and uplifted hearts,
They wait for him, harmonious brotherhood,
Held in a stillness ere the prayer starts,
For this is the place and now the time for prayer
That soon will glide upon the quiet air.

Here all is fragrant peace in hallowed ground,
The peace of him whose feet have trodden here,
Whose lips have spoken words of balm, the sound
Whereof has power to bring good hope and cheer.
Already it is time; the minutes slow
Exceed the hour, but here he comes and lo!

He comes as one who has no need of pomp—
To foolish worldlings leave the painted scene;
He comes as one who has no use for trump—
Let foolish worldlings have their horrid din;
He comes as one whose step is light and free,
An eye and mien of simple majesty.

And yet he comes not—who delays him now?
Is it a friend or foe he stops to greet?
A foe! what foe? and wherefore foe and how
Could any man attempt his love's defeat,
With hatred think to batter and to bind
A love that was as wide as humankind?

Mid that deep peace where not a twig is stirred
Flung is a sound that cleaves the silent air,
With flash and flame, a second time and third,
While seized is that assembly unaware
With instant tremor, an abrupt alarm,
A sense of some immeasurable harm.

Then by an intuition swift as thought,
And by their glances full of dark surmise,
They know the heavy hap that there was wrought:
The Father of our Nation bleeding lies,
The Father of our Nation cruelly slain!
Weep, orphaned children, weep and weep again.

He fell with folded hands and drooping head—
The lead had pierced him deeply through the side,
And as he swooned for pain and as he bled,
Hai Ram! Hai Ram! with failing breath he cried,
God's name that for him had so potent spell,
And where he stood, he bowed, he sank, he fell.

He fell even where he stood, even on the sod,
Palms joined in act of prayer, calm, serene,
And on his dying lips the name of God,
Who only was his shield and buckler, in
Whom only was his firmest credit placed,
Which man's essential goodness too embraced.

Three gaping wounds three fiery bullets made—
Too heartless metal to have hurt him so!
Kneel softly where his holiest head is laid,
Kneel softly, children, where red fountains flow,
And O most lovingly thence lift him up
Who was our day, our way, our cheer, our hope.

Ah! nought avails our care, or kind or wise,
He now is borne beyond our best-skilled rite:
Shut in a slumber are his gentle eyes,
The smile that lit the world abolished quite,
The precious fragile vessel shattered is,
And his sweet soul freed from earth's bale and bliss.

Our Bapu he is still, he is so cold,
O would some warmth, a breath, a stir belie
Jealous fond Death who has him in his hold
Cold, cold, cold, whom we had not thought to die,
Bapu is cold, cold is our warmest friend,
Cold is the light and comfort of our land.

'Dear Master,' Pity said, 'Could you not bide
A space yet with your children howso brief?'
And Pity pitied Pity's self and sighed
Wishing she had the starry phrase for grief:
Such sorrow this, too full for words, too deep.
Weep, orphaned children, weep and once more weep.

How many woes befell us o'er and o'er,
How many ills, how many wrongs, how many
Dire calamities, distresses sore
Shook lately our unhappy land past any
Imagination's reach or reckoning,
Whence most our present misery doth spring.

Enough in that rude time had chanced amiss
To cause us keenest anguish to recall,
Yet from her secret store Fate brought us this
The latest and the greatest woe of all,
Which doubled and surpassed all other woes,
This woe containing every one of those.

The uttered word can never be unspoke,
Nor course retraced once the race is run,
And nothing, nothing, nothing can revoke
From the strict scroll of Fate the dread deed done:
This deed of dread can never undone be,
Though every ocean dry and every sea.

Curse not the hand that fired the fatal shot,
Nor wish it had been palsied, shrunk or bent,
Nor yet desire it ere the deed was wrought
By slow degrees to have crumbled or been rent
To shreds and shivers by fell hands enraged:
Our holy grief shall not be so assuaged.

To wish what could not be or cannot be
Or wish reversed what heaven had foreplanned
Is all, in sooth, a piece of vanity.
The hand that slew him was a maniac's hand,
Our country's Father was his Father too,
Who slays his Father must forever rue.

The guilty son is punished—shall we harden
Our thoughts against him who has certes been
Ten times forgiven above: we too must pardon
The sinner though we pardon not the sin.
O sin! O folly! on whose dear account
Weep, orphaned children, weep your sorrow's fount.

The evening saw the sun go shivering down,
Saw tremble each pale star and the moon sicken,
And heard from earth a universal groan,
The lamentation of a people stricken
With sudden sorrow for a sudden loss
Whose shadow swept the continents across.

From one to other pole of this wide world,
Wherever men had dwelling or employ,
In farthest corner was that shadow hurled,
And all the light went out and all the joy.
The shadow settling upon all things fair
Left only darkness, darkness everywhere.

A light there was and now that light has vanished.
Whose steady glow made glad the hearts of men,
Its very source will now be unreplenished,
Quenched for, who knows, how long? For who will ken
The centuries that can but show their dearth
Ere such another light relume this earth?

Look backward, Watcher, far as eye can see,
And let the vista of itself unfold
Down narrowing corridors of history,
And say then, Watcher, what you there behold,
Your vision piercing through the dimnesses
To distant gleams it surely cannot miss.

Aye, long ago, still clear to pious sight,
In sacred Gaya was a glory spread,
And then in Athens walked a lord of light
Whose mellow wisdom was in hemlock sped,
And after came, lest meekest men repine,
The kindly light that shone in Palestine.

Most blessed we among the generations
Who saw a light with these our mortal eyes,
But wretched most among the many nations
To see that light extinguished in such wise.
Our day is turned to night, our night to woe,
Weep, orphaned children, let the sad tears flow.

V

Poised here between the desert and the sea,
Porbandar on the edge of the western wave
Reared one who had a date with Destiny,
To whom the ocean and the desert gave,
Not recking the world's praise or world's derision,
The mystic venture and the mystic vision.

His saga was on alien soil begun,
And there rehearsed the law of love sublime
With lesson for his countrymen to shun
The rancours and revenges of their time.
Toil, sacrifice and effort unremitting
Bore to his message witness most befitting.

And soon this land could also testify,
Set ringing with his message and the man
Became a living wonder in our sky
For all the world to study and to scan:
Event upon him waited for assent,
The maker and the mover of event.

Recall the scenes that memory will exalt:
The ashram by the calm Sabarmati;
The march to Dandi for the poor man's salt;
The land-wide tours to gather zealously
Means for the Harijans, God's own dear folk;
Bardoli fight to lift the peasant's yoke.

The lyric days in sunlit Segaon trace
The life of work and prayer that last will touch
Noakhali and the pilgrimage of peace.
To no one man so many owe so much
Who was our day, way, our cheer, our hope,
Without whose aid we perilously grope.

Our day is turned to night, our night to woe,
Our way is in a wilderness forgot,
Our cheer is changed to sullen gloom and slow,
Our hope is utterly in hazard caught.
Alas! we are forsaken and forlorn,
Weep, orphaned children, weep both night and morn.

vi

Bond that we were and freemen that we are,
Who struck our fetters who released our bonds?
Who bade us march and follow Freedom's star?
Could wizard weaving words or waving wands
So wake a people from its sunken sleep,
So shake an empire to its bases deep?

By precept and example did he speak
To erring people strayed in paths of blood
Not of non-violence of the helpless weak,
Who shrink in pain, who cower in the mud,
But of non-violence of the very brave,
Strong to resist and stronger still to save.

Not cowardly to run away from danger,
Like rabbit from bull-terrier run away,
But to be fearless, being to fear a stranger,
And face the lathi and each mortal threat,
To face the lathi and each mortal threat,
The bullet's lead, the steel of bayonet.

He urged us to discard whatever breeds
Fear and the fear of fear and freed our breath
From fear of kings and nations, castes and creeds,
The fear of wild beasts and the fear of death,
His supreme test the law of love fulfilling:
'The quiet courage of dying without killing.'

He taught us to dispel the gripping fear—
Before the soul in her own armour clad
Brute might, he said, would melt and disappear.
Such beauty and such truth the doctrine had
Even the warlike Sikh and fierce Pathan
Followed this little and most fearless man.

Gone like an evil fog the day of shame,
Like nightmare passed the night of slavery,
Because he lit our hearts at Freedom's flame,
Because he gave us courage to be free.
How darkling is our way since he withdrew:
Weep, orphaned children, weep and weep anew.

vii

O sages, warriors, statesmen, patriots, souls
Of seekers after truth by sea or shore,
All you on different paths to different goals,
Who one or other time have added store
Of something to the sum of human glory,
A shining leaf or line to human story,

Here fell a mighty patriot, mark with ruth:
A statesman to whom statesmen did repair,
A warrior without weapon save bright truth,
A sage to all the ages' wisdom heir,
Who was among you all an uncrowned king,
Whose excellence was seen in everything.

So manifold a man, so simple still,
How hard it is to sum up in a phrase;
The meekness of him yet the iron will,
The sternness of him yet the gentle ways,
The body's frailty but the spirit's power
That knew itself to bide its ample hour.

His meagre frame, save for a loincloth bare,
With praying, fasting, thinking, labouring,
Made pure and taut and sensitive and spare,
Fit for the glorious spirit's habiting—
What energy thence flowed: that rest could find
Only in silence and a quiet mind.

The music of the charka was to him
Sweeter than music of the heavenly spheres,
Sweeter than singing of the cherubim,
Sweeter than flute or veena to his ears
Its busy hum, its soothing melody,
That power had to make a people free.

We knew him on occasion grave or gay,
In council calm, in converse witty and wise,
His laughter could a mirth of soul display
In many a merry twinkle of his eyes.
Children: we shall not see his like again,
Weep, orphaned children, weep and weep amain.

viii

Who comes this way, the way of kings and queens,
With such a concourse vast to company?
Through places that of old have witnessed scenes
Of glory or shame or grief or jubilee,
Through this Imperial City, old in time,
On seven cities raised to be the prime.

Where kings and conquerors have come and gone,
And dust is thick on conquerors and kings,
A greater far than they is borne upon
The wave and mingle of multitudinous beings.
Is borne upon a massive sorrow's wave,
With nations plunged in gloom and mourning grave.

Here pile on pile their floral tributes lie—
Such recompense does love to sorrow grant—
And all the air is fragrant to the sky,
And all the sky is filled with solemn chant:
Raghupathi Raghava Rajaram,
Pateeta Pavana Seetaram!

Now on the pyre heap incense, ghee and myrrh,
Sandalwood, camphor and all samagri,
And while to sound of Vedic hymn there stir
Bright flames that will consume mortality,
Let a great cry rise by the Yamuna:
'Mahatma Gandhi amar hogaya:'

Even so in Death, the incomparable friend,
He who is now immortal put his trust,
For he was one whose spirit did transcend
Mere man composed of vain desire and dust:
The mighty spirit ever can be quelled
Which once within that fragile body dwelt.

O do not let our world be dark and damp,
You who defended us in days of wrath,
Dear Father of us all, be yet a lamp
Unto our feet, a light unto our path.
And children, weep not: he is but asleep,
Take comfort, weeping ones, and cease to weep.

39

SYNTHESIS OF RELIGIONS

by

ACHARYA VINOBA BHAVE

(In the course of his post-prayer address at Rajgunj (Dist. Manbhum, Bihar) on Christmas Day 25th December, 1954, Acharya Vinoba Bhave, originator of the Bhoodan movement spoke on Jesus Christ and on the synthesis of religions. The sermon was a historical pronouncement on the status of Christianity and Islam and their future role in India. The following is a free rendering of the original speech in Hindi.)

The 25th of December is a sacred day for us all. The Son of Man, as Jesus loved to call himself, was born today. He belonged to all mankind, for he was above all barriers of race, colour and creed. He represented the human race and strove to raise its stature. He paid with his life in his attempt to redeem it.

Most of you may not know, but not long after Christ's crucifixion a Christian Mission came to Malabar in South India. The word 'Communism' has been derived from 'communes' which once were tiny settlements of early Christian communities, who lived as one, joint family and shared all their earthly possessions in common. Ever since its arrival here Christianity has flourished. Unfortunately, during the past few centuries Christian missions in India linked themselves with Portuguese, British and other imperialist adventurers and suffered in prestige and stature.

Jesus strove to establish upon earth the Kingdom of heaven. He fought to conquer hatred by love. If we return love with love what virtue is there in it? That is the way even with the animals. Besides, if I must return like for like, I yield the initiative. I surrender my choice in the ordering of my conduct. It is then for the other fellow to determine it. Where is the wisdom, one may ask, in leaving our own course of action at the mercy of others?

Jesus called upon us to love our neighbour. But though this has been extolled as a great virtue by all nations, few have been found prepared in practice to accept it as their immediate obligation. Today science has taken great strides and man is coming upon means and instruments of remarkable potency which are promising him the millennium,— or, total destruction in the alternative. Human destiny seems to lie prostrate at the feet of science trembling at man's discoveries, only because he has failed to raise himself to a conscious and willing acceptance of Christ and his message. We talk of love and non-violence and One World, but devote the bulk of our resources to piling up armaments for mutual destruction. We despair of our neigbhour. This is cowardice. Jesus refused to give way to it. He bore the Cross—the burden of our sins—and embraced martyrdom.

Luckily, this teaching of Jesus is not alien to India. We have been the meeting ground of a multitude of races, creeds and cultures; a land of synthesis and fusions. Our Gurudev Tagore sang of this land as a great ocean of fusion and unity of tribes and races, out of which was to emerge a model refined and worthy to receive the world's homage. There has been in the life of our people an underlying unity which transcends nationalism and all other bars and barriers between man and man.

I therefore unreservedly declare that Jesus Christ is our own, that to us in this country Jesus and his teachings have never sounded strange or unpractical, that we regard Jesus as one of our family.

Indeed, the merciful providence has blessed India throughout her long history with an unending galaxy of saints and holy men who loved their neighbour and stranger and enemy alike, and laboured for their good, regarding their own self as less than dust. Their number indeed is legion. But for the moment I am reminded of one such,—the Tamil saint. There he lay, the story goes, in his tiny little cell, chanting the name of Lord. Outside, the night is dark and a fierce blizzard is raging. A wayfarer knocks, seeking shelter. 'Hail brother! Come in,' says the God's good man, 'there is no room here for two to lie, but there is enough for two to sit. You are welcome.' So saying he gets up and the two sit huddled together. The storm continues. And

behold! yet another man, cold and shivering, knocks. 'Come in, guest!' says the saint, 'thou art the Lord Himself! Sorry, there is no room for more than two to sit, but surely there is enough for three to stand.' And the three good men pass the night standing and chanting and praising the good God.

"And verily, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me," so said Jesus. He thus is nothing less than our own kith and kin. And I claim in all humility that no country in the world except India has made on so vast a scale a collective effort to follow his teachings as did India under Mahatma Gandhi.

I confess a good deal of our practice falls far short of our ideal. I am deeply aware of the failings in our behaviour. God alone knows the remorse we feel for our many sins. I only wish to submit that the teachings of Jesus are familiar food to every Hindu who is taught from early childhood not to kill, and to look upon the least of God's creature as one's self; and that we have accepted Christ long ago.

It is for our Christian brethren, now that their foreign trappings are shed, to subscribe to the indigenous background suited to our own genius. And I also suggest that similar processes of wholesome assimilation may also take place among the followers of Islam and other religions; that Christians and Muslims of India who have hitherto held fast to their moorings and their traditions outside India, may no longer remain strangers to the Hindu cultural background, but assimilate the Indian Brahma Vidya with profit. It would broaden their outlook and confer a wholesome spirit of quest and tolerance to their religious and ideological approach and add lustre to their culture. Such a consummation, I submit, will render easier what each one of us wants to propagate, and would make a worthy contribution to the growth of our common culture. Let us realize that we have come of age now. We no longer belong to the past dawns; we belong to the noons of the future.

Every one agrees that a unique spirit of brotherhood and comradeship pervades the teaching of Islam, and that Islam means PEACE. This is why the moon is its symbol. A man who has no passion for peace and has no compassion in him is not a Muslim. On the other hand he who has peace and

compassion in him, is a Muslim, whether he carries such a label or not. I should call him and regard him a true Muslim.

Similarly, love and service are the two characteristic features of the Christian way of life. Now I do yearn to live up to these ideals in everyday life. So I am willing to sit at the feet of their prophets and their holy men and learn. And I should love to regard myself or call myself, part Christian and Muslim, and look upon it as my good luck to be so, and endeavour to be worthy of all that this means. This I can do, I claim, without the least harm to my Hinduism. I rather feel my Hinduism will bloom and blossom forth and add to its lustre and gain in stature for my doing so. Even so, Christianity and Islam, reinforced in the manner I have just explained, will assume a special significance in preaching universal love and brotherhood and service of all God's creatures.

Throughout her history of five thousand years, India has never attacked another country. Non-violence has been her badge and her sheetanchor. It is in her blood and her marrow. Thus there is nothing novel if we accept Jesus as our own kith and kin and refuse to regard him an outside influence.

I am glad the Christian churches of Malabar have declared Bhoodan Yajna (The Land-gifts Movement) as on the lines of Jesus Christ and have commended it for all to follow. I submit that Bhoodan will carry to every home Christ's message of loving one's neighbour, disregarding his denominational label.

With me it is also an article of faith that the modern man has got to attain, sooner rather than later, an adult status when he shall kill no creature of God for food or sport; when he will refuse to look upon any living being as his food. This is a special contribution of the Indian Brahma Vidya to the evolution of human thought and behaviour of which the world may not have taken notice hitherto, but which in good time it shall learn to appreciate better. For, the mankind must reach the conclusion soon enough that vegetarian food is the best food for man so as to outgrow the best in him. I am also aware that enough vegetarian food is not available in the world today. Nonetheless, I submit that the reform is essential for the evolution and perfection of man and for the unity of religious and spiritual endeavour of all mankind.

40

MESSAGE TO MAHATMA GANDHI

by

NETAJI SUBHAS CHANDRA BOSE

(In a broadcast message to Mahatma Gandhi flashed on 6th July, 1944, from somewhere in Burma, the late Netaji Subhas Chandra, the rebel Indian leader of the Azad Hind forces, who had set his foot on Indian soil with his invading army, prayed to the Father of the Nation for his blessings "in this holy war for India's liberation".)

Mahatmaji,

Now that your health has somewhat improved and you are able to attend to public business to some extent, I am taking the liberty of addressing a few words to you with a view to acquainting you with the plans and the activities of patriotic Indians outside India.

Before I do so, I would like to inform you of the feelings of deep anxiety which Indians throughout the World had for several days, after your sudden release from custody on grounds of ill-health. After the sad demise of Srimati Kasturbaiji in British custody, it was but natural for your countrymen to be alarmed over the state of your health. It has, however, pleased Providence to restore you to comparative health, so that 388 millions of your countrymen may still have the benefit of your guidance and advice.

I should next like to say something about the attitude of your countrymen outside India towards yourself. What I shall say in this connection is the bare truth and nothing but the truth.

There are Indians outside India, as also at home, who are convinced that Indian Independence will be won only through the historic method of struggle. These men and women honestly feel that the British Government will never surrender to persuasion or moral pressure or non-violent resistance. Neverthe-

less, for Indians outside India, differences in method are like domestic differences.

Ever since you sponsored the Independence Resolution at the Lahore Congress in December 1929, all members of the Indian National Congress have had one common goal before them. For Indians outside India, you are the creator of the present awakening in our country. In all their propaganda before the world, they give you that position and the respect that is due to that position. For the world-public, we Indian nationalists are all one—having but one goal, one desire and one endeavour in life. In all the countries free from British influence that I have visited since I left India in 1941, you are held in the highest esteem, as no other Indian political leader has been, during the last century.

Each nation has its own internal politics and its own attitude towards political problems. But that cannot affect a Nation's appreciation of a man who has served his people so well and has bravely fought a first class modern power all his life. In fact, your worth and your achievements are appreciated a thousand times more in those countries that are opposed to the British Empire than in those countries that pretend to be the friends of Freedom and Democracy. The high esteem in which you are held by patriotic Indians outside India and by foreign friends of India's Freedom, was increased a hundred-fold when you bravely sponsored the "Quit India" Resolution in August 1942.

From my experience of the British Government while I was inside India—from the secret information that I have gathered about Britain's policy while outside India—and from what I have been regarding Britain's aims and intentions throughout the world, I am honestly convinced that the British Government will never recognise India's demand for Independence. Britain's one effort to-day is to exploit India to the fullest degree, in her endeavour to win this war. During the course of this war, Britain has lost one part of her territory to her enemies and another part to her friends. Even if the Allies could somehow win the war, it will be United States of America, and not Britain, that will be top dog in future and it will mean that Britain will become a protege of the U.S.A.

In such a situation the British will try to make good their present losses by exploiting India more ruthlessly than ever before. In order to do that, plans have been already hatched in London for crushing the nationalist movement in India, once for all. It is because I know of these plans from secret, but reliable sources, that I feel it my duty to bring it to your notice.

It would be a fatal mistake on our part to make a distinction between the British Government and the British people. No doubt there is a small group of idealists in Britain—as in the U.S.A.—who would like to see India free. These idealists, who are treated by their own people as cranks, form a microscopic minority. So far as India is concerned, for all practical purposes the British Government and the British people mean one and the same thing.

Regarding the war aims of the U.S.A., I may say that the ruling clique at Washington is now dreaming of world domination. This ruling clique and its intellectual exponents, talk openly of the "American Century," that is, that in the present century the U.S.A. will dominate the world. In this ruling clique, there are extremists who go so far as to call Britain the 49th State of the U.S.A.

There is no Indian, whether at home or abroad, who would not be happy if India's freedom could be won through the method that you have advocated all your life and without shedding human blood. But things being what they are, I am convinced that if we do desire freedom we must be prepared to wade through blood.

If circumstances had made it possible for us to organise an armed struggle inside India, through our own efforts and resources, that would have been the best course for us. But, Mahatmaji, you know Indian conditions perhaps better than anybody else. So far as I am concerned, after twenty years' experience of public service in India, I came to the conclusion that it was impossible to organise an armed resistance in the country without some help from outside—help from our countrymen abroad, as well as from some foreign power or powers.

Prior to the outbreak of the present war, it was exceedingly difficult to get help from a foreign power, or even from Indians abroad. But the outbreak of the present war threw open the

possibility of obtaining aid—both political and military—from the enemies of the British Empire. Before I could expect any help from them, however, I had first to find out what their attitude was towards India's demand for freedom. British propagandists for a number of years, had been telling the world that the Axis Powers were the enemies of Freedom and, therefore, of India's freedom. Was that a fact? I asked myself. Consequently, I had to leave India in order to find out the truth myself and as to whether the Axis Powers would be prepared to give us help and assistance in our fight for freedom.

Before I finally made up my mind to leave home and homeland, I had to decide whether it was right for me to take help from abroad. I had previously studied the history of revolutions all over the world, in order to discover the methods which had enabled other nations to obtain freedom. But I had not found a single instance in which an enslaved people had won freedom without foreign help of some sort. In 1940, I read my history once again, and once again, I came to the conclusion that history did not furnish a single instance where freedom had been won without help of some sort from abroad. As for the moral question whether it was right to take help, I told myself that in public as in private life, one can always take help as a loan and repay that loan later on. Moreover, if a powerful Empire, like the British Empire, could go round the world with the begging bowl, what objection could there be to an enslaved and disarmed people like ourselves taking help as a loan from abroad.

I can assure you, Mahatmaji, that before I finally decided to set out on a hazardous mission, I spent days, weeks and months in carefully considering the pros and cons of the case. After having served my people so long, to the best of my ability, I could have no desire to be a traitor or to give anyone a justification for calling me a traitor.

It was the easiest thing for me to remain at home and go on working as I had worked so long. It was also an easy thing for me to remain in an Indian prison while the War lasted. Personally, I had nothing to lose by doing so. Thanks to the generosity and to the affection of my countrymen, I had obtained the highest honour which it was possible for any public worker in India to achieve. I had also built up a party consisting of

staunch and loyal colleagues who had implicit confidence in me.

By going abroad on a perilous quest, I was risking —not only by life and my whole future career—but what was more, the future of my party. If I had the slightest hope that without action from abroad we could win freedom, I would never have left India during a crisis. If I had any hope that within our life time we would get another chance—another golden opportunity—for winning freedom, as during the present war, I doubt if I would have set out from home. But I was convinced of two things, firstly, that such a golden opportunity would not come within another century—and secondly, that without action from abroad, we would not be able to win freedom, merely through our own efforts at home. That is why I resolved to take the plunge.

Providence has been kind to me. In spite of manifold difficulties, all my plans have succeeded so far. After I got out of India, my first endeavour was to organise my countrymen, wherever I happened to meet them. I am glad to say that everywhere I found them to be wide awake and anxious to do everything possible for winning freedom for India. I then approached the Governments that were at war with our enemy, in order to find out what their attitude was towards India. I found out that contrary to what British propagandist had been telling us for a number of years—the Axis Powers were now, openly, the friends of India's freedom. I also discovered that they were prepared to give such help as we desired, and as was within their own power.

I know the propaganda that our enemy has been carrying on against me. But I am sure that my countrymen, who know me so well, will never be taken in. One who has stood for national self-respect and honour all his life and has suffered considerably in vindicating it, would be the last person in this world to give in to any other foreign power. Moreover, I have nothing to gain personally at the hands of a foreign power. Having received the highest honour, possible for an Indian at the hands of my own countrymen, what is there for me to receive from a foreign power? Only that man can be a puppet who has either no sense of honour and self-respect or desires

to build up a position for himself, through the influence of others.

Not even my worst enemy can ever dare to say that I am capable of selling national honour and self-respect. And not even my worst enemy can dare to assert that I was a nobody in my own country and that I needed foreign help to secure a position for my self. In leaving India, I had to risk everything that I had, including my life. But I had to take that risk, because only by doing so could I help achievement of India's freedom.

There remains but one question for me to answer with regard to the Axis powers. Can it be possible that I have been deceived by them?

I believe it will be universally admitted that the cleverest and the most cunning politicians are to be found amongst Britishers. One who has worked with and fought British politicians all his life, cannot be deceived by any other politicians in the world. If British politicians have failed to coax or coerce me, no other politician can succeed in doing so. And if the British Government, at whose hands I have suffered long imprisonment, persecution and physical assault, has been unable to demoralise me, no other power can hope to do so.

Moreover, as you personally are aware, I have been a close student of international affairs. I have had personal contacts with international figures before the outbreak of this war. I am, therefore, no novice, who could be duped by a shrewd and cunning politician. Last but not least, before forming an opinion about the attitude of the Axis powers, I established close personal contact with important leaders and personalities in the Axis countries, who are responsible for their national affairs.

Consequently, I make bold to say that my countrymen can have the fullest confidence in my judgment of international affairs. My countrymen abroad will testify to the fact that since I left India, I have never done anything which could compromise in the least, either the honour or the self-respect or the interests of my country. On the contrary, whatever I have done has been for the benefit of my nation for enhancing India's prestige before the world and for advancing the cause of India's freedom.

Mahatmaji, since the beginning of the War in East Asia, our enemies have been carrying on a raging and tearing campaign against Japan. I shall, therefore, say something about Japan—particularly because at the present moment, I am working in the closest co-operation with the Government, Army and people of Japan.

There was a time when Japan had an alliance with our enemy. I did not come to Japan, so long as there was an Anglo-Japanese alliance. I did not come to Japan, so long as normal diplomatic relations obtained between the two countries. It was only after Japan took what I consider to be the most momentous step in her history—namely, declaration of war on Britain and America—that I decided to visit Japan of my own free will.

Like so many of my countrymen, I had read anti-Japanese propaganda material for a number of years. Like so many of my countrymen, I did not understand why Japan went to war with China in 1937. And like so many of my countrymen, my sympathies in 1937 and 1938 were with Chungking. You may remember that as President of the Congress, I was responsible for sending out a medical mission to Chungking in December 1938. But what I realised after my visit to Japan and what many people at home do not yet realise, is that since the outbreak of the War in East Asia, Japan's attitude towards the world in general, and towards Asiatic Nations in particular, has been completely revolutionised.

It is a change that has overtaken not merely the Government but also the people of Japan. A new consciousness—What I may best describe as an Asiatic consciousness—has seized the souls of the people of Japan. That change explains Japan's present attitude towards the Philippines, Burma and India. That is what explains Japan's new policy in China.

After my visit to Japan and after establishing close contact with the present day leaders of that country, I was fully satisfied that Japan's present policy towards Asia was no bluff but was rooted in sincerity.

This is not the first instance in history when an entire nation has been seized with a new consciousness. We have

seen instances of it before in France during the French Revolution and in Russia during the Bolshevik revolution. After my second visit to Japan in November 1943, I visited the Philippines, met Filipino leaders there and saw things for myself. I have also been in Burma for a fairly long time and I have been able to see things with my own eyes, after the declaration of independence. And I have been to China to find out if Japan's new policy was real, or if it was a fake. The latest agreement between Japan and the National Government of China has given the Chinese people practically all that they had been demanding. Japan, under that agreement, has even agreed to withdraw her troops from China on the termination of hostilities.

What then is Chungking-China fighting for? Can one believe that Britain and America are helping Chungking-China out of purely altruistic motives? Will not Britain and America demand their pound of flesh in return for the help that they are now giving to Chungking to make her continue the fight against Japan? I clearly see that Chungking is being mortgaged to Britain and America, because of past hatred and antagonism towards Japan.

So long as Japan did not initiate her present policy towards China, there might have been some justification or excuse for a Chinese to seek British and American aid for fighting Japan. But now that an entirely new chapter in Sino-Japanese relations has begun, there is not the slightest excuse for Chungking to continue her meaningless struggle against Japan. That is not good for Chinese people; it is certainly not good for Asia.

In April, 1942, you said that if you were free to do so, you would work for an understanding between China and Japan. That was an utterance of race statesmanship. It is Indian's slavery that is at the bottom, responsible for the chaos in China. It is because of the British hold over India that the Anglo-Americans could bluff Chungking into hoping that sufficient help could be brought to Chungking, to enable Chungking to continue the war against Japan. You were absolutely right in thinking, Mahatmaji, that a free India would work for peace between Japan and China. I go so far as to say that the freedom of India will automatically bring about an honourable understanding between

Chungking and Japan, by opening the eyes of Chungking to the folly that she is now committing.

Since I came to East Asia and visited China, I have been able to study the Chinese question more deeply. I find that there is a dictatorship ruling in Chungking. I have no objection personally to dictatorship, if it is for a righteous cause. But the dictatorship that rules at Chungking is clearly under foreign American influence. Unfortunately, the Ango-American have been able to deceive the ruling clique at Chungking into thinking that if Japan could be somehow defeated, then China would become the dominant power in Asia. The fact, however, is that if Japan were defeated by any chance, then China would certainly pass under American influence and control. That would be a tragedy for China and for the whole of Asia.

It is through this false hope of becoming the dominant power in Asia, if Japan could be somehow defeated, that the ruling clique at Chungking has entered into an unholy alliance with the ruling clique at White House and at Whitehall. I know something of the propagandist activities of the Chungking Government in India and of its efforts to play upon the emotions of the Indian people and win their sympathy. But I can honestly say that Chungking, which has been mortgaged to Wall Street and Lombard Street, does not deserve the sympathy of the Indian people any longer, especially after Japan has initiated her new policy towards China.

Mahatmaji, you know better than anybody how deeply suspicious the Indian people are of mere promises. I would be the last man to be influenced by Japan if her declarations of policy had been mere promises. But I have seen with my own eyes how, in the midst of a world war, Japan has put through revolutionary changes in countries like the Philippines, Burma and National China. Japan is true to her word and her actions are in full conformity with her declarations.

Coming to India, I must say that Japan has proved her sincerity by her deeds. There was a time when people used to say that Japan had selfish intentions regarding India. If she had them, why should she recognize the Provisional Government of Free India? Why should she decide to hand over the Andaman and Nicobar Islands to the Provisional Government of Free

India? Why should there now be an Indian Chief Commissioner of the Andaman and Nicobar Islands stationed at Port Blair? Last but not least, why should Japan unconditionally help the Indian people in East Asia in their struggle for their Independence?

There are Indians all over East Asia and they have every opportunity of seeing Japan at close quarters. Why should three million Indians distributed all over East Asia, adopt a policy of the closest co-operation with Japan, if they had not been convinced for her bonafides and of her sincerity? You can coerce one man or coax him into doing what you want him to do. But no one can coerce three million Indians distributed all over East Asia.

If Indians in East Asia had taken help from Japan without putting forward their own efforts and without making the maximum sacrifice, they would have been guilty of wrong-doing. But, as an Indian, I am happy and proud to be able to say that my countrymen in East Asia are putting forward the maximum efforts to mobilise men, money and materials for the struggle for India's freedom.

I have had experience at home in collecting funds and materials and in recruiting men for national service for a period of twenty years. In the light of this experience, I can properly assess the worth and value of the sacrifice that our countrymen in East Asia are now making. Their effort is magnificent. It is because they are putting forward a magnificent effort themselves and are prepared to make the maximum sacrifice that I see no objection to taking help from Japan for such necessary articles as Arms, Ammunition, etc., that we ourselves cannot produce.

Mahatmaji, I should now like to say something about the Provisional Government that we have set up here. The Provisional Government of Azad Hind (or Free India) has been recognized by Japan, Germany and seven other friendly powers and this has given Indians a new status and a new prestige in the eyes of the whole world. The Provisional Government has, as its one objective, the liberation of India from the British yoke, through an armed struggle. Once our enemies are expelled from India and peace and order is established, the mission of the Provisional Government will be over. It will then be for

the Indian people themselves to determine the form of Government that they choose and also to decide as to who should take charge of that Government.

I can assure you Mahatmaji, that I and all those who are working with me, regard themselves as the servants of the Indian people. The only reward that we desire for our efforts, for our suffering and for our sacrifice is the freedom of our Motherland. There are many among us who would like to retire from the political field, once India is free. The remainder will be content to take up any position in Free India, however humble it may be. The spirit that animates all of us to-day is that it is more honourable to be even a sweeper in Free India, than to have the highest position under British rule. We all know that there are hundreds of thousands of able men and women at home to whom India's destiny could be entrusted, once freedom is achieved.

How much help we shall need from Japan till the last Britisher is expelled from the soil of India, will depend on the amount of co-operation that we shall receive from inside India. Japan herself does not desire to thrust her assistance upon us. Japan would be happy if the Indian people could liberate themselves through their own exertions. It is we who have asked for assistance from Japan after declaring war on Britain and America, because our enemy has been seeking help from other powers. However, I have every hope that the help we shall receive from our countrymen at home will be so great that we shall need the minimum help from Japan.

Nobody would be more happy than ourselves, if by any chance our countrymen at home should succeed in liberating themselves through their own efforts, or if by any chance, the British Government accepts your "Quit India" Resolution and gives effect to it. We are, however, proceeding on the assumption that neither of the above is possible and that an armed struggle is inevitable.

Mahatmaji, there is one other matter to which I shall refer before I close and that is about the ultimate outcome of this war. I know very well the kind of propaganda that our enemies have been carrying on in order to create the impression that they are confident of victory. But I hope that my countrymen will

not be duped thereby, and will not think of compromising with Britain on the issue of independence under the mistaken notion that the Anglo-Americans will win this war.

Having travelled round the world under war-time conditions with my eyes open, having seen the internal weakness of the enemy on the Indo-Burma frontier and inside India, and having taken stock of our own strength and resources, I am absolutely confident of our final victory.

I am not so foolish as to minimise, in the least, the strength of the enemy. I know that we have a long and hard struggle in front of us. I am aware that on the soil of India, Britain will fight bravely and fight hard in a desperate attempt to save her Empire. But I know also that, however long and hard the struggle may be, it can have but one outcome—namely, our victory.

India's last war of independence has begun. Troops of the Azad Hind Fauj are now fighting bravely on the soil of India and in spite of all difficulty and hardship, they are pushing forward, slowly but steadily. This armed struggle will go on, until the last Britisher is thrown out of India and until our Tricolour National Flag proudly floats over the Viceroy's House in New Delhi.

Father of our nation! In this holy war for India's liberation, we ask for your blessings and good wishes.

JAI HIND

41

THE MEANING OF UNIVERSITY EDUCATION

by

DR. AMARNATH JHA

[*From the Convocation Address at the Mysore University delivered by the late Dr. Amarnath Jha, Vice-Chancellor, University of Allahabad, on 14th October, 1940.*]

A true University is a centre from which should emanate light rather than heat, light rather than sound, light that should

illuminate the dark corners of the mind and the obscure spaces in the universe outside, light that comes from reason rather than from passion, light that is dry, shooting its rays on all sides and revealing the truth in so far as it can be revealed. The darkness of ignorance, the clouds of superstition, the falsehood that masquerades as truth the dim and vague shapes of prejudice and bigotry are all dissipated in its bright light. In order that the lamp of knowledge should be kindled and should remain lighted, it is necessary that those who tend it should pursue knowledge disinterestedly. If they have any passion, it must be for knowledge as knowledge; if they have any loyalties they must be for truth alone; if they are dedicated to anything it must be to eternal search for the verities. Thus alone can they leave a track of light for men to wonder at. They must have reverence for all the possibilities of truth; they must acknowledge that it has many shapes and dwell in many mansions. A University man cannot afford to be dogmatic. It may or may not be true that he who increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow; but it is doubtless true that the more one knows, the less sure is one of one's knowledge. "When in association with the wise I picked up some learning, the fever of vanity left me and I knew the depths of my ignorance."

There is no more sincere humility than that of the real scholar for he knows how much there is to know, how little is the knowledge that he has gained.

"O mother of the hills, forgive our towers,
O mother of the clouds, forgive our dreams."

He knows how valuable all knowledge is and how warped, narrow and one-sided a specialist's vision can become. He keeps his eyes and ears open and acquires knowledge from whatsoever source it may come. The deeper one delves into one subject. the wider its scope becomes, until the boundaries of all subjects seem to touch one another. Unfortunately there is a tendency in the present age in the direction of over-specialisation. Even in one subject alone, a scholar working on Spectroscopy will disdain to interest himself in X-ray; a Cytologist prides himself on his ignorance of Helminthology; one well versed in Economics has no use for Philosophy; the man of letters turns up his superior nose at the mere mention of the dismal science.

But all those who have studied a special subject long and pondered over all its bearings and seen it whole know how closely it is related to many other subjects. Knowledge has advanced; the bounds of ignorance are shrinking fast; and it is no longer possible for even the most ambitious and longest-lived of moderns to claim, as Bacon claimed in the sixteenth century, "I take all knowledge to be my province." Oue cannot emulate such giants of the past and attain distinction as Bacon did in such different spheres of intellectual activity as science, philosophy, law, administration, and literature. But it is possible, indeed it is necessary, that every scholar should know something of several subjects besides his own and be constantly conscious of the unbounded regions of light that he is not able to see with the aid of his own modest rush lamp.

A University should also be a centre of liberty if it is to possess the secret of perpetual life and health. If it is to survive political, military and religious upheavals, if it is to inspire succeeding generations of youth, it must breathe the spirit of freedom, freedom to think, freedom to search and investigate, freedom to argue about it and about, freedom to expound views, freedom to doubt and to deny, freedom to acquiesce and to conform. This freedom must be enjoyed by the young spirits, who are in the morning of their lives, fresh and bright, eager for adventure, impatient to experiment, ambitious to remould the world nearer to their heart's desire. They must be free to prove to themselves that in some respects the accumulated wisdom of the past is not to be despised even by the youngest and therefore the most all-knowing of them. They must be free to discard or select Jove or Mars, or choose 'some figured flame which blends, transcends them all." Full freedom should be extended to them to discover what their genius is, and to change their path if it does not bring out all the virtues of which they are capable. Subject to such restrictions as may be necessary for the preservation of the University as a centre for liberty, light, and learning, and for the maintenance of a healthy and wholesome life, the young men of the University should have every freedom to prove or disapprove things for themselves. And not only those who are in *statu popillari*, but also the senior members, the teachers, must have liberty to state their

views, to publish their discoveries, to spread the knowledge they have gained and the truth they have realised. No teacher should feel that he is likely to suffer for his opinions. His chief aim is the communication and augmentation of knowledge, and knowledge becomes stunted and blighted and worse than ignorance if it has to exist in the poisonous atmosphere of fear, suspicion, and distrust.

And, finally, the University is a centre for learning, for preparation for service, for ceaseless searchings of the heart, for discovering what talent is lodged within one and how best to perfect it and make it ready for use. It should provide all facilities for training the youths to take their proper place in the commonwealth. Goethe uttered a word of sovereign wisdom when he said that the primary vocation of man is a life of activity. But contemplation, deep thought, careful testing of one's armoury, the attainment of the requisite skill and strength must precede action if it is to be effective. One must learn not to ask of life more than it can give. One must learn the rules of the game of life. One must acquire a sense of proportion. One must ascertain to what star one will hitch one's waggon. All this one must do if one is to act a useful and helpful and noble part in life. This process of learning is unending. No one must rest on his oars; there are always new worlds of thought waiting to be discovered, and untravelled realm whose margin fades for ever and for ever. The students, whilst at the University, must devote themselves unsparingly to the pursuit of knowledge beyond the utmost bound of human thought. After they are properly equipped and know what it is that they are fit for and how far they may venture and what shoals and rocks are to be avoided, then they are free to go out into the world of action, to plunge into the fray, to be in the van of public conflict to wisely administer the State, to command the applause of listening senates, to guide the lives of others and shape their character, to be leaders of thought. All this they are free to do, with a sense of expansion and elevation, with zeal and ardour, even, may be, with fanaticism. But it must be clearly understood that the University is primarily and essentially a place of learning. Action implies partisanship, the pledging of faiths, the affixing of labels; and all this is abhorrent to the spirit of a

University, which warmly welcomes back to its halls those who have been bitter foes in the world outside, the capitalist as well as the wage-earner, the landlord as well as the tenant, the royalist no less than the republican, the proud Brahmana and the humble Shudra, all without consideration of party or creed or faith, but all united in their devotion to the sacred cause of learning. For all alike it serves as a place of refreshment, of revival, of renewal of hope and spirit of enterprise. It can be this, only if it assiduously maintains its determination not to allow its pursuit of knowledge to be deflected into the narrow grooves of action. Let the teachers and students exercise their normal rights of citizenship, but within the University itself, let no breach of strife enter. Study, contemplation, discussion, in a free and frank atmosphere there must be; but there must at the same time be a ban on active participation in the dire noise of conflict, for a student must be a student.

And the teacher must remain a teacher. During recent years so much stress has been laid on 'research' and 'original work' that the primary function and duty of a teacher are in danger of being overlooked. It seems that every teacher must, else sinning greatly, be a researcher; that he must have done 'original work; that he must have published some book or papers. Public opinion demands 'productive scholarship'. A specialist has been defined a man who knows more and more of less and less. Work of real originality deserves to be admired and encouraged. Every facility must be given in the way of apparatus, journals, and a well-equipped library. Liberal grants must be made for sending out expeditions. But the University is not merely a place of research. Its membership consists for the most part of undergraduates, who have to learn the art of living. The teacher's main concern must be the student and his growth; he must be an inspiration to his pupils; he must mould their character; he must be a living influence for them. He must possess a quickness of sympathy and breadth of outlook and understanding. He must shape them not merely by the training of intellect but by the discipline of spirit. What can give more joy than the consciousness that one has contributed to the maturing and shaping of a character, to the equipment of an intellect, to the enlargement and widening of a vision? Constant contact with the pupil, sharing in his life, enjoying his

fullest confidence, providing him with opportunities for the cultivation of his taste, these, and the imparting of knowledge, the arousing of his taste, these, and the imparting of knowledge, the study are the teacher's main duty; these are also his privilege and a source of unending satisfaction and delight. In order that he should succeed, he must be a person of high character; nothing that he says or does should fall below a certain moral standard. Spirits full of activity and full of energy that are pressing forward, eagerly, hopefully, rushing onward to fine issues, must be touched only by what is elevating and ennobling.

Young graduates, it is your pride that you are young. You have to choose your path in life. You have acquired, I trust, that faculty which, in the words of Milton, will enable you to perform joyfully, skilfully, and magnanimously all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war. You have hope. You have winged desires that will remove all obstacles. You have generous impulses and the will to make the world better and happier than it is today. It is well that every succeeding generation of young men finds it possible to hope and aspire; it is well that the darkness of despair does not surround you. You do not yet know that,

> *"The ample proposition that hope makes*
> *In all designs begun on earth below*
> *Fails in the promised largeness."*

On all sides of you learning spreads its varied treasures; there are in front of you long and agreeable vistas; you have many realms to explore. But not all your ability, your energy, your enterprise will be worth anything, unless to them are allied a high character, the determination to lead a clean life, the creed that a word given must be a word kept, the will not to yield lightly to temptation to prefer the second best, to pause and rest and acquiesce, the firm faith in what is noble and good and beautiful. Of what avail are all your accomplishments, all your brilliant gifts if you cannot at the same time be dependable, if you cannot uphold the truth, if you lose both the regard of others and your self-respect? If you do good and succour the weak, if you protect the innocent, if you mitigate the sufferings of humanity, if you add to the sum of human happiness, if you are straight, if you never cause anyone to shed tears except at

your death, your education and training will have been amply justified. Even at the risk of being considered old-fashioned, one may still pay a tribute to the qualities connoted by "the grand old name of gentlemen". There are certain graces of life, urbanity, a standard of conduct, a polish, a sense of decorum, a breeding, which one associates with a gentleman. Gentlemanliness, said Ruskin, is only another word for intense humanity. If you have self-respect you will naturally respect others. One who tramples down the sacred individuality of others, who is willing to destroy and crush, who does not hesitate to blot out of existence nations and countries, must in reality be an object of pity, for the doubtless has the utmost contempt for himself and distrust in his ultimate destiny. Thoughtfulness for others, generosity, tenderness of feeling, appreciation of others' points of view—these are the marks of a gentleman. Culture and refinement are not bourgeois virtues; the sons and daughters of the soil have also the true graces and signs of culture. But there is a danger that crudeness may be considered to be identical with morality, and vulgarity may pass for one of the badges of progressiveness. In literature obscenity is enshrined by the moderns in the *sanctum sanctorum*. Let gentlemanliness in thought, word, and conduct still continue to be your ideal.

If you are considerate and think of others besides your own selves, it will be clear to you that your action will be guided by a belief in freedom and tolerance. I venture to think that the main distinction between the Hindu view of life and that of the West lies in this, that the former constantly places emphasis on Duties and the latter on Rights. The Sanskrit word 'Dharma' is rightly translated as 'Duty', for this is the very basis of the Hindu conception of Religion. I may be wrong, but I doubt if there is any Sanskrit term for the idea expressed in modern political thought by the phrase 'rights of man'. We have no rights, only duties. If the teacher does his duty, the pupils' rights are secured. If the father does his duty, the rights of the children are safeguarded. If the landlord does his duty, the peasants' rights are maintained. When everyone in the commonwealth is busy performing his own duty and trying not to lag behind in the observance of it, there is no time or occasion for any clash. The stress on the part you have to play rather on

the part you expect others to play has a remarkable psychological and spiritual value. "Make thy claim of wages a zero, thou hast the world under thy feet." If you regard the proper performance of your own duties as your prime concern, you will rise superior to the pettinesses of life, and gain possession of your own souls. Let your ideal of your own conduct be so high that all your thoughts, all your endeavour, all your energies will be needed to attain it; let it be said of you that save your own soul you have no star. Think of giving a lead to others and of improving them only after you are confident that you have yourselves reached a high level of self-knowledge, self-control, and self-development.

I have spoken of culture—a word of many meanings, and not a word in fashion at the moment. You will remember Swift saying early in the eighteenth century: "Instead of dirt and poison, we have rather chosen to fill our hives with honey and wax; thus furnishing mankind with the two noblest of things, which are sweetness and light." This aspiration for sweetening one's own life and the lives of others, the active desire to get light and to impart it to others and to enlarge the sphere of one's sympathies, refines one's nature and elevates one in the scale of being. To touch life at many points, to take an intelligent interest in many things, to feel at home in any company, to extract pleasure and profit from many arts and many sciences, to make external things correspond to human feelings, to strengthen and elevate character, to seek an assurance of repose and to find central peace subsisting at the heart of endless agitation—this is what culture means. It means sanity, poise, an even-balanced soul. It means that the good of everyone should be recognised as one's own good, the injury of everyone as one's own injury. Culture implies sympathy for the whole. It reconciles you to the part you have to play in the drama of life, and it teaches that what matters is the play and how well you act your part in it.

There are struggles and strifes in the world. In your own minds you have conflicts and uncertainties. There are clashes between communities. Life may well seem to be one long war. There is much that may cause concern and alarm, much that may shake one's confidence in the goodness of the universe, much to dishearten. But the educated man takes a long view.

He looks before and after. History has taught him that movements and tendencies that seem to threaten destruction have their day, make themselves felt for a while, and cease to be. Philosophy has taught him that despite its littleness and its prejudices, human nature is always longing for what is good and noble. His faith remains unshaken that the world keeps on progressing, in spite of all the many unheavals and cataclysms. He is not so deeply absorbed in the immediate present as to lose his sense of absolute values. You who are educated should remember your duty of being cheerful and serene. Do not allow yourselves to be easily ruffled. There must of course be occasions when you will be indignant and furious; but these must be rare and abnormal. In your day-to-day life, in your relations with your family or your colleagues make an attempt to breathe in an atmosphere of pleasantness, of delight and satisfaction, even of enthusiasm. Our scriptures uphold the ideal of Peace; that is the ultimate ideal in every faith—Peace; Shanti; Salaam. Let it be your endeavour to attain it. Here again some of you may feel tempted to praise a revolutionary ideal at the expense of an ideal of peace. But reform or revolution is only a means. Neither is an end. The end must be something worthwhile. Make sure that whether it is a life of action or of contemplation, you work for the ends of Peace. Blessed are the peacemakers. Both for nations and for individuals there can be no higher end, no nobler ideal, no more satisfying objective than peace, for is it not above all earthly dignities? Peace must be the ultimate goal: "calm of mind, all passions spent," scattered with light, the peace not of the dark grave, but peace that conquers death, and touches with delight the mouth of the wise.

But while that should be the goal and every endeavour should be directed towards its attainment, commonsense and worldly wisdom require that we should take heed of our circumstances and have a realistic appreciation of the situation in which we find ourselves. It is true that every religion enjoins the supreme necessity of peace and goodwill; it is true also that in actual life it has been relegated to the position of merely a far-off adorable dream. If every one were actuated by the highest motives, had the most altruistic view of life, and had dedicated himself to the life spiritual, it would be easy to be engrossed in the duties of peace. But we have to recognise that the world

is very mixed and human nature can still lapse into bestiality. Spirit and matter contend for mastery. Hatred, envy, malice, over-vaulting ambition, injustice, corruption, brutality, and all the rest that figure in the catalogue of the diabolic qualities have still to be reckoned with, for they have not, alas! been rooted out of existence . There is evil still and it is no part of prudence to ignore it. You may have every will to lead a life of the highest integrity and the utmost purity; but the world being what it is, you can do that only if you retire from it and live in what Landor called "the audience-chamber of God." In the world, then, if you are to achieve anything you must, while still working for the ideal and still striking the stars with your sublime head, use the world as you find it, with all its many imperfection and weaknesses and incongruities.

I have detained you long, talking of things I prize: grace and culture, the desire for peace and preparedness for defence, the even-balanced soul, deeds of honour, cheerfulness, self-respect, and consideration for others. I have spoken to you of your duties. May I, before I end, assure you that the largest contribution to your education has come from your fellow-students. A true University is not a collection of books; nor is it a well-equipped laboratory; it is not even mainly being smoked at your tutors. It is the buildings where you dwell; the playgrounds where you hear your playmates' glad symphony; the debating halls where intellect clashes with intellect and you use words so nimble and so full of subtle flame that you seem to put your whole wit in a jest. It is the companionship with your peers, so like you or so dissimilar to you, so full of generous impulses, so eager to be friends, so quick to take offence and so impatient again to seek forgiveness. It is the friendship you form, that will survive the shock of time and be to you a perpetual source of delight and comfort and solace. The petty incidents that seem so momentous; the jokes that amuse you the foibles and eccentricities of your friends; the contact with superior intellects and high characters; the mad race of prizes; the impassioned defence of a debating proposition; the race against time when you have to score a run to take your team on to victory; the tricks by which you dodge the Proctor and his assistants;—these will, in the years to come, be your most che-

rished memories and make the University 'a dream of music for the inward ear and of delight for the contemplative eye.'

Crises occur. Large tracts of the world change and alter. The horoscopes of the nations are cast and recast. Ideas come and go. But the stream of youth flows on. The generation of youthful seekers after knowledge, *vidyarthi, talib-ilm*, is not born for death. Undaunted, with sure steps and heads erect, it marches on, on to the unending quest of the orbs of glory until it sets

> *". . . as sets the morning star, which goes*
> *Not down behind the darken'd west, nor hides*
> *Obscured amongst the tempests of the sky,*
> *But melts away into the light of heaven."*

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YOUTH AT THE BARRICADE

by

HARINDRANATH CHATTOPADHYAYA

(Shri Harindranath Chattopadhyaya, like his world-renowned sister, the late Shrimati Sarojini Naidu, is a poet in his own right, the poet of the Indian Youth. The poem given below is a call to the Youth to go to the forefront and take an active part in the struggle for Freedom. It was broadcast through the A.I.R.)

Hoist the banner, hoist it high,
Rising youth of every nation,
Haters of all-exploitation,
Fighters with determination!
Hoist it high!
Hoist your banner, proud and young,
Let it be a prophet's tongue
New-interpreting the sky,

Flooding it with fiery hues
Of a new dawn's bursting news.
Hoist it in a simple manner,
Without any boast or brag,
Hoist your world-enchanting banner,
Hoist your high, unfailing flag!
Let the morning splendours greet it,
Let the sky of freedom meet it,
Never never never treat it
Like some pretty floating rag!
Don't forget your youth, your freedom is
Dependent on that flag!
See already it is flying
To the stormiest clouds replying,
Every tempest blast defying,
You must save it from dishonour, even if it comes to dying.

Bravely you shall face the blows
Of your vile, tyrannic foes,
You will have to vanquish those
Who are every moment trying
To obstruct and undo
All your genius coming through.

Youth! there's fire in your pores,
And your blood is as a sea
Washing washing all the shores
Of a world already free!
There is fire in your pores,
A world of liberty is yours,
A world of deathless liberty.

Nothing breaks you, nothing daunts you,
Death's black shadow never haunts you,
In your hands the world grows pliant,

Yea, your power is all-defiant,
Nothing breaks you, nothing daunts you,
Every single nation wants you
To become a sudden challenge,
and a true historic giant!
There is naught you are afraid of,
You whose vision burns afar!
Tyrants' weapons are not made of
Stronger steel than what you are!
Sterner steel than what you are!
Unto liberty attuned
Ever free and ever fresh
What iron chain or bullet wound
Can ever eat into your flesh?
When the spirit stands and dares
It takes all suffering unawares!
Youth, you are forever giving
Strength unto the world to come;
I can hear your heart a-beating beating beating like a drum!
Through your death decaying life is given a new lease for living,
You are ever making mighty worlds out of your martyrdom
You are always giving giving
Life unto the world to come.
Hoist your banner, burning banner
Like a challenge to the blast :
Each of you become the planner
Of a world unchained at last.
